











# THE GREAT CIVIL WAR

*From the Accession of Charles I to the  
Dissolution of the Long Parliament*

BY

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"THE ARCTIC WORLD," ETC. ETC.

To know  
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,  
What severs each

*Milton.*



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BY THE SAME AUTHOR,  
*Our wars and peace*  
THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE  
WELLINGTON'S VICTORIES.

## PREFACE.

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IN the following pages I have endeavoured to tell the story of the great struggle between Charles I and his Parliament so that they who "run" may read. I have endeavoured to observe a medium between the elaborate detail and disquisition of the "history" and the sketchiness and meagreness of the "manual" or "text-book." It has been my object to bring together all such leading facts as the ordinary reader or the young student might wish or ought to know, while not encumbering the narrative with an accumulation of particulars which, however interesting in themselves, had no special bearing upon its general course. This may not be an 'elevated' object, but if it has been accomplished, I venture to hope that my little book may prove of service to a very large class of readers.

It is scarcely necessary to state that the most eminent historical authorities have been consulted, though their conclusions have not been adopted without careful consideration and comparison. Among these I may refer to Guizot, "*Histoire de la République d'Angleterre*," and '*Oliver Cromwell*,' S. R. Gardiner, "*Personal History of Charles I*," and "*The Puritan Revolution*," Dr. R. Vaughan, "*Revolutions in English History*," Clarendon, "*History of the Rebellion*," Carlyle, "*Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*," Foster, "*The Grand Remonstrance*," "*Arrest of the Five Members*," and "*Lives of British Statesmen*," J. L. Sandford, "*Studies of the Great Rebellion*," May, "*History of the Long Parliament*," Bailie, "*Letters and Journals*" (edited by Ling); A. Bisset, "*Some Forgotten Chapters of English History*," Rushworth, "*State Papers*," "*Calendar of State Papers*" (Domestic



1624-1640), edited by Bruce and Hamilton, Elvot Warburton, "Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers," J R Green, "History of the English People" (vol III), the contemporary memoirs by Mrs Hutchinson, Sir P Warwick, Sir T Herbert, and Ludlow; and Hallam, "Constitutional History of England" I have also made use of the Lives of Cromwell by Harris and Noble, of the authorities collected in Bishop Kennet's "England under the Stuarts," Heylin, "Archbishop Laud and his Times," and the Archbishop's Diary, Professor Massop, "Life of John Milton," "The Earl of Strafford's Letters" (edited by Sir G Radcliffe), Godwin, "History of the Commonwealth," and Ranke, "History of England during the Seventeenth Century."

There was a time, not very long ago, when every writer who treated of the period with which this volume deals became, *ex ipso facto*, a determined partisan, wielding his pen with as much zeal as Cavalier or Puritan of old wielded his sword. The one could see in Charles I only the saint and martyr, the spotless royal sufferer who wore the white flower of a blameless life and merited the honours of historical canonisation, the other was not less enthusiastic on behalf of the statesmen of the Parliament, refusing to see in the men any taint of error or to recognise any imperfection in their cause. It is allowable now to write with greater moderation, and to aim at rendering justice to both parties—to admit that Charles I was not wholly without excuse, that Pym and Cromwell were not wholly without justification, that both the king and the Parliament defended much which it was essential to English liberty should be preserved, while both advanced pretensions which it was not less essential to English liberty should be denied.

W. H. D. A.

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# THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE PURITAN REVOLUTION.

L'Énergie des conceptions morales et politiques des Puritains les  
poussa à se débarrasser de la monarchie absolue, et à établir une  
gouvernement par un conseil élu, et à se débarrasser de l'épiscopat  
pour établir le presbytérisme. Ils se débarrassèrent de la monarchie  
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No period of English history has attracted more general attention or excited a deeper interest than that which was marked by the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament, nor is it surprising that such should have been the case. It was an age of great men and great events, the age of Pym, Hampden, Eliot, Sirthord, Cromwell, Selden, Milton, the age of Marston Moor and Naseby, of Charles I's execution, and Blake's sea-victories. It saw the downfall of a powerful monarchy, and the brief splendour of a still more powerful Commonwealth. It witnessed the great battle between Puritanism and Episcopacy, between the apparently antagonistic principles of

authority and individual freedom. It was an age of pure living and high thinking, when the affairs of the nation were administered—to an extent seen never before or since—in harmony with the everlasting laws of God. An age which, in spite of the temporary reaction that followed it, has left a profound impression on our national history, and largely moulded our national sympathies, an age to which we owe much that is noblest in the character of our people, and nearly all that is loftiest in the spirit of our literature and policy, could not do otherwise than engage the study of the historian. The social forces which are at work in our own time, the great currents of thought and feeling which roll onward with such persistent power, the influences which stir the minds of all of us, had their origin in that era of moral and political revolution. To examine into the movements which generated or developed them must necessarily prove an attractive and useful task. It is only by the light of the Past that the Present can be intelligently read, and the age of Pym and Cromwell furnishes a clue to the right understanding of many of the most important problems of the age of Victoria. That lofty though narrow Puritanism which strengthened and purified life by its serious morality and unquestioning faith, which stimulated the love of liberty by its recognition of the rights of the people, that stern yet elevated system of religious politics which co-ordinated a belief in the personal rule of God with an intense conviction of the dignity of man, which hardened while it ennobled the character of the nation,—is the secret source of the position now assumed by England in relation to many questions of the utmost gravity.

It was on the 27th of March, 1625, that Charles I. ascended the throne. His accession was hailed by his subjects with feelings of the keenest delight. All England, to use Guizot's phrase, gave itself up to hope and joy, and

not that vague hope, that impulsive joy, which usually welcome in a new reign, but a hope and a joy which were serious, universal, and apparently well founded. Men saw, as they believed, the promise of a new order, a new national life, as if the old genius of the kingdom, having, with Endymion, slept an age, were now awake again, and a successor to their great queen at last was come. This rose-coloured expectancy was encouraged by what was known of the new sovereign. Of a morality which even the voice of chimney dared not impugn, devout almost to austerity, cultivated, frugal, reserved without being morose, and dignified without being arrogant, maintaining in his household a decorous state, he appeared to all eyes a pure and lofty character. Many were moved, says Sir John Eliot, by what seemed to be the innate sweetness of his nature, the calm habit and disposition of his mind, the economy and order visible in the rule of his affairs and the disposition of his servants, whereby his honour was maintained while a proper thrift was not neglected. Others approved of his care for the public business, his apparent eagerness to improve himself by diligent attendance at councils, and his admirable selection of his modes of exercise and recreation. So that when he summoned his first Parliament the nation rejoiced like a man who wakes up from a dream of darkness to see the sunlight gilding the tops of the hills, and the members hastened to London with one accord. None were willing to be found wanting, love and ambition gave them wings, he that was foremost seemed happiest, zeal and affection did so work that "even the circumstances of being first was thought an advantage in the duty."

Contemporaries can never judge correctly of the true depth and force of the tide that swirls around them. Neither Charles nor his people perceived how wide a gulf separated them from each other, neither Charles nor his

\* Forster, "Sir John Eliot," i. 219.

people knew how soon they would be made aware of the width of that guilt, and neither Charles nor his people were wholly to blame for the disunion and strife that quickly arose between them. The causes had been long in operation, and had Charles been other than he was, had his state-craft been as broad and enlightened as it was pedantic and involved, the seed had been sown and the harvest must have been gathered in. In its dread of the anarchy and desolation which the Wars of the Roses had wrought, the country had gladly submitted to the increased power and authority of the Crown. It had been vain that a strong hand should repress the disensions of a turbulent nobility, and in its sense of the value of peace and order had seen, without jealousy, the establishment of an absolute monarchy. It did not observe, perhaps, that the aristocracy which once menaced the throne and controlled its prerogatives, had become its servants and courtiers, and its agents in the extension of a power by which they largely profited. The old feudal baron, so formidable in their resistance to the encroachments of the Crown, had been succeeded by a peer which owed its existence to its royal breath. The wealth of the Church which fell into the hands of Henry VIII. was liberally poured out upon the families whom he founded or restored, and these families were consequently bound to the throne by the strongest ties of interest and gratitude. The transformation begun by Henry VIII. was completed by Elizabeth. A woman with something of a woman's charms, and a sovereign whom nature had fitted to govern, she drew to her court all that was noble and bright in England, and loyalty to the queen became the watchword of the proudest noble. While she thus secured the devotion of the aristocracy, she combined by a wise and prudent, if not always a chivalrous policy, to command the affections of the people. A young nation, just growing conscious of its own resources and capacity, just feeling its strength, and beginning to dream of great enterprises,

delighted in the pomp and splendour with which Elizabeth loved to surround herself, but it also respected her courage, and the independence, vigour, and versatility of her intellect. Hence the maxims, the forms, the absolutist language, and even the arbitrary practices of a monarchy as uncontrolled and despotic as any in Europe, were forgiven on account of its glory, its usefulness, its patriotic spirit. The affection of the people exalted the severity of the courtiers, and towards a woman whose perils were also the perils of the Commonwealth, an unjudging devotion seemed a law for the gentleman and a duty for the Protestant and the citizen. "In the year 1588, the year of the Armada, "I did live," says a contemporary, "at the upper end of the Strand near St. Clement's Church, when suddenly there came a report to us (it was in December, much about five of the clock, very dark), that the Queen was gone to Council, 'and if you will see the Queen you must come quickly.' Then we all ran, when the Court gates were set open, and no man did hinder us from coming in. Then we came where there was a far greater company than was usually at Lenten sermons, and when we had stood there an hour and that the yard was full, there being a number of torches, the Queen came out in great state. Then we cried, 'God save your Majesty! God save your Majesty!' Then the Queen turned to us, and said, 'God bless you all, my good people.' Then we cried again, 'God bless your Majesty! God bless your Majesty!' Then the Queen said again to us, 'You may well have a greater prince, but you shall never have a more loving prince.' And so, looking one upon another for a while, the Queen departed. This wrought such an impression on us, for shows and pageantry are ever best seen by torchlight, that all the way long we did nothing but talk what an admirable Queen she was, and how we would adventure our lives to do her service."

But even before the death of Elizabeth a change had



come over the scene. The torchlight had expired, and in the glare of day the shows and pageantry were estimated at their real value. When the great queen showed herself to her people, she was received with the respect due to her greatness, but no longer with the old fervour and gush of enthusiasm. An inquiring spirit had taken possession of the minds of men, and it had not spared the pretensions of the throne. Probably a consciousness of this fact added to the melancholy which oppressed Elizabeth in the last months of her lonely life. She had outlived, not only her devoted ministers and her favourite courtiers, but her own theory and system of government. She was the last of the Tudors, and she knew it. The nation had grown serious, sober, prosaic, the prolonged theological controversy, which was the natural result of the Reformation, had influenced its temper, and disposed it to inquire curiously into the conditions that regulated or confined its action. Had Elizabeth's successor possessed Elizabeth's sagacity, this new spirit would probably have been directed into a secure channel, or the policy of the Crown would have been adapted to it, but under the Stuarts a collision between the throne and the nation, between the principle of absolute authority and that of the freedom of the people, became inevitable, inevitable because, first, the Stuarts were not the Tudors, and, second, the England of the Stuarts was not the England of the Tudors. The nation had advanced, while the throne had stood still. Fed by the free air of Protestantism, men thought boldly, energy of conscience brought with it the courage of opinion, religious zeal nourished political earnestness. Outside the precincts of the court might be noticed an ever-increasing activity of speculation. Among the untitled gentry, the free yeomen, the trading classes—in a word, the great body of the people—was diffused a free spirit of investigation and even of resistance in questions both of state and religion, accompanied by a singular gravity of bearing and severity of morals. The leaven of Puritanism worked slowly, but it

worked surely, and it gradually changed the attitude of the English commonalty in its relations to the Crown. Day by day its timidity disappeared, day by day its ambition waxed stronger. The aspirations of the burgher, of the yeoman, of the peasant, rose above the level of his condition. He was a member of Christ's Church, a heir of the inheritance of the saints, with his friends and in his household he boldly investigated the mysteries of the Supreme, what human power, then, was so high that he should abstain from examining it? It is a matter of course that he who seeks out the limit of his superior's supposed rights will soon inquire into their origin. So it came to pass that the nature of the royal authority, and, indeed, of all authority—its ancient boundaries, its recent usurpations—became, throughout the country, the subject of inquiry and debate, conducted, at first, with moderation, and undertaken not so much from inclination as from necessity, but setting in motion a new current of aspirations and ideas.\*

\* This has been strikingly put by Mr J. A. Green, in his "History of the English People." "The hold of tradition," he says, "the unquestioning awe which formed the main strength of the Tudor throne, had been shaken and weakened by the intellectual activity of the Renaissance by its endless questionings, its historic research, its philosophic scepticism. Writers and statesmen were like discussing the claims of government, and the wisest and most fitting forms of rule; travellers turned aside from the fescoes of Giorgione to study the aristocratic palaces of Venice, and Jesuits borrowed from the schoolmen of the middle ages a doctrine of popular rights which still forms the theory of modern democracy. On the other hand the nation was learning to rely on itself, to believe in its own strength and vigour to serve for a share in the guidance of its own life. The conflict with the two great spiritual and temporal powers of Christendom, his strife at once with the Papacy and the House of Austria, had roused in every Englishman a sense of supreme manhood which told, however slowly, on his attitude towards the Crown. The seaman whose tiny barque had braved the storms of far-off seas, the young squire who crossed the Channel to flash his maiden sword at Ivry or Ostend, brought back with them to English soil the daring temper, the sense of inexhaustible resources which had borne them on through storm and battle-field. The nation which gave itself to the rule of the Stewarts was another nation from the panic-struck people that gave itself, in the crash of social and religious order, to the guidance of the Tudors. It was plain that a new age of our history must open when the lofty patriotism, the dauntless energy, the overpowering sense of effort and triumph, which rose into their full grandeur through the war with Spain, turned from the strife with Philip to seek a new sphere of activity at home." Vol. iii pp 8, 9.

As we have said, Elizabeth herself, notwithstanding the prestige of her long and prosperous reign, felt the effect of this new disposition, though she knew how, by timely concession, to avert an open collision. But in the reign of James, a direct struggle between the Crown and the people began. In vain the angry sovereign forbade the Commons to meddle with his mysteries of government. In vain he arrogated the right as well as the power of limiting their liberty of speech and action. In vain he declared himself too old and experienced a king to permit them to claim, as their ancient and undoubted inheritance and right, privileges which they had derived solely from the grace and permission of his truly ancestors and himself. He did but draw upon himself that famous Protestation (December 18th, 1621) which takes its place with the Great Charter, the Bill of Rights, and other memorable records, as one of the charters and securities of English freedom.\*

Said James I. on one occasion (1620), when a committee of the House of Commons was about to submit to him the declaration against Monopolies, "Chairs! chairs! here be twal lynes comin'" and again, when his horse

\* As marking an important stage of the Revolution, this Protestation must be quoted here in full. It declared: "That the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdiction of Parliament are the ancient and undoubted birth, right and inheritance of the subjects of England, and that the petitions and requests shew themselves concerning the King's state, and defence of the nation, and of the Church of England, and the seeking and maintenance of laws, and redress of wrongs and grievances which duly happen within this realm are proper subjects and matter of counsel and debate in Parliament, and that, in the handling and proceeding of those business, every member of the House hath, and of right ought to have, freedom of speech to propose, treat, reason, and bring to conclusion the same, that the Commons in Parliament have like liberty and freedom to treat of those matters in such order as in their judgment shall seem best, and that every such member of the said House hath like freedom from all imprisonment, imprisonment, and molestation (other than by the course of the House itself) for and concerning any bill, speaking, reasoning, or declaring of any matter or matters touching the Parliament or Parliament business, and that, if any of the said members be complained of and questioned for anything said or done in Parliament, the same is to be shown to the King, by the advice and assent of all the Commons assembled in Parliament, before the King give credence to any private information." The King took this protest from the Commons' journal, but he could not tear it from the memories of his people.

was restive: "The deil i' my saul, sirrah, an yon be not quiet, Ise send you to the five hundred kyngs in the House of Commons, they'll quickly tame you!" It was in truth, as Guizot remarks, almost a senate of kings (*presqu'un sénat de rois*) whom an absolute monarch summoned beside his throne, when Charles I. convoked his first Parliament.\* Neither prince nor people, especially the latter, had as yet ascertained the principle and measured the range of their pretensions. They drew together with the design and the sincere hope of a cordial union, but, at bottom, their discord was already consummated, for each claimed to be the supreme authority.

The session had scarcely opened when the Commons began to examine the whole machinery and system of government, home affairs, foreign affairs, negotiations, alliances, the way in which former subsidies had been expended, the grounds on which future subsidies should be granted, the state of religion, the repression of Popery, they inquired into everything, included everything in their range of observation and action. A committee of grievances was appointed, and another on religion. It was proposed to dispense with the former, and the House seemed not disinclined, but Pym, who led the Commons in virtue of his genius, his eloquence, and his courage, unexpectedly asked, if the committee on grievances were postponed, what was to be done with the committee for religion?†

An immediate agitation ensued, for "it is observable in the House of Commons," says Elliot, "as then whole story gives it, that wherever that mention does break forth of the fears or dangers in religion and the increase of Popery, their affections are much stirred, and whatever is obnoxious in the state, it there is reckoned as an incident to that." The Commons, with an unerring instinct, knew

\* Guizot, "Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre," i. 19.

† The religious difficulty touched every conscience. "Whatever mention does break forth," writes Sir John Elliot, "of the fears and dangers in religion, and the increase of Popery, their affections are much stirred."

that the political question could not be separated from the religious, that every effort on the part of the Church to revive the sacerdotal claims of Rome had been accompanied by some fresh aggression on the part of the State. They spoke out, therefore, with a plainness which was very distasteful to the king's party, one of whom, complaining that bitter and inconvenient words were uttered in the Chamber, provoked a storm of indignation. But, in truth, the language was modest enough, though it conveyed sufficiently bold sentiments. The Commons preferred not to demand from the king, as Parliament had demanded from Henry IV and Henry VI, that he should dismiss his bad councillors, they did not wish to interfere with his choice, as Parliament had done under Edward II, Richard II, Henry IV, and Henry VI, nor that those whom the king had chosen should be required to take oath before Parliament, as was the case under Edward I, Edward II., and Richard II., nor that Parliament should prescribe to them the course they were to follow, as it had thought to be its duty under Henry III and Henry IV, nor even that his majesty should, like Henry III, promise that he would do nothing without the knowledge and consent of the great council of the realm. They expressed only, and as faithful subjects, their humble desires. Seeing that the king was surrounded by wise, pious, and honourable councillors, they desired, in concert with them, to apply a remedy to the diseases of the State.

Charles was angry, but he said nothing. The language was importunate, but as yet it did not seem dangerous. Moreover, he was in want of subsidies. The last Parliament had vehemently cried for war with Spain, the present could not refuse to defray its cost. He insisted that it should at once supply him with the necessary funds, and he would then redress their just grievances. The Commons, however, would no longer trust to the promises even of a king who, as yet, had violated none, and whom it

esteemed. It is the misfortune of princes to inherit the faults as well as the throne of their predecessors. Charles was of opinion that the people had no cause for fear, since he had done them no wrong, the people, that they must root up all past evils in order to apprehend nothing in the future. So that, at first, the Commons granted only a small supply, and, on the motion of Sir Francis Seymour, voted tonnage and poundage for a single year,\* this limitation, however, was condemned by the Lords. Were they, it was said, to show less confidence in the king than in his predecessors, to whom tonnage and poundage had been granted for their whole reign? Had he not just laid before them, with rare sincerity, the financial condition of the kingdom, withholding no documents, refusing no explanation? The urgency of the king's wants was evident, and there was little wisdom, argued the Lords, in giving umbrage so soon, and without cause, to a young sovereign apparently so strongly inclined to live in harmony with his Parliament.

The Commons did not definitely declare that they would grant subsidies for no longer period, but they continued a steady exposition of their grievances, and were plainly resolved to obtain their redress before they voted any more money bills. Behind the throne, they said, was an influence more powerful than the throne itself, that of the Duke of Buckingham, and Sir Robert Philips, in a remarkable speech, boldly inveighed against his unconstitutional position. The whole wisdom of the State, he said, was supposed to be comprehended in one man. Master of all favour, he was likewise master of all business. *Nil inquam prave et integri moris*, as Tacitus had observed, upon the decline of Rome, *sed exalta equalitate omnia unus jussu aspectare*. Many were the councillors in name, but few remained more than the name. After a careful and vivid

\* These customs duties had been augmented by James I, and what the Commons desired was an inquiry into the reasonableness of such an augmentation.

survey of the condition of the country, he concluded by saying that he did not desire to tread too near the heels of majesty, but to keep majesty from danger. All things were suffered under that name, would the name itself escape injury? What greater wrong could there be to the king than wrong to his subjects? Therefore, it was their duty, in that House, to vindicate both the king and the subject. He did not wish them to discuss what they did not understand. They had wasted too much time in discussions about the fleet, and whether the ships intended to act against Carliz should go or stay. Of this they could not judge, because they did not know the projected plan of operations. The estate at home, affairs civil and domestic, these were the proper objects of their care. To settle the government of the kingdom, to rectify disorders, to sweep away abuses, to heal divisions—this was their business. And for this he would not have them think of separating, but would have them earnestly solicit his majesty that he would give them leave to continue to sit. The great service they might thereby render to their sovereign would afford him ampler aid and credit than many subsidies could supply. It would furnish him with whatever was needed to clear the streams of his revenues, to refill the fountain of his exchequer, to replenish his exhausted stores, to collect his scattered beams. It would lay at his feet the love and satisfaction of his subjects.

The importance of this eloquent and earnest speech, and of the sympathetic reception accorded to it by the Commons, cannot be overestimated. "From the hour of its delivery," remarks Mr. Forster,\* "the struggle between Charles and his Parliaments took the form which, through many subsequent changes and vicissitudes, assured to it its ultimate triumph. Days were to come in which this old boundary would of necessity be overpassed, but for the present the limits were defined, and the purposes declared.

Forster, "Sir Julius Holt," p. 236.

The narrow issue which Buckingham had sought to raise was put aside for ever. With the question of sitting or separating, of giving or refusing to give, of supplying the wants of the court for purposes not permitted them to discuss, or betaking themselves to their homes, of making laws to a minister's caprice, or not legislating at all,—were now joined, in such wise that none might separate them, a quite different question. It was not to be a personal quarrel, little or great. It was to be a contention for the liberties of England in the interests of her king. Through the side of Buckingham it was hoped that these might be reached; and Charles was first to be saved from that ill-counsellor. It is important to remember that the great Civil War, or, as Clarendon unjustly calls it, the Great Rebellion, was not undertaken by the Parliament party with any view to the establishment of a republic. Its leaders were not animated by any of those laudible ideas of "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality," of supposed social regeneration, of a glorified and exalted Humanity, which inspired the leaders of the French Revolution. They made war in the king's name, and for the king's weal. They were on the side of a constitutional king, governing by the advice and with the consent of his Parliament, against a despotic king, ruling by virtue of his own will, through ministers responsible only to himself. The force of events ultimately drove them from this position, but it was the position which they assumed at the outset, and maintained as long as circumstances permitted. It was a natural consequence of this position that they delivered their first attack against Buckingham, and their next against Strafford and Archbishop Laud, against the king's evil counsellors, tenderly sparing the king himself. They were practical Englishmen, intent on reform, and working in the old lines of the Constitution.

On the 12th of August, Charles suddenly dissolved Parliament. In one brief session the fair prospects of the



new reign had been overclouded, and the harmony which was supposed to exist fatally interrupted. This "abrupt and ungracious close" produced a most unfortunate impression, and Clarendon, the royalist historian, is compelled to own that no man could show him a source from whence the waters of bitterness afterwards tasted so abundantly had more probably flowed than from such unreasonable, unskilful, and precipitate dissolutions. In spite of their mutual goodwill, prince and people had met together only to come into violent collision. They separated with a conviction on both sides that it was putting forward legitimate claims, and with a resolution to uphold them. The Commons protested that they were devoted to the king, but that they would not lay at his feet the liberties of the country. The king affirmed that he respected those liberties, but that he knew how to govern without the control of Parliament.

He proceeded to make good his words. Orders were despatched to the lord lieutenants of the counties to raise by way of loan the money of which he stood in need. They were to apply to the wealthy for contributions, and to transmit to the court the names of those who refused or delayed compliance. Thus an appeal was made to their fear as well as to their loyalty. At the same time, a fleet of ninety sail, carrying five thousand seamen and ten thousand soldiers, under Sir Edward Cecil, now created Viscount Wimbledon, was despatched against Cadiz, the harbour of which was known to be thronged with argosies. As a satisfaction to the religious sentiment of the people, the clergy were instructed to proceed against the Papists, who were forbidden to travel more than five miles from their abode without license, or to recall from the Continent the children they had sent there to be educated, and were deprived of their arms. But this paltry device failed to have the desired effect. Nor, indeed, was it carried out with thoroughness, the king selling dispensations or bestowing

pardons with a liberal hand. The forced loan yielded but a trifling amount to the treasury, and the Cadiz expedition failed. Ill-officered, ill-manned, ill-provisioned, it disgraced the English flag. Wimbledon landed his troops at Fort Punta, and began his march upon Cadiz. They discovered on the way several cellars filled with strong Spanish wine, and the hungry and weary soldiers, breaking into them, drank largely. The bonds of discipline, never firmly knit, were burst asunder, and Wimbledon, a man without decision or resources, taking flight, marched his army back to the ships. For eighteen days he cruised to and fro in search of the Spanish merchantmen, and finally let them slip past him in the night; after which, with mutiny and disease raging on board the fleet, he returned to Plymouth, to disembark hundreds of seamen and soldiers in a dying condition.

The failure of this expedition, which had been secretly planned by Buckingham, greatly increased the odium which the haughty favourite had excited, while it rendered necessary a new Parliament. As yet the young king had not openly committed himself to arbitrary principles, he was as yet, apparently, both bashful and timid. He flattered himself that the Commons would be delighted at the promptitude with which he again summoned them to his side, and it is possible he even indulged in a hope that the firmness he had shown would be rewarded by their greater submissiveness. At the same time he took measures to deprive the two Houses of their most influential orators. The Earl of Bristol did not receive the usual summons. Sir Edward Coke, Sir Robert Philips, Sir Thomas Wentworth, Sir Francis Seymour, and others, were appointed sheriffs for their counties, and thus rendered ineligible to serve as Members of Parliament. But this expedient did not silence the voice of opposition. Pym was returned for Tavistock, Lattleton for Carnarvon, Selden for Great Bedwin, Wentworth for Oxford, and John Hampden for Wendover.

The coronation of Charles took place on the 2nd of February, 1626. Four days later Parliament assembled, and at once the struggle began. The Opposition, attributing to the counsels of Buckingham the misgovernment which prevailed, the abuses at home and the disgrace abroad, was resolute to strike him down. Was he not, as Lord Admiral, the cause of the loss of the king's royalty in the narrow seas? Had not the Crown begun impoverished by the gifts lavishly bestowed on him and his kindred? Was not the existing maladministration owing to the concentration of all high offices in him and his dependents? Did not the Papists depend upon his countenance? Was he not the author of the scandals which arose from the sale of dignities, offices, places of judicature, and ecclesiastical promotions? Admiral and general of the sea and land army, were not the disgraces recently sustained due to his incompetency? In vain the king endeavoured to shield his minister. The various charges against him were steadfastly pressed home by the eloquence of Ehot and Wentworth, by an angry House, and declared proven. Early in May the Commons determined on his impeachment.

In the history of his time, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, makes a brilliant figure, yet few men who have risen to so splendid a position have shown so great an incapacity for filling it worthily. It has been justly said of him that he was born to shine in a court, and give offence to a nation. Of a handsome person and gracious address, partial to pomp and display, courageous to audacity, sincere in his friendships, frank and haughty in his enmities, never rising to the height of virtue nor sinking to the depth of hypocrisy, he was successful as a courtier, but a signal failure as a minister. He governed without statesmanship, without settled policy; regardless of the interest alike of the nation and the Crown, heedful only of his personal aggrandisement, and of the pleasure he derived in parading before the world as the king's

‘favourite and chief adviser. He was ambitious, but his ambition was not sustained by genius or force of character. He possessed a certain talent for intrigue, because he was thoroughly unscrupulous in his employment of means to accomplish his objects. To win a woman’s honour or crush a rival, his reckless arrogance would compromise either king or nation. With perfumed locks, and doublet and shoes blazing with jewels, he tripped airy along the path of power, ignoring the dangers that surrounded him, blind to the precipice he was so rapidly approaching. That this showy, light of heart, and insolent noble should hold in his capricious hands the reins of government, was felt as a reproach and an injury by a people who every day cherished their religious convictions more seriously.

The Commons appointed eight of their leaders to present their articles of impeachment at a conference with the Lords.\* Buckingham affected to be much amused at the speech with which Sir Dudley Digges opened their case, drawing down upon himself a severe retort. “My lord, do you jeer?” exclaimed Sir Dudley. “Are these things to be jeered at? My lord, I can show you when a man of a greater blood than your lordship, as high as you in place and power, and as deep in the favour of the king, hath been hanged for as small a crime as the least of these articles contain.” The rebuke told, and Buckingham did not again appear at the conference. Thus he escaped the sting of Sir John Eliot’s tremendous invective, which, if he had been present, must surely have penetrated even through his harness of levity and pride. “I will take the inward character!” exclaimed Eliot, “the patterns of his mind, as you have heard them opened. And first his collusion and deceit, crimes in themselves so odious and uncertain, that the ancients, knowing not by what name to term them, expressed them in a metaphor, calling them *stellionatus*,

\* These were Sir Dudley Digges, Sir John Eliot, Pym, Selden, Herbert, Glanville, Whitby, and Wandesforde.

from a discoloured beast so doubtful in appearance that they knew not what to make of it. And thus, in this mirror-practice, we find it here." Passing to another charge, he said "After this, my lords, followed the corruption, the sordid bribery of him whom I now charge, in the sale of honours, in the sale of offices. That which was the ancient omen of virtue is now made incharitable, and justice itself is a prey to this man. If *envy* thus prevailed in wealth and honours, he rests not there. Ambition has no bounds, but like a violent flame breaks still beyond, snatches at all, assumes new boldness, gives itself more scope. Not satisfied with the injuring of justice, with the wrongs of honour, with the prejudice of religion, with the abuse of state, with the misappropriation of revenues, his attempts go higher, even to the person of his sovereign. In all these now your lordships have the idea of the man, what in himself he is, and what in his affections. You have seen his power, and some, I fear, have felt it. You have known his practice, you have heard the effects. It rests then to be considered, being such, what he is in relation to the king, what in relation to the State, and how compatible or incompatible with either. What he is to the king, you have heard—a canker in his treasures, and one that restlessly consumes and will devour him. What he is to the State, you have seen—a wrath to goodness, not only persisting in all ill ways, but preventing better." After comparing him to Sejanus, whom Tacitus describes as *audax, sui obsequens, in alios criminator, juxta adulatio et superbia*, Eliot concluded. "My lords, I have done. You see the man! What have been his actions, whom he is like you know. I leave him to your judgments. This only is conceived by us, the knights, citizens, and burgesses of the Commons House of Parliament, that by him came all our evils, in him we find the causes, and on him must be the remedies. I will conclude with a particular censure given on the Bishop of Ely, in the time of Richard I. That prelate

had the king's treasure at his command, and had luxuriously abused them. His obscure kindred were married to earls, barons, and others of great rank and place. No man's business could be done without his help. He would not suffer the king's council to advise in the highest affairs of state. He gave *ignotis personis et obscuris* the custody of castles and great trusts. He ascended to such a height of violence and pride, that he ceased to be fit for characters of mercy. And therefore, says the record of which I now hold the original, '*per totam insulam publicè proclametur, Peccat qui perdere cuncta festinat. Opprimatur ne omnes opprimat.*' \*"

After this, nothing more could be, or was necessary to be said, and on the 13th and 15th of May, eight peers reported the speeches to the Lords, and the articles of impeachment were laid on their table. But in the interval some strange things happened. The king himself went down to the Lords, addressed them from the throne, and protested the duke's innocency of the charges brought against him. He also ordered the commitment of Digges and Eliot to the Tower. The Commons, irritated at this attack on their privileges, refused to proceed with any business until they were released, and in this resolution they persisted, notwithstanding a menace that the king might see fit to dispense with Parliaments altogether. Digges and Eliot were accordingly released, after a two days' captivity, and immediately afterwards the Upper House obtained the release of Lord Arundel, who had been arrested in the course of the session.

The anger of the king was roused by his discomfiture. He was humbled, not only in the eyes of his court and

\* Mr Green speaks of Eliot's attack as marking a new era in Parliamentary speech. "From the first the vehemence and passion of his words had contrasted with the grave, colourless reasoning of older speakers. His opponents complained that Eliot aimed to 'stir up affections.' The quick emphatic sentences he substituted for the unobtrusive periods of the day, his rapid argument, his vivacious and earnest allusions, his passionate appeals, his fearless invective, struck a new note in English eloquence."

queen, but in those of foreign powers, and acting on the counsels of his favourite, he resolved to dismiss his recalcitrant Houses. The rumour got abroad that Parliament was to be dissolved. The Upper Chamber, which had not yet abandoned the popular side, hastily petitioned the king to divert him from his intention. To the peers who waited upon him to present it, and asked for a short delay, he replied, "Not a minute." On the 15th of June, the dissolution took place, and a proclamation was issued, in which its justification was attempted. A remonstrance which the Commons had drawn up was hurled by the hands of the common hangman, and all who possessed copies of it were ordered to burn them also. Lord Bristol was sent to the Tower, Arundel was placed under restraint in his own house, the Duke of Buckingham thought himself saved, and Charles felt every inch a king.

The exultation of the sovereign and his minister was brief as a gleam of April sunshine. Involved in a disastrous war against Spain and Austria, Charles had no army with which to coerce his subjects. His land-troops were few in number and ill-disciplined. His seamen were infected with Puritanism. He could place no reliance on his militia, who were less amenable to the influence of the Crown, than to that of the landed gentry. Difficulties confronted him at every step, and the foolish arrogance of the duke soon plunged him into new troubles. Buckingham, on the occasion of a visit to Paris, had professed to be enamoured of the queen, Anne of Austria,\* and the chivalrousness of his air and manner seems to have won her favour. At all events, Cardinal Richelieu was determined that he should not resume his audacious suit. Mortified in

\* "In his embassy in France, where his person and presence was wonderfully admired and esteemed (and in truth it was a wonder in the eyes of all men), and in which he appeared with all the lustre the wealth of England could adorn him with, and outshined all the bravery that court could dress itself in, and over-acted the whole nation in their own most peculiar vanities, he had the ambition to fix his eyes upon, and to dedicate his most violent affection to, a lady of very sublime quality."—CLARENDON.

his vanity, the Duke longed for revenge, and urged his royal master to declare war against France. He found a pretext in the persecution the Huguenots were sustaining, their last stronghold, Rochelle, was besieged by the royal army, and its downfall would herald the ruin of the French reformers. It was hoped that a religious war would be popular with the nation, and a general loan was ordered, of the same amount as the subsidies which Parliament had promised, but not voted. The expected enthusiasm, however, was not awakened, and in every county the king's commissioners met with stern refusals. The recusants were harshly dealt with, but the refusals continued.\* The ports and maritime districts were ordered to furnish a certain number of war-ships, fully equipped. London was ordered to supply twenty. The citizens represented that Queen Elizabeth had not asked for so many, when the Spanish Armada threatened the shores of England. In reply, they were informed that the precedents of past times pointed to submission, and not to objections. To justify this language, the pulpits of the Anglican Church rang with the doctrine of passive obedience, which was made a condition of everlasting felicity. And when Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, a man with popular sympathies, refused to authorise in his diocese the sale of these sermons, he was suspended from his functions and exiled.

Charles and his advisers (says Guizot†) had presumed too much on the passions of the people, who could not and would not be persuaded to forget their liberties even for the sake of their creed. Moreover, they mistrusted the sincerity of this new-born zeal. Summon Parliament, they said, and it will give to the Reformed Churches of the Continent a much firmer support. Every day the popular

\* In Lincoln the loan commissioners were roughly treated. The Cornish freeholders protested that if they had but two kune, they would sell one of them for supply to his Majesty—in a parliamentary way. The northern counties absolutely refused payment.

Guizot, "*Histoire de la Révolution*," I, 39.



irritation increased, but Buckingham would not draw back. On the 27th of June, 1627, he sailed from Portsmouth with a hundred ships, of which forty or fifty were men-of-war. His land forces numbered nearly seven thousand, including a squadron of cavalry. In the course of a few days he appeared before Rochelle, but its inhabitants mistrusted him, and refused to admit the fleet into their harbour until he had proved his sincerity by some act of hostility against the French flag. He resolved to make a descent upon the island of Oléron, which was fully garrisoned, but suddenly altered his mind and sailed for that of Rhé. Here the principal town, St Martin's, speedily submitted, but the citadel, which was strongly built, well situated, and fully provisioned, maintained a sturdy resistance for eleven weeks. The duke then ordered an assault, but his strategy was so defective that he experienced a disastrous repulse, and was compelled to carry his shattered fleet back to England with loss of precious lives and still more precious honour. "Every man knows," wrote Denzil Holles, with painful recollections of the brave men he had seen driven into a hopeless maze of marshes and salt-works, "every man knows that since England was England, it received not so dishonourable a blow. Four colonels slain, and, besides the colours lost, thirty-two taken by the enemy. Two thousand of our side killed, and I think not one of theirs."

A storm of wrath swept over the maddened country. The most considerable and influential families in England were thrown into sorrow and suffering by this lamentable catastrophe, and the heart of the nation sympathised with them. It was felt that all this misery, and worse, this shame, were due to the arrogant incapacity of Buckingham,\* to the obstinate weakness of the king who sheltered him. Nor was the popular temper softened by other occurrences.

\* "Lugland," says Clarendon, "was totally taken up with the thought of revenge upon the person who they thought had been the cause of their distress."

Foreign ships of war preyed unchecked upon English commerce, and the ports were full of traders who durst not venture to sea. The spirit and enterprise of the country seemed paralysed. The rigour and oppression with which the forced loan had been levied rankled in the minds of men. Buckingham, gay and reckless as he was, self-confident as he was, visibly quailed before the gathering voices of hatred and contempt. He felt that something must be done to extricate him from his perilous entanglement, and the king knew that something must be done to fill his exhausted treasury. They hastened to seek the advice of old Sir Robert Cotton, as one of the coolest and most moderate of the popular party, and after insisting on the well-founded complaints of the nation, he recommended that a new Parliament should be summoned. No better course presented itself than to adopt and act upon a counsel which had been honestly given. Writs were accordingly issued, and at the same time, to propitiate the country, the eighty squires and yeomen who still expiated in prison their opposition to the forced loan, were set at liberty, Archbishop Abbot was reinstated in his see, and the Earl of Bristol received permission to resume his seat in the House of Lords.

## CHAPTER II:

GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

THE elections went heavily against the court party. It was found that to have refused payment of the so-called loan was an immediate passport to the favour of the electors, and that whoever had done good service in vindicating the liberties of the people was triumphantly returned. "I pray God," said one of the duke's creatures, "send us fair weather in the House of Commons, for there is much minning about the restraint of those that would not conform to the loan." Fair weather, in truth, could hardly be expected by courtiers or by courtiers' courtiers, when Tavistock sent up Pym, and Wendover sent up Hampden, and Lunsdown, Bevil Granville, Dorchester, Denzil Holles, and Bath, Walter Long, and Oxford, Sir Thomas Wentworth. Let us note, too, that to this Parliament was returned Mr Oliver Cromwell, Hampden's cousin and friend, by the Puritans of Huntingdon.

The third Parliament of Charles I. was opened on the 17th of March, 1628, by the king in person. He told his hearers that he had called them together to vote a sufficient supply. He hoped they would not be so led astray by the follies of particular men as to put this in hazard, but if they failed to do their duty, he must make use of those other means which God had put into his hands. Thus they were not to take as a threat, for he scorned to threaten any but his equals, it was simply a warning to them from him,

whom nature and his duty had entrusted with the charge of their prosperity and their safety. He added that he should now easily and gladly forget and forgive what was past, so that they would but follow the counsel he had given them, to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Such was the temper in which Charles met his Parliament, affecting a haughty confidence which he was far from feeling, and loudly putting forth his pretensions from a secret conviction that they would not be undisputed.

The Commons listened to the king's speech in silence, to set it aside contemptuously when they entered upon business. If Charles were determined to assert his prerogatives, they were equally resolved to proclaim and defend their liberties. They would no longer permit their rights to pass as concessions, nor abuses to be regarded as rights. In this policy they knew that the country would support them. They knew, too, that they would be worthily led by Sir Edward Coke, the profoundest lawyer of his time, whose courage had not been dimmed, nor his intellectual vigour quenched, by his nine-and-seventy years, by Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards fatally known in English History as Lord Strafford, then young (in his thirty-sixth year), intrepid, eloquent, masterful, by Daniel Holles, eldest son of Lord Clare, the companion of the king's childhood, but a sincere friend of liberty, a patriot in all his sympathies, and too high-minded to serve under a favourite, by Pym, then in the prime of manhood,\* an able juriconsult, thoroughly versed in the knowledge of the rights and usages of Parliament, of a calm, composed, and yet daring intellect, capable of marching at the head of the passions of the people without losing his self-possession, always prepared for any emergency, a born ruler of men, and by many others reserved, in a future for which none of them suspected, for widely different destinies, even for hostile sides, but united as yet by the ties of common

\* He was born in 1584, and was therefore forty-four years old.

principles and common desires. To this formidable confederacy the court could oppose only the influence of its traditions, the capricious temerity of Buckingham, and the obstinate haughtiness of the king.

There was at first on both sides a disposition to act as if neither were aware of the struggle for which it was making eager or silent preparations. An interchange of courtesies took place. In spite of his threats, Charles feared that he must yield, and the Commons were disposed to express the utmost loyalty, while firm in the maintenance of their rights. All, however, were not so pacific as Sir Benjamin Rudyard, who besought the Chamber, carefully to avoid every subject of vain dispute, for the hearts of kings, he said, was as high as their fortunes, they could yield only when their subjects yielded to them. They should build for his majesty a golden bridge, and give him that way to come off like himself, which he verily believed he was longing for. It was their interest to trust him, for they had reached the crisis of Parliaments, and its issue would determine whether Parliaments were to live or die. There were others who looked into the future with clearer and braver eyes, who better understood the king's theory of absolute power. These sympathised with Wentworth when, in a grand rush of eloquence, he exclaimed "By one and the same thing have the king and people been hurt, and by the same must they be cured. We must vindicate—what? New things? No! Our ancient, lawful, and vital liberties! We must reinforce the laws made by our ancestors. We must set such a stamp upon them as no licentious spirit shall dare hereafter to invade them." They sympathised with Eliot, when, in stately language, he said, "The ancient liberties of this kingdom—what comparison may they have? The freedom of the nation, the felicity it has had in the glory and honour of the prince and in the quiet and tranquillity of the people, the general and common happiness which so long we have enjoyed under

our old laws—who could be drawn to leave them? What ignorance would desert them to submit to the fears and uncertainties of a change? None! I may boldly say there are none of a sound heart or judgment, nay, even of those that will be guided but by sense. None! but some rotten members, men of reduced and captive understandings, who to the quails and manna sent from heaven prefer the flesh-pots and garlic of the Egyptians. None! but that false party in religion which to their Romish idol will sacrifice all other interests and respects. None but such as have swallowed down that lot, the leaven of the Jesuits. None can be possessed with this ignorance or stupidity, so to forget their prince, so to forget their country, so to forget themselves! And, without such a false party of ourselves, such an intestine faction within us, no foreign power can do us prejudice. Besides the strength and valour of our nation in that defence, we have nature and God to aid us. The frame and constitution of this state therein answereth to the ground and centre that it stands on—the earth—which a little wind within it makes to tremble, but no outward storm or violence can move.” Those who agreed with Rudyard, and those who agreed with Eliot and Wentworth, were alike willing to satisfy the needs of the Crown, while demanding a redress of grievances, and, on the 1st of April, they granted by unanimous vote a considerable subsidy, though they did not at once proceed to convert their vote into law. “It was in the form of a resolution, simply. It was unaccompanied by any mention of when the collection was to be made, or the bill introduced. The House had immorally resolved that both were to depend upon the good faith of the king.”

Charles, however, felt, or affected to feel, the greatest exultation. Summoning his council, he informed them of the vote, adding, that at his accession to the throne, he loved Parliaments, that he had since conceived a kind of distaste to them, but that now his former feelings had

returned. He rejoiced at the prospect of frequently meeting his people, and felt that that day would gain him more credit in Christendom, than if he had won many battles. With the impolitic arrogance that was characteristic of him, Buckingham professed the same felicity. "This," said he, "is something much more than a subsidy, it is the opening of a course of subsidies, sunken in the heart of your subjects. I must confess," he continued, "I have lived long in pain. Sleep has given me no rest, favour and fortunes no content; such have been my secret sorrows, at being mistaken for the man who separated the king from his people, and his people from him. But I hope it shall now appear they were some mistaken minds, that would have made me the evil spirit interposing always between a good master and his loyal subjects." Cooke, the Secretary for State, reported these speeches to the House. To that of the king's the Commons listened respectfully, but when Cooke, with singular folly, repeated the arrogant thanks of Buckingham, a general indignation was aroused. Eliot, leaping to his feet, taxed Mr Secretary for intermingling a subject's speech with the king's message. In what they had done in the House, he went on to say, they had no respect to any but his majesty alone, nor intended to give any man content but him only, nor regarded any man's acceptance but his. It could not become any man to bear himself in such a fashion, as if no grace ought to descend from the king to the people, nor any loyalty ascend from the people to the king, but through him only. In that House they knew of no other distinction but of king and subjects, and therefore accounted of "the great man" no otherwise than as one of themselves, who, together with them, was to advise of means to give his majesty contentment in provision for the good of the kingdom. Whereunto, says a contemporary, many of the House made an acclamation: "Well spoken, Sir John Eliot!"

The House continued its deliberations, and on the

3rd of April voted four resolutions for the protection of the liberties of the subject. Desirous of carrying with it the Upper Chamber, it submitted these resolutions to its approval at a conference, April 7—9. Continual discussions followed, not without interruptions from the king, and sharp messages, each sharper than its predecessor. The fourth of these enraged the House. It expressed the regret with which he had seen their resolve to protest not only against the abuses of power, but against power itself, and it bade them take heed lest, by their tedious or needless delays to relieve his necessities, they forced him to make an unpleasant end to such fair beginnings.

On the 25th of April, the Lords sent down five propositions, in which they embodied their views of the Commons' resolutions. These proved wholly unacceptable, and on the 28th, the Commons, ignoring the royal message, entrusted to a committee of lawyers "and others of the House," the task of framing a bill, which contained the substance of Magna Charta and the various statutes referring to the liberty of the subject. The result was that Petition of Right, which forms one of the charters of our constitutional government. Approved of by the Commons, it was presented to the Lords on the 8th of May. It began by enumerating the ancient safeguards of the subject against arbitrary taxation. It then declared that these had been recently violated; that divers commissions had been issued, with instructions, "by pretext whereof" the people had been required to lend to the king, and ultimately had undergone imprisonment and restraint, contrary to the laws and free customs of the realm. It related the old securities for personal freedom, such as the Great Charter and the statute of the 28th of Edward III., and declared that these, too, had been set aside. It protested against billeting of soldiers and sailors on the people, and martial law in time of peace. And after claiming immediate redress of all these grievances, it concluded with the following prayer: "All which your



Majesty's subjects most humbly pray of your most excellent Majesty, as their rights and liberties, according to the laws and statutes of this realm. And that your Majesty would also vouchsafe to declare, that the awards, doings, and proceedings, to the prejudice of your people in any the premises, shall not be drawn hereafter into consequence or example. And that your Majesty would be pleased graciously, for the further comfort and safety of your people, to declare your royal will and pleasure that in the things aforesaid, all your officers and ministers shall serve you according to the laws and statutes of this realm, as they tender the honour of your Majesty and the prosperity of the kingdom."

Against a bill which reclaimed ancient liberties, and repressed abuses universally condemned, the Lords could offer no valid objection. But the court party, under the Lord Keeper Williams, endeavoured to neutralise its effect by introducing an ambiguous clause into its concluding sentence, which, as manipulated by them, took the following shape "We humbly present this petition to your Majesty, not only with a care of preserving our own liberties, but with due regard *to leave entire that sovereign power* wherewith your Majesty is entrusted, for the protection, safety, and happiness of your people." The insidious clause which we have italicised was promptly rejected by the Commons. "If we admit of this addition," cried Wentworth, "we shall leave the subject worse than we found him, and we shall have little thanks for our labour when we reach our homes. Let us leave all power to his majesty to punish malefactors. These laws are not acquainted with sovereign power. We desire no new king. We do not offer to tread on his majesty's prerogative. From this our petition we may not recede, either in part or in whole." Said Coke "Magna Charta is such a fellow that he will bear no sovereign." And the Commons were resolved that "this fellow" should prevail. They adhered to their original

position, and the Lords at last gave way. On the 24th of May they joined in the Petition of Right.

When it was presented to the king he struggled long against its acceptance. Not that he objected to all its clauses. He was not unwilling to promise that he would raise no more forced loans, that he would compel no more householders to receive soldiers against their will, that he would give no more commissions to military officers to execute martial law in time of peace. But he would fain have retained the power of sending prisoners to prison without explaining his reasons for doing so. Yet this was the most important of all the provisions. In defiance of statute, the king had been accustomed to throw men into prison at his will and pleasure, sometimes leaving them there untried. But the Petition of Right provided that, on cause being shown, the prisoner might require the judges to fix a day for his trial, so that it should appear whether he was innocent or guilty. This seems to us now one of the most elementary principles of liberty, but in Charles's reign it had to be borne in upon the conviction of the king by many a stern lesson.

On Monday, the 2nd of June, the Commons were summoned to wait upon the king in the Lords' House. Addressing them in sullen mood, he said, "Gentlemen, I am come hither to perform my duty. I think no man can think it long, since I have not taken so many days in answering the Petition as ye spent weeks in framing it, and I am come hither to show you that, as well in formal things as essential, I desire to give you as much content as in me lies." The Petition was then read, and Charles placed in his Lord Keeper's hand a paper, which the Commons found to run as follows: "The king willeth that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm, that the statutes be put in due execution; and that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrong or oppressions contrary to their just rights and liberties, to the preserva-

## THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

tion whereof he holds himself in conscience as well obliged, as of his own prerogative." With this evasive answer ringing in their ears, the Commons returned to their own Chamber, and, oppressed by a sense of the trouble that was upon them, adjourned until the following day.

Next morning the Commons assembled in unusual numbers. The king's answer was read, and Sir John Eliot instantly rose to speak to it. With grave eloquence he spoke of the state and affairs of the country, of its dangers from abroad and its disorders at home. These dangers and disorders he traced to their causes—it was not, he said, so much the potency of their enemies as their own weakness that threatened them, so that they might take to themselves the saying of the Father, *Non tam potentia sua quam negligentia nostra*. Their want of true devotion to Heaven, their insincerity and duplicity in religion, their want of councils (which were all absorbed in Buckingham), their precipitate actions, the insufficiency or unfaithfulness of their generals abroad, the ignorance or corruption of their ministers at home, the impoverishment of the sovereign, the oppression and depression of the subject, the exhaustion of their treasures, the waste of their provisions, consumption of their ships, destruction of their men! These, he said, made the advantage to their enemies, not the reputation of their arms. And if in these no reformation took place, they needed no foes abroad; time itself would ruin them.

While Eliot was speaking, the Chancellor of the Duchy, Sir Humphrey May, started to his feet, and complained that Eliot was arraigning of the council. He was immediately put to silence, the House wanted to hear Sir John Eliot and not Sir Humphrey May. "If Sir John Eliot is to go on," exclaimed the angry chancellor, "I claim permission to go out," and the House took care that he should have his will. The great orator then continued his speech, which gradually turned into a crushing invective against the follies, extravagances, and blunders of Buckingham. And he con-

cluded by suggesting that a remonstrance, embodying the charges he had made, should be presented to the king, and that prayer should be made for an inquiry into their truth. The Commons, swayed by the resistless force of Eliot's eloquence, resolved that, next morning, they would form themselves into a general committee to take into consideration and debate the danger and means of safety of the king and kingdom. This was a blow at Buckingham which no stratagem of his could avert; and had he lived, it is doubtful whether Charles could have been able long to support him.

He made a vigorous effort now. On the 5th he hurled at the Commons a Jove-like message, forbidding them to enter upon any business that might occupy much time, or that might lay any scandal or aspersion upon his government or ministers. The temper in which these strong words were received might have convinced even Charles of his folly in uttering them. They tried to the uttermost the loyalty of men who had hitherto been enthusiastically loyal, who revered the throne with a reverence of which men of the present generation can form no idea, who still regarded the sovereign as "on earth God's visible viceroy" It was pain rather than anger that these gentlemen of England felt; that pain of surprise and disappointment which, if prolonged, is apt to swell into a passionate indignation. Sir Robert Philips attempted to speak, but his speech was strangled by tears. Sir John Eliot was more master of himself. He expressed, in moving terms, his affection towards his sovereign, and protested that he and those who acted with him had been under an absolute necessity of duty. "I doubt, therefore," he continued, "that a misrepresentation to his majesty hath drawn his displeasure upon us. I observe in the message, among other such particulars, it is conceived we were about to lay some aspersions on the government. Give me leave to protest, so dear were our intentions, that we desired only to vindicate from

such dishonours our king and country. It is said also, as if we cast some aspersions on his majesty's ministers. I am confident no minister, how dear soever, can——"

Here the Speaker started from his chair, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed: "There is a command laid upon me that I must command you not to proceed"

Without finishing his sentence, Eliot sank into his seat

Then rose Sir Dudley Digges to say that unless they might discuss such matters in Parliament, they had better rise and be gone, or sit for ever silent, but he, too, was overcome by tears, so great was the contention in men's minds between loyalty and their sense of freedom.

A deep silence fell upon the House. It was interrupted by Sir Nathaniel Hill, who passionately urged them to desire a junction with the Lords, remarking that it was not fitting they should sit silent with king and kingdom in such calamity. It might indeed be for their more security, but not for the security of those whom they represented in that House. "Let us think of them!" he exclaimed, but here the rising tears choked his utterance, and he could speak no more.\*

Then rose the grave and self-reliant Pym, but for once the deep passion of the hour overmastered him. He was followed by Sir Edward Coke. A long career of strife and debate might have inured the aged lawyer, one would suppose, against the fiercest excitement. It was not so on this occasion. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and "seeing the desolation likely to ensue," he was forced to sit down, struggling with his tears.

And now "appeared," writes a contemporary, "such a spectacle of passions as the like had seldom been seen in

\* This strange and impassioned loyalty on the part of bearded statesmen towards Charles I enables us to understand the feeling with which her ministers and courtiers, her gentry and her commonalty, had gathered around Elizabeth, and explains the adulation poured at her feet by the greatest poets. It seems to have had its birth in the Tudor era, for nothing of the kind is met with in the earlier periods of our history, unless, indeed, in the reign of Edward III.

such an assembly, some weeping, some expostulating, some prophesying of the fatal ruin of our kingdom, some playing the divines in confessing their own and country's ruin, which drew these judgments upon us, some finding, as it were, fault with those that wept . . . I have been told by a Parliament man, that there were about an hundred weeping eyes, many who offered to speak being interrupted and silenced by their own passions." The tears that were shed were shed by brave men, who, at a later time, showed that they could, at need, assume a sterner mood. It would have been well for Charles if he could have read them aright, if he could have understood the mingled feelings of outraged loyalty and wounded honour in which they had their origin.

The House soon recovered its composure, and, awakening to a full sense of the gravity of the situation, formed itself into a grand committee for considering the measures expedient for the peace and safety of the realm. Kynton, the member for Bedwin, springing to his feet, protested that their king was as good a prince as ever reigned, but that he had been prevailed with by enemies to the Commonwealth, whom it should now be their aim to discover. He hoped that they had hands, hearts, and swords, wherewith to cut the throats of such enemies to the king and the State. Next rose Sir Edward Coke, and with an intellectual vigour that threw off the burden of years, proceeded to argue, That he was sure God had not accepted of their humble and moderate carriage and fair proceedings; and the rather because he thought they dealt not sincerely with the king and with the country in making a true representation of the causes of all these miseries, which now he repented himself, since things had come to such a pass, that they had not sooner done. Therefore, not knowing whether he should ever speak in that House again, he would give free utterance to his thoughts, and declare that the author and cause of all they suffered, of all that the country suffered, was the

Duke of Buckingham. Shouts of assent swelled hoarsely on every side, and the veteran statesman continued — That man was the author of all their miseries. That man was the grievance of grievances. It was he, and not the king, who had told them not to meddle with the government of the State or its ministers. Let them proceed, therefore, with the remonstrance which had already been moved. And amid cries of "Aye, aye!" "Well spoken!" the old man sat down.

While the Commons were thus concentrating their indignation on the duke, their Speaker privately left the House, and hastened to inform the king of the peril that impended. The court was paralysed with fear, and endeavoured, by a suave royal message, to mitigate the anger of the House. But the time had passed when soft speeches could turn aside wrath. Charles found that he must yield. He wanted money sorely. A fresh expedition which had been sent, under the Earl of Denbigh, to relieve Rochelle, had returned covered with failure, and it was imperative that another, on a larger scale, should be despatched. Even the Duke feared to provoke the Commons further. With anger at his heart, but with a smooth brow, Charles went down to the House of Lords, and sent for his faithful Commons (June 7th). Expressing regret that his previous answer had failed to satisfy them, he said that, to avoid all doubtful interpretations, and to prove that there was no doubleness in his meaning, he was willing to pleasure them in words as well as in substance. Already he had ordered the Clerk of the Parliament to erase his first answer from the journals, and had handed to him in writing that which he desired to substitute. "Read your petition," he added, "and you shall hear that which I am sure will please you." There followed on these words "a great and joyful cry," which swelled into a loud shout of acclamation when the old Norman formula, *Soit droit fait comme il est désiré* (Let right be done as it is desired), gave the royal assent to the

petition. As he turned to quit the throne, "I have done my part," said the king; "wherefore if this Parliament hath not a happy conclusion, the sin is yours, I am free from it."

He had done his part, so far as words could do it, but he had not done it in spirit. He was as resolute as ever to maintain the arbitrary prerogatives he had inherited from the Tudors, and the Petition of Right was summarily thrown aside. To keep men in prison without bringing them to trial was the kingly privilege he most valued, and the judges told him that its abandonment was not involved in his assent to the Petition. The struggle between king and Parliament was not at an end, it had only begun. Flushed with success, the Commons proceeded to discuss the reforms that were needed in Church and State, and, as a preliminary, to get rid of Buckingham. They felt that their victory could not be complete so long as he poured his evil counsels into the royal ear. They felt, too, that the power of the Crown remained a danger and a menace so long as it continued to exact tonnage and poundage without the consent of Parliament. While it could raise money of its own volition, it was independent of parliamentary control. Determined not to leave their work undone, the Commons drew up two new remonstrances, one against the Duke, the other declaring that tonnage and poundage, like every tax, could be levied only in virtue of the law (June 21st). The king lost patience. Having obtained his subsidies, he thought he was free to go his own course. Hurrying down to the Lords House, he prorogued Parliament until the 20th of October, and thus abruptly closed a session rendered ever famous by that Petition of Right, to which, in later times, the people always appealed; to which, as Langard says, the Crown was ultimately compelled to submit.

A few days before the close of the session an ominous event had taken place. One Dr. Lambc, a quack and



astrologer, a notorious creature of the duke's, a man steeped in crime, had gone to the Fortune Theatre on the 13th of June. On leaving it he was followed by an excited crowd of London 'prentices, who, believing him to be in direct confederacy with the devil, pursued him with opprobrious cries. Alarmed, he engaged some sailors to guard him, a precaution which increased the fury of the crowd. Showers of stones were hurled at him, and, bleeding and exhausted, the poor wretch sought refuge in a tavern in the Old Jewry. It was immediately surrounded, and would have been pulled to the ground if the vintner had not driven out the wretched astrologer. He fled once more, twice seeking to escape from his assailants and each time being refused an asylum. At last, with terrible shouts of exultation, the mob closed upon him, beat him to the ground, and left him there for dead. The Lord Mayor's guard coming up, he was removed to the Compter Prison in the Poultry, but he never spoke again and died before morning. His murderers, while crushing him with their stones, were heard to say that if his master were there they would give him as much; and Parliament had scarcely dissolved before the walls of London city were placarded with a libel connecting Charles, Buckingham, and "the duke's devil" (as Lambe was called), in one significant note of warning. "Let the duke look to it, or he will be served as his doctor was served." The king angrily demanded that double watch and ward should be kept every night within the city walls, but those walls continued to bristle with menace, and the people, as they went on their way, caught up and repeated the doggerel couplet:

Let Charles and George do what they can,  
Yet George shall die like Doctor Lambe

Buckingham's gay courage, however, did not fail him. It was his one virtue, and the virtue that endeared him to his royal master, who, though physically brave, was subject to fits

of irresolution and despondency. He was advised to wear a shirt of mail beneath his clothes. "A shirt of mail," he replied, "would be but a silly defence against any popular fury. As for a single man's default, I take myself to be in no danger. There are no Roman spirits left." It had been determined that he should take command of the fleet that was being made ready for the relief of Rochelle. If he won a victory, might not Parliament, when it reassembled, be disposed to show him some forbearance? The king went with him to Dartford to view ten of the vessels that were to sail under his flag. "There are some, George," he remarked, "who wish that both these and thou mightest perish. But care not for them. We will both perish together, if thou doest." A generous speech, and not unkingly, though, like so many of Charles's promises, unfulfilled. Heedless of omen or warning, the duke went down to Portsmouth, whence the fleet was to sail. Thither also repaired a certain John Felton, who had served as a captain in the disastrous expedition to Rhé, a moody, melancholy man, with grievances as to non-payment of salary and refusal of promotion, and that exaggerated idea of self which elevates private wrongs into public injuries, and craves revenge as due to the individual no less than to the nation. On the morning of Wednesday, the 20th of August, he quitted his mother's lodgings in Fleet Street, and betook himself to a neighbouring church, where he left a request that he might be prayed for on the following Sunday as one who was disordered and discontented in mind. Thereafter he proceeded to a cutler's on Tower Hill, and purchased a tenpenny dagger-knife, about twelve inches long, which he so adjusted to his right pocket that it might be drawn without his having recourse to his maimed left hand. Upon a paper, which he afterwards pinned to the lining of his hat, he wrote "That man is cowardly base and deserveth not the name of a gentleman or souldier that is not willinge to sacrifice his life for the honor of his God, his Kinge, and his Countrie. Lett noe man

commend me for doinge of it, but rather discommend themselves as the cause of it, for if God had not taken away o<sup>r</sup> harts for o<sup>r</sup> sinnes he would not have gone so long unpunished —JO FELION” Having thus completed his preparations, he started on his road to Portsmouth, and he arrived there early on Saturday morning

Buckingham was lodged in the High Street, at a house belonging to a gentleman named Mason. It was “a large irregular low building of two stories” The sleeping-chambers of the second story opened upon a gallery, and this gallery crossed the end of a hall that led to the outer gate, and inwardly communicated with the sitting-rooms by a short, dark, and narrow passage at the bottom of the gallery stairs. On this Saturday morning, the hall was crowded with officers passing to and fro upon various errands, and a throng of seamen and common people swirled around the gate. Charles was at Southwick, Sir Daniel Morton’s seat, about four miles distant, being intent upon seeing the duke aboard, and Lord Dorchester (Dudley Carlton) arrived with a request from his majesty that the duke would join him there. The duke’s coach was waiting at the gate, and as Dorchester dismounted, he could see the brilliant favourite himself, descending into the breakfast-room, “in the greatest joy and alacrity I ever saw him in my life” There he held an animated conference with the Prince de Soubise and some Huguenot officers, who were interested in the relief of Rochelle, it lasted from twenty-five to thirty minutes. At half-past nine the door opened, and Buckingham appeared, conversing with Sir Thomas Fryer, one of his most trusted lieutenants. As he crossed the shadow of the entry already described, he suddenly staggered backward, flinging something from him, with a loud cry of “Villain!”\* Clasp- ing his sword, with an effort to recover himself, he stumbled against a table in the hall, and, while the blood oozed from his nose and mouth, fell to the ground,

Or, according to Clarendon, “The villain hath killed me.”

dead. Many had sprung forward to his assistance, in the belief he had been seized with a fit of apoplexy, but "the flowing wound," and the blood-stained knife luridly gleaming on the pavement, told their own tale. He had been struck over Fryer's arm in the left breast, with a blow so heavy and well-aimed that the knife had entered his heart. The Earl of Cleveland, who was following the duke, said afterwards that he heard "a thump," and the words, "God have mercy on thy soul!" But it must have been difficult to know what was said or done in that moment of sudden horror. For there was nothing, says Lord Dorchester, but noise and tumult, shouts and cries and lamentings, every man drawing his sword, and no man knowing whom to strike, nor from whom to defend himself. In the confusion, Felton, the murderer, had forced his way into the kitchen, losing, as he did so, his hat, which fell into the hands of a man named Nicholas, and at a shout of "A Frenchman! a Frenchman!"\* raised by some who supposed that the fatal stroke had been dealt by one of the French officers, he unsheathed his sword, and walked forth into the court, quietly saying, "I am the man, here I am." The crowd made a rush to strike him down, but Lord Dorchester, Sir Thomas Morton, and Lord Montgomery threw themselves before him, and hurried him into the house, where he was properly guarded†.

Amid all this stir and fever of excitement the body of the murdered duke had been forgotten. "There was not a living creature in either of the chambers," says Wotton, "no more than if it had been in the sands of Ethiopia. Whereas

\* It is said that he mistook the cry for his own name, which he supposed to have been heard from the window.†  
 Jack Stampel would have hit him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas, so, being carried up to a tower, Captain Morice tore off his ears, and asking how he daunt attempt such an act, making him believe the duke was not dead, he answered boldly that he knew he was despised, for 'twas not he, but the hand of Heaven, that gave the stroke, and though his whole body had been covered over with arrows of proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Price went post presently to the king, four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred."—HOWELL, *Letters*, p. 203.

commonly in such cases you shall note everywhere a great and sudden conflux of people unto the place to hearken and to see, it should seem the very horror of this fact had stupefied all curiosity, and so dispersed the multitude " All at once the air was rent with the shrieks of women. The duke's sister-in-law, at the beginning of the tumult, had rushed, terrified, into the chamber of the duchess, who, being at that time pregnant, was still in bed As her woman lifted Lady Augusta from the floor, she started up, and, her mind being already disturbed by fears for her husband's safety, ran out, in her night-gown, into the gallery, followed by her sister, where they beheld "the blood of their dearest lord gushing from him " "Ah, poof ladies !" says Dorchester, "such were their screechings, tears, and distractions, that I never in my life heard the like before, and hope never to hear the like again."

The king's grief at the death of his minister and favourite was excessive, and to the last hour of his life he cherished his memory As Mr Forster remarks, he never again trusted man as he trusted him, the duke's friends remained *his* friends, the duke's enemies were, to the last, *his* enemies. Bishop Laud was not much less affected than the king, but he failed to draw from his friend's tragic close the lesson it was so well fitted to convey The court party, in truth, were moved with a profound concern, a mingled feeling of rage and terror, and not a little disposed to believe that the murder was the result of a conspiracy But the people generally rejoiced as heartily as if a golden era of peace and prosperity had opened upon the world Their joy found expression in ballads and poems, and one effusion was of sufficient poetic merit to be attributed to Ben Jonson. It was addressed to Felton.

I dare not pray  
Thy act may mercy find, lest thy great story  
Lose somewhat of its miracle and glory.  
For I would have posterity to hear,  
He that can bravely do, can bravely bear.

Tortures may seem great in a coward's eye,  
 'Tis no great thing to suffer, less to die  
 Farewell ! undaunted stand, and joy to be  
 Of public sorrow the epitome  
 Let the duke's name solace and crown thy thrill,  
 All we by him did suffer, thou for all

Felton was removed to London and confined in the Tower, where he occupied the room previously tenanted by Ehot. He was subjected to repeated examinations and threatened with the rack, but the judges unanimously declared that the law of England prohibited the use of torture. When brought before the King's Bench, he at once pleaded guilty, and listened with composure to the sentence of death recorded against him. Next day, the 28th of November, he was executed at Tyburn, and his body, being afterwards taken down, was hanged in chains at Portsmouth.

Upon Felton's deed, in which, it must be admitted, private feeling had a far greater share than the indignation of an over-zealous patriotism, Mr Forster passes a righteous judgment. "As to this," he says, "there is nothing to be said for it. Cruel, fell, and merciless, it altered little, and improved nothing. The evil did not lie in the mere life of its victim, but in the excess of favour placed in his hands, and the system that engendered its abuse. If, indeed, the king and Laud could have taken the lesson which the assassination so suddenly revealed, and looked from its native horror to what was laid bare beside it, discussing the actual feeling and irremovable resolve of the people they had to govern, their own ultimate destiny might have been other than it was. But this was not to be."

Recovering from the first shock of Buckingham's death, Charles threw himself eagerly into the ways and courses of Absolutism. He marked with special favour the more prominent adversaries of the Parliament. Dr. Montague was made Bishop of Chichester; the gorgeous ceremonial employed at his consecration giving bitter offence to the Puritans. Dr. Mainwaring, whose teaching of Passive

Obedience had been condemned by the Lords, received a valuable benefice. Bishop Laud, who had distinguished himself by his zeal for the supreme authority of the king and the Church, was elevated to the see of London. Weston, one of Buckingham's creatures, received the staff of Lord Treasurer. At the same time, Charles openly disregarded the counsel and opinion of Parliament. Tonnage and poundage were rigorously exacted, the course of justice was incessantly interrupted. In this tyrannical career he did not lack the advice and support of an able counsellor. He had lost Buckingham, but he had gained Sir Thomas Wentworth, who suddenly abandoned the popular party and carried over to the king's side his genius, his eloquence, his haughty temper, his unscrupulous intellect, his ruthless decision. He was worth a dozen Buckinghams in right of his rare mental powers, but his defection served to increase the bitterness with which the actions of the king were criticised, and to widen the gulf between the throne and the great body of the people. Rewarded with a peerage, and a seat in the Privy Council, Wentworth, or Strafford, as we shall henceforth call him, devoted all his energies to the service of his royal master, and elaborated an ingenious and subtle policy for rendering the Crown independent of popular control. This policy, so far as he was permitted, he developed with unflinching resolution. His motto was "Thorough," and not infrequently his daring spirit chafed angrily at the king's sudden scruples or fits of timidity and hesitation. To strike at once and to strike heavily, was Strafford's idea of state-craft. We shall see how far he proceeded in its realisation, and with what consequences to himself, his king, and his country. One thing is clear, that in abandoning his party he sacrificed no political principles, put no stress upon his conscience. Possessed by a powerful ambition, and conscious of great abilities, his sole object was power. To rule men was the need of his nature, he could not rest in a subordinate position, the second place

was to him intolerable. He had become a patriot because he hated Buckingham, and because, at the time, the popular side seemed to offer the best and widest field for the display of his rare endowments. When Buckingham fell, and the service of the Crown opened up a channel for his ambitious energies, he felt no compunction in transferring himself to it. He was a political soldier of fortune, and his sword, so to speak, was at the disposal of the highest bidder. To the king he proved faithful, but he was never a courtier, he was too haughty, too scornful to meddle in backstairs intrigues, or to stoop to the arts of a palace\*. He devoted himself with a strange earnestness to state affairs, bearing rivalries with as proud a spirit as he shattered opposition, restlessly eager to extend and strengthen the royal authority, without which he was powerless, but, in his keen thirst for order, repressing abuses with a firm hand, sweeping away those private interests which his strong judgment perceived to be illegitimate, and zealously promoting those general interests from which he had nothing to apprehend. An aristocrat by birth and temperament, he had not, like Pym and Eliot, any sympathy with the people. They were mere pawns upon the chess-board to be moved at the pleasure of supremely skilful players like himself. But he nourished

\* "In Wentworth the very genius of tyranny was embodied. He knew that absolute rule was a new thing in England, and that the only way of permanently establishing it, was not by reasoning, or by the force of custom, but by the force of fear. His system was the expression of his own fierce temper, and the dark, gloomy countenance the full heavy eye which met us in Strafford's portrait, are the best commentary on his policy of thoroughness. It was by the sheer strength of his genius, and the terror his violence inspired, and the manner men whom Buckingham had left, by the general sense of his power, that he had forced himself upon the court. He had none of the small arts of a courtier. There was that of a silent, proud, passionate man, and when he first appeared at Whitehall he might encounter in manners provoked a smile in the royal couch. But the smile soon died into a general hate. The queen, frivolous and meddling as she was, detested him; his fellow-ministers intrigued against him, and seized on his hot speeches against the great lords, his quarrels with the royal household, his transports of passion at the very council-table, to run him in his master's favour. Holding himself, while steadily supporting him against his rivals, was utterly unable to understand his drift."—J. R. GREEN, *History of the English People*, iii. 152, 153.



in his soul a passionate love of England. It was his ambition that England should be powerful abroad and prosperous at home, only he connected that power and prosperity with the absolute prerogative of the Crown, or, at all events, with the rule of a single capable man. A strong executive, governing without reference to Parliament—of whose delays, and vacillations, and conscientiousness he was impatient—a strong, firm, and laborious executive, contemptuously ignoring popular rights but honourably careful of the public welfare, superior to considerations of private gain, bending beneath its iron yoke—the great as well as the little, the court as well as the nation, this was Strafford's political ideal, and it was this which he strove with all the resistless force of his character to accomplish.

We must turn from Strafford to glance for a moment at the king's other advisers, Archbishop Laud\* and Henrietta Maria. Unlike Strafford, Laud was not a man of genius; his abilities were only respectable, but they were sustained and rendered important by an indefatigable activity and a singular tenacity. His piety and his disinterestedness are beyond dispute. Unlike Strafford, he did not care for power for himself, but he was the passionate, the blind devotee of established authority. To criticise it, in the Church or in the State, was a crime which, in Laud's eyes, merited the severest punishment. To support it, even when illegally or unjustly excessive, was, in Laud's eyes, a sacred duty. He was absolutely unable to form any conception of civil or religious liberty except as an abomination to be anathematised and swept out of existence. To maintain order, that is, a servile and unquestioning obedience, seemed to him the great end of government, and he knew no other way of maintaining it than by proscription and punishment. Hence "he was equally the enemy of liberties and abuses, opposing to the one a rigid probity, and to the other a

\*We call him by the title by which he is best known, but he was not raised to the Archbishopric of Canterbury until August, 1633.

short-sighted animosity, abrupt and angry with the courtiers as with the citizens, seeking no friendships, neither preserving nor supporting resistance, persuaded that power sufficed for everything when in pure hands, and a constant prey to some fixed idea which dominated him with the force of a passion and the authority of a duty”

This narrowness of view was a fatal misfortune in a man whom circumstances had placed in Laud's high position, but it rendered him a fit confederate for Charles and his great minister. We say “confederate” rather than “instrument,” for there was an honesty in Laud's nature which prevented him from becoming a mere tool. He had convictions, and the courage to die for them, but, unfortunately, his convictions were those of a commonplace mind, without sympathy or imagination. Had he lived in the eighteenth century instead of the seventeenth, they would have done little harm, and exposed him to little reproach, he would have adored George III, and voted steadily for Mr Pitt. Thrown into a stirring and restless period, when great currents of thought and feeling were surging above the old landmarks, he was unable to assume any other attitude than one of obstinate resistance, and he cried to the waves to be still while they were hurrying him onward to ruin. The strength of his prejudices was in vivid contrast to the feebleness of his character. He was a believer in omens, in dreams, which he recorded in his diary with minute fidelity. Thus he writes on one occasion: “That night, in my sleep, it seemed to me that the Duke of Buckingham came into bed to me, where he behaved himself with great kindness towards me, after that rest wherewith wearied persons are wont to solace themselves. Many also seemed to me to enter the chamber who saw this. Not long before I dreamed that I saw the Duchess of Buckingham, that excellent lady, at first very much perplexed about her husband, but afterwards cheerful and rejoicing that she was freed from the fear of abortion, so that in due time she might be again a mother.”

Again · "The night following I was very much troubled in my dreams My imagination ran altogether upon the Duke of Buckingham, his servants, and family. All seemed to be out of order, that the duchess was ill, called for her maids, and took her bed God grant better things "

In the ill that was done by Charles his queen took a prominent share Almost immediately upon her arrival in England, she took no pains to conceal her dislike to her new country Its religion, institutions, customs, language, all displeased her She had even, soon after their marriage, behaved towards her husband with childish insolence, and Charles, stung to the quick by the outbreak of her passionate temper, was compelled to dismiss some of the servants who had accompanied her from the Continent. But, before long, her lively wit and fascinating manners, added to her personal charms, obtained over his mind and heart a complete ascendancy, and he became not only a loving husband, but a devoted servant. He forced himself to shut his eyes to her faults, he exalted her on a pedestal before which he bowed in romantic adoration "Since I love thee above all earthly things," he once wrote to her, "and that my contentment is inseparably conjoined with thine, must not all my actions tend to serve and please thee? Comfort me with thy letters, and dost thou not think that to know particulars of thy health, and how thou spendest thy time, are pleasing subjects to me, though thou hast no other business to write of? Believe me, sweetheart, thy kindness is as necessary to comfort my heart as thy assistance is to my affairs" Dean Swift tells a story which illustrates the king's gallantry and Henrietta's vivacity of temper · "Charles," he says, "thought one day to surprise her with the present of a diamond brooch, and, fastening it to her bosom with his own hand, he awkwardly wounded her with the prong so deeply that she snatched the jewel from her bosom, and flung it on the ground. The king looked alarmed and confounded, and turned pale, which he never was seen

to do in his worst misfortunes" The queen's accomplishments were well fitted to fascinate a prince like Charles. She sang admirably, and played and danced well, and her conversation was characterised by much liveliness of thought and phrase Her figure was exceedingly graceful, and her movements, with all their ease, did not want dignity Poets and painters agreed to celebrate her beauty. Her complexion was exquisitely clear, her luxuriant hair of a dark chestnut hue, the features were delicate and well-shaped, the dark eyes glowed with expression Waller may almost be pardoned his hyperbole of admiration when he exclaimed

Mighty queen !  
In whom the extremes of power and beauty move—  
The queen of Britain and the queen of Love !

Or when he represented Sleep as thus addressing her .

My charge it is those breaches to repair  
Which Nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care ,  
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer  
On troubled minds , but nought can add to her  
Whom Heaven, and her transcendent thoughts, have placed  
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste  
Yet, since the muses do invoke my power,  
I shall no more decline that sacred bower  
Where Glorian's, their great mistress, lies ,  
But, gently taming those victorious eyes,  
Charm all her senses, till the joyful sun,  
Without a rival half his course has run,  
Who, while my hand that surer light confines,  
May boast himself the fairest thing that shines

Guizot remarks, with much justice, that the tranquil domestic happiness, the calm home-pleasures, which satisfied the grave temperament of her husband, were insufficient for the cold, light, restless, and imperious nature of Henrietta Maria. What she sought and delighted in was an open, a visible empire, the glory of knowing everything and regulating everything; the kind of power, in a word, which a capricious beauty best loves to exercise. She was soon the recognised centre of the Catholic manoeuvres, of the petty intrigues and lighter ambitions of the court. A host of aspirants professed to live for her alone, to hang upon her

words, to expect from her hands the golden gifts of fortune, or the deliverance, if not the triumph, of the Faith. In her presence the emissaries of Rome discussed their most secret hopes, and her favourites aired the ideas and manners which they had acquired in the continental courts. All this was singularly offensive to the habits and beliefs of the English people, who remarked with increasing displeasure the pretensions and projects which depended on an arbitrary exercise of the prerogative. The queen, if not the brain, was at least the heart, of the party of intrigue and faction, insisting that the king should consult her on every occasion, and do nothing without her consent. If he opposed her wishes, she protested, with vehement tears, that he knew neither how to love nor how to reign, and Charles then thought only of soothing her anger or consoling her sadness, rejoicing that she showed so much concern for his authority or his affection.\*

If any thought that the death of Buckingham would close up the breach that separated the king and his Commons, they were quickly undeceived. His removal was the removal of a bad minister and an arrogant favourite, but not of the evil system, of which he had been the type rather than the author. The quarrel between Charles and the House still remained, for the causes still remained. When Parliament was prorogued, the vote for tonnage and poundage, usually granted to the king for life at the beginning of his reign, had not been passed. But Charles, relying on a judicial decision given in his father's reign, proceeded to levy these duties. Some London traders refused to pay them. Their goods were seized, and they appealed to the Court of Exchequer, which decided that the question of legality must be argued before it, and that the goods meanwhile should remain in the king's storehouses. The king, however, was not minded to put his legal arguments to the test. For the present he waived his claim, and resolved to make

\* Guizot, "*Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*," i. 66, 67.

another effort to cajole or threaten the Commons into compliance with his demands. It may seem to the reader surprising that both the Crown and Parliament should set such high value upon a few customs duties, but they were really the pivot on which the entire struggle turned. "The question of tonnage and poundage," says Mr Gardiner, "was the question of the sovereignty of England. Charles would not govern the country without this money, and if the claim of the Commons was admitted they might demand anything they liked as the price of their grant. The Commons would become supreme, and the king would have to surrender all those special powers which had been bequeathed to him by the Tudors."

The Commons, on reassembling after the prorogation, immediately took up the old subject of constitutional dispute. At first the attitude of both parties seemed conciliatory. The Commons showed a disposition to withdraw their appeal to the Petition of Right, and the king intimated his willingness to forego payment under the judgment in the case of impositions. But one of the merchants whose goods had been seized, a Mr Rolfe, was a member of Parliament, and it was contended that the custom-house officers had no right to levy upon his property, whatever might be the case with that of others. The financial question, however, was suddenly set aside, and the religious grievance of the country—the injury done to "the Gospel"—absorbed the attention of the House. Four High-Church divines, who had fallen under the censure of the Commons for preaching the doctrine of arbitrary power, had received the royal pardon. Laud had issued a version of the Thirty-nine Articles, with a formal inhibition against expression of the least difference from their literal meaning, and new ceremonies had been introduced into the service of the Church, which were held to be of a decidedly papistical character. Faithful ministers had been suspended and

deprived for "Gospel preaching." On the 24th of January, 1629, Sir John Eliot brought these things before the House, and a fervid debate ensued in which the leading ideas of Puritanism were eloquently supported. The majority in the Commons strongly sympathised with these ideas, and protesting loudly against Arminianism and Popery, priests and altars, declared that their interpretation of the Articles was true, and no other \*. On this they insisted, that the clergy could not determine the belief of the nation without the co-operation and assent of the laity. The authority over men's consciences which had been asserted by Convocation was denounced by the House in a strongly-worded resolution. It proceeded to discuss the ceremonial innovations which had received Laud's sanction, and ordered their authors to appear at the bar. As some days must elapse before they could obey, the House, in its zealous activity, resumed the debate, but in a hotter temper than before, on the subject of tonnage and poundage. It seemed to it, in its changed mood, that if it placed these duties at the uncontrolled disposal of the king, it would furnish him with the means for enslaving the Church of England in new bondage to the Church of Rome. But though the Commons grasped this fact, and kept it constantly before them, they did not the less clearly perceive that their position was difficult and even critical. The king had the law on his side as interpreted by the judges, and though, as Mr. Gardiner remarks, it might be a political necessity for Parliament to overthrow a judicial decision, to do so involved a breach of constitutional arrangements which must eventually alter the balance of power in the State. For this reason the popular leaders skilfully resolved

\* "With bodies upright, and with swords ready in case of need to be drawn, the English Commons, for an agreement in which all could join, did then and there claim, protest, and avow for truth, the sense of the articles of religion established by Parliament in the thirteenth year of their late Queen Elizabeth, which, by the public act of the Church of England, and by the general and current exposition of the writers of their Church, had been delivered unto them, and did reject the sense of the Jesuits and Arminians, and all others wherein they differed from such public act and exposition."—FORSTER, II. 418

to evade the main question, and take up a side issue which would nevertheless furnish them with a point of attack upon the prerogatives of the Crown. They summoned the custom-house officers, at Eliot's instigation, to answer for a breach of privilege in seizing the property of a member of the Commons House.

But this procedure led to a difference of opinion between Pym and Eliot. There was no more earnest patriot as there was no more sagacious statesman in the House or in all England, than John Pym. He had steadfastly opposed the ecclesiastical policy of the Crown, he had intrepidly borne his share in the struggle which terminated in the Petition of Right. But he now separated himself from the majority. He argued that Rolle's goods had not been seized while Parliament was in session, that therefore the House of Commons had not lost his services, and that to give special redress to Rolle would be to make any member to shelter himself, when pressed for payment, under the plea of privilege. The liberties of the country, he said, were superior to the liberties of the House of Commons. "To determine the privileges of this House is but a mean matter, the main end is to establish possession of the subjects." They had taken up what seemed to him a narrow and untenable ground. He would have them meet the king on a question of principle, and not a question of privilege. What was equitable and fitting for a member of that House was equitable and fitting for the people at large. Let them claim for all the king's subjects the right of refusing to pay a tax which Parliament had not voted.

Unprepared as yet for the constitutional revolution which Pym's advice, if followed, would necessarily involve, the Commons resolved upon supporting Eliot. "The heart-blood of the liberty of the Commonwealth," he said, "receiveth its life from the privilege of this House, and that privilege, together with the liberties of the subjects of the realm, the council and judges and officers of his majesty have



conspired to trample under their feet !” The king, however, refused to allow his officers to appear at the bar ; they had simply obeyed his orders, he said, and it was not to be endured that they should suffer for that obedience. On the 28th of February he sent down a message, commanding the House to adjourn until the 2nd of March. In the interval he endeavoured to negotiate privately with some of the leading members, a settlement of the difficulty. But the divergence between the two parties was too wide to admit of a compromise, and neither would hear of submission. The Commons met on the 2nd, and immediately the Speaker (Finch) read the king’s order for a further adjournment until the 10th.

It was known that this adjournment was preparatory to a dissolution, and Eliot, with Holles, Selden, and other prominent members, resolved on putting forward a formal declaration of the House, which should record, for the edification of the people, the result of its debates on the illegal levy of taxation and the encouragement of Popery and Arminianism. The Speaker, after delivering the royal message, made a movement to leave the chair, whereupon Denzil Holles and Benjamin Valentine, springing forward, probably by a preconcerted arrangement, laid hold of his arm on either side, and firmly held him down. In his sudden surprise Finch was unable to take action, and Eliot, seizing the opportunity, addressed the House, which listened to him without interruption, but in a state of growing excitement. “You know,” he cried, “how our religion is attempted, how Arminianism like a secret pioneer undermines it, how Popery like a strong enemy comes on openly ! Among the enemies of true religion and the authors of their troubles were some prelates of the Church. I denounce them,” he continued, “as enemies to his majesty. Whoever have occasioned these public breaches in Parliament for their private interests and respects, the felicity has not lasted to a perpetuity of that

power. None have gone about to break Parliaments, but in the end Parliaments have broken them . . . It is fit for us," he added, "as true Englishmen, in discharge of our duties, to show the affection that we have to the honour and safety of our sovereign, to show our affection to religion, and to the rights and interest of the subject. It befits us to declare our purpose to maintain them, and our resolution to live and die in their defence. That so, like our fathers, we may preserve ourselves as free men, and by that freedom keep ability for the supply and support of his majesty, where our services may be needful. To which end this paper which I hold was conceived, and has this scope and meaning." Then arose a storm of voices, and members started from their seats to menace the unfortunate Speaker, or to defend him, or to obtain a hearing amid the tumult. Twice the Speaker was commanded to put the declaration to the vote, twice, with tears, he protested that the king had otherwise ordered him. He made a second effort to leave the chair, but was again held down by Holles, Valentine, and Long, Holles stoutly swearing "by God's wounds," that he should sit there until they allowed him to rise. For the third time appeal was made to him, and he was gravely warned by Selden that such obstinacy must not go unpunished lest it should become an evil precedent, while Hayman disowned him for a Kentishman, hotly denounced him as a disgrace to his family and a reproach to his county, and proposed that a new Speaker should be chosen in his place. So the stir and confusion momentarily increased, until blows were exchanged, frown met frown, and ready hands began to clutch their sword-hilts. "Let all," exclaimed William Strode, "who desire this declaration read, and put to the vote, stand up." With a fierce "Aye, aye!" the great body of members instantly rose, and Eliot flung his paper into the midst of them, on the floor of the House. Soon afterwards, the Sergeant-at-Arms made a movement to lift the mace from the table, which would in itself have



met in England. The formal dissolution, however, did not take place until the 10th, when Charles presented himself in the Lords House, and, without sending for the Commons, contrasted, in a brief and angry speech, the comfortable conduct of the peers towards him with the disobedient carriage of the Lower Chamber, denouncing "the vipers" in that assembly, and warning them to look for "the reward" they merited.

That "reward" was not long delayed. The Petition of Right had defined the liberties of the people, but it had not secured them. Additional safeguards were still needed. Chambers, one of the contumacious merchants, having uttered some rash and careless words in contempt of the Privy Council, was called before the Star Chamber, and sentenced to a fine of £2,000, and an imprisonment which was protracted for several years. Eliot, Holles, Hayman, Hohart, Selden, Longton, Valentine, Long, and Strode, after being examined by the Privy Council, were thrown into the Tower, and detained in rigid confinement for more than three months. Eventually all but Eliot sued out their writs of *habeas corpus*. They were then brought before the King's Bench, and, in accordance with the provisions of the Petition of Right, the cause of their commitment was specified. Littleton, their counsel, pointed out that the offence alleged against them was bailable. But Charles induced the judges to fix the bail upon terms which the prisoners declined to accept. The ground was next taken up, that no court had a right to interfere with actions done in Parliament, and to this the judges assented, but the members being charged with taking part in a riot and sedition, they decided that riot and sedition could not be regarded as a parliamentary proceeding. Eliot and his companions still refused, and sentence was finally pronounced against them, to the effect that they should be imprisoned during the king's pleasure, that none should be released until he had

given security for his good behaviour, and had made submission and acknowledgment of his offence, that Sir John Eliot should pay a fine of £2,000 to the king, Mr Holles 1000 marks, and Mr. Valentine, because of less ability than the rest, £500.

Eliot's companions were one by one released on payment of their fines, but Charles showed no mercy to their great leader, and he on his part would make no submission to the king. He remained steadfast in his assertion of the independence of Parliament, of its absolute and uncontrolled supremacy over the speech and actions of its members. He alone foresaw the issue that would have to be fought out, whether the king should govern Parliament, or Parliament govern the king. In his generation he was "the first, the greatest champion of the doctrine that Parliament was the controlling power of the Constitution, that doctrine which had been in abeyance during the Tudor reigns, but which had been acknowledged fitfully but effectually in earlier days." The writer from whom we make this quotation goes on to remark that, undoubtedly, there was a difference between the parliamentary supremacy of the fifteenth century and the parliamentary supremacy claimed in the seventeenth. Formerly the Lords led and the Commons followed. Eliot was firm that the Commons should lead and the Lords follow. The dignity and influence of the Upper House had been seriously impaired by the battles, executions, and attainders which had taken place during the War of the Roses and under the Tudors, as well as by numerous new creations under the Stuarts. The opinion and the will of the nation had learned to find expression through the Commons.

The rigid confinement to which Eliot was subjected broke down his health, but his haughty spirit remained inflexible. He knew that death was drawing near, but was willing to die in what he conceived to be a just and holy cause. He was willing to suffer martyrdom in the assertion

of the supremacy of Parliament. And on the morning of the 27th of November, 1632, he passed away, leaving behind him the memory of a great and pure-minded statesman, who had embraced a true political principle, though, in his enthusiasm, he would have pushed its application to an unwise extreme. Charles's hatred, for it was little else, pursued him to the last. His son petitioned for leave to carry the dead body into Cornwall, that it might mingle with the dust of its ancestors. "Let Sir John Eliot's body," was the curt reply, "be buried in the church of that parish where he died." And so he was buried in the Tower\*.

\* During his imprisonment Eliot composed a treatise on "The Monarchy of Man," the scope of which has thus been described by Mr. Forster: "Laying down the covenants and principles of civil monarchy, he applies them, by analogy, to the monarchy that man should exercise over himself. His broad rule of politics, derived from the confluence of all authority and reason was, that monarchy was a form of government for a common good and benefit, not an institution for private interests and advantage, and, applying the same in morals, he held it to be possible so to rectify all the actions and affections to the rule and conformity of reason as to establish, by knowledge, a clear and firm habit and position of the mind. But in his view was to be happy. Not in greatness and honour, in riches or the like, was the elixir of happiness to be found, but with a mind clear and firm, in any state or quality, and from the most simple being of mankind. "The mind being brought to that quality and condition, the faculty working on the object, not the object on the faculty, there is in any state, how mean and low soever, an equal passage and ascent to that great height and exultation. And this clearness and firmness of mind was to be attained by knowledge and intentions uncorrupted, by liberal and just counsels, by actions rectified and exact, by scorn of accident, by a propitious and even course and constancy of life.

## CHAPTER III,

### THE INTERVAL.

PARLIAMENT was dissolved, and Charles at liberty to govern as he would. Let us not condemn him too severely. It had long been held that the Crown was the centre of the national life, the motive power of the national action, and that Parliament was the great council which offered, indeed, its advice, but registered with obedient readiness the royal decisions. This was the tradition handed down to Charles, and he was not prepared for the new view of its duties which the House of Commons so boldly and authoritatively propounded. He did not see that a constitutional development was in progress, originating in no spirit of faction or rebellion, but in the wants and tendencies of the age. It was his misfortune to be born into the seventeenth and bred in the ideas of the fifteenth century. The attitude which Parliament had assumed seemed to him antagonistic to the rights of the throne. It was an attitude of supremacy and menace. Its apparent object was to reduce him to submission to its wishes, for this purpose were withheld the grants indispensable for the conduct of affairs, for this purpose his ministers were censured when they had only obeyed his instructions. The Commons insisted that the whole nation should think as they thought, read the books which they approved, hear no sermons but those which they certified as orthodox. In short, they were fain to replace the liberal despotism of the Crown by the illiberal tyranny of Parlia-

ment. It was well that Charles should oppose such pretensions, and had he done so in the interest of the nation, undoubtedly the nation would have rallied round him. Unfortunately, he missed, because he did not see, his opportunity. He moulded his policy on the old lines of the Tudors, which the Tudors had made tolerable by their free and popular habits, their strong national sympathies, their quick insight into the popular sentiment. But Charles was neither by character nor temperament fitted to engage the affections of his people. Reserved, silent, melancholy with refined tastes, and a constitutional dislike of action, he would have graced a private position—he could never have become a popular sovereign. Though by no means deficient in intellectual capacity, he had not the breadth of view which would have enabled him to grasp, nor the fertility of resource which would have enabled him to satisfy, the exigencies of his position. He did not understand what his subjects wanted. He could not enter into the aspirations and sympathies of the age. To all thoughtful statesmen it was obvious that the relations between Crown and Parliament needed readjustment, that it was indispensable to provide for the due representation of that public opinion which was duly growing in activity and force. But Charles could not, or would not, recognise this fact. Regarding the Commons as vexatious and imperious, he aimed only at reducing them to their original subordination.\* His obstinate persistence

\* "Charles and his ministers saw the necessity of resisting the ecclesiastical tyranny of the House of Commons. But they fancied they could resist by refurbishing the weapons of old authority, and by establishing a system of equal despotism. As far as possible they would act according to law. But if the law failed them they could always fall back on the prerogative, which they interpreted as giving power to the king to provide for the safety of the nation when he was not expressly forbidden by law to do any special act which he wished to do. As the judges were appointed and dismissed by the Crown, as the courts of Star Chamber and High Commission could fine and imprison at discretion, and as Parliament was not there to complain, Charles was practically absolute in all matters in which he cared to be absolute. But there can be no doubt that he believed his to be a legal government, and that he prided himself particularly on his respect for the law."—S. R. GARDINER



in this course did but add fuel to the fire, so that his mistakes eventually assisted in that complete transfer of the supreme authority to Parliament, which he plotted, and went to war, to prevent. It was his misfortune, too, that he could not stand alone. He was always leaning upon some favourite adviser, whom, however, he seldom trusted wholly, on Buckingham, Weston, Laud, on Strafford, or on Henrietta Maria. Had he selected his counsellors wisely, this want of self-reliance would have tended to his own security, and the profit of the nation, but he was not gifted, like Elizabeth, with the faculty of choosing able agents, and, with the exception of Strafford, surrounded himself with feebleness and incompetence, or with that worst kind of talent, which, seeing only a single object, works for its accomplishment with a blind and fatal taciturnity.

For five years—from 1630 to 1635, when Weston, the Lord Treasurer, died—the country was at peace. Wentworth, as President of the Council of the North, and afterwards as Lord Deputy in Ireland, was maturing his ‘thorough’ system of government—a revival of the Tudor system in an age that had outgrown it—but circumstances had not brought him into collision with the nation. Weston, by his rigid economy, and by the adoption of various ingenious financial expedients, relieved the exchequer from the burden of debt which Buckingham’s prodigality had laid upon it, while he prevented the accumulation of fresh embarrassments by steadfastly maintaining pacific relations with foreign powers. And Laud, as long as his activity was limited to the diocese of London, had no means of widely enforcing that policy of rigid uniformity which was eventually to make shipwreck of the Church of England. Some of his utterances had awakened suspicion, on the other hand, his exertions to compel a loyal adhesion to the Book of Common Prayer, and to introduce into the conduct of divine service a much-needed decency and order, had met with considerable support. There was a large party, of

whom George Herbert, the Church poet, may be taken as the representative, who were willing, and, indeed, anxious to submit to authority, whose highest ambition it was to live a holy life according to the laws of the English Church, who read a subtle meaning into all its external forms, and gave to it a love as ardent, a loyalty as unwavering, as Rome demanded and received from her most zealous adherents. How great soever may have been the faults of Laud, and his intellectual faults were many and serious, he unquestionably did much to create and foster the spirit of English Churchmanship. His mistake, and the mistake of those who accepted him as their leader, was, that he provided no outlet, allowed no scope, for a different yet not necessarily antagonistic spirit, the spirit of Puritanism. While Churchmanship revered order and ceremonial, dignities and tradition, and set a high value on historical continuity, Puritanism concentrated everything on the individual conscience, and broke loose from all the most cherished associations of the past. In rites and observances it saw nothing but a barrier raised between the soul and its God. That it might have been possible at the outset to have made room for both theories we are inclined to believe, at all events, Laud never attempted it. Puritanism was called upon to submit, to surrender without conditions, when it refused, an effort was made to crush it. The effort failed, and it was long before the Church recovered from the shock of the failure.

In 1633 Laud was elevated to the archiepiscopal throne of Canterbury, a few months later, Weston, the Lord Treasurer, died. The two events may be taken as marking the termination of the first period of Charles's reign, a period during which, on the whole, the country continued prosperous and outwardly tranquil, for the abuse of the royal prerogative had hardly touched the mass of the people. Thenceforward all was changed. Political and religious animosities swelled into a fierce and overwhelming

current In his foreign policy, as in his domestic administration, Charles was alike unfortunate and unpopular In Europe he abandoned the Protestant cause, though it was dear to the hearts of the majority of his subjects. Yet, at the same time, he allowed the Marquis of Hamilton to raise in Scotland a body of six thousand men for service under the banner of the Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus, the hero-king of Sweden, not foreseeing that they would there become imbued with the sentiments and convictions of the resolute enthusiasts whom the English Church proscribed. That Charles sincerely accepted the Reformed faith cannot be doubted; but through his uxorious devotion to his wife, and, it must be admitted, his sense of moderation and justice, combined with his idea of the vast range of the sovereign power, he was induced to accord to the Catholics not only a license which was then illegal, but an apparent partiality. Laud was not less sincere than his master,\* he wrote and preached against the Church of Rome with vigorous ability, but, at the same time, he evinced so marked a preference for its ecclesiastical system that the Pope contemplated offering him a cardinal's hat (1633). This he declined. "He felt something in him which said *Ne*, so long as Rome was not otherwise than she was." But to the last he set a high value upon the Roman discipline.

The king's domestic government was marked by a curious want of directness and decision. There was neither unity of design nor firmness of will. At times his absolutist tendencies were asserted with equal recklessness and rigour, but to establish the throne on a stable foundation of tyranny required a persistency of purpose and a continuousness of effort of which Charles was happily incapable. His pretensions outran his means. The national revenues were administered with care, but he was always in want of money.

\* His disputation with the Jesuit Fisher showed his skill and earnestness as a Protestant logician.

In his eyes it was a right and a duty to maintain the splendour of the throne, the ancient pomp and circumstance of royalty, but he ignored the abuses which this course involved, or feared to reform them. And thus it happened that, while peace relieved him from all exceptional expenditure, he was never able to meet the wants of his government. The commerce of England prospered. Its mercantile navy, every day increasing in number and activity, demanded the protection of the royal fleet, which Charles promised with confidence, and from time to time he made an effort to keep his word. But, in general, there were no war-ships to act as convoys, and no money to pay seamen. The rovers of Barbary swept the Channel, and even landed on the English shores, pillaging the villages, and carrying off thousands of captives. When Captain Rainsborough was sent to destroy one of their strongholds, he liberated three hundred and seventy English and Irish slaves (A.D. 1637)\*. Such was the feebleness or carelessness of the administration, that Strafford was compelled to equip, at his own expense, a ship of war for the defence of the port and capital of Dublin†. And though Charles saw the necessity of preventing the extension of France along the Dutch coast, he had no sufficient naval or military force at his command.

A feeble, or forcibly feeble, government at home means a discredited government abroad, and though the resources of England had never been more abundant, she never commanded less respect from foreign countries. At Paris, at Madrid, at the Hague, her ambassadors were treated, on more than one occasion, with almost contemptuous neglect. The

\* Celebrated by Waller in his address to the king

Thou on the deep imposest nobler laws,  
And by that justice has removed the cause  
Of those rude tempests, which, for rapine sent,  
Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent  
Nor shall the ocean, as thy lames, be free  
From both those fates of storms and piracy.

† Sir Philip Warwick, "Memoirs," p. 103

rocks ahead were visible enough to the far-seeing Strafford, and with firm hand he would have steered clear of them if the king's timidity had not counteracted his decision. He constantly insisted that the king, to confirm and strengthen his authority, should provide himself with a fixed revenue, arsenals fully stored, thoroughly equipped forts, and an army. In 1634, he had not hesitated to convene the Parliament of Ireland, and such was the ascendancy of his genius, and so great were the services he had rendered to the country, that it became the most docile as well as the most useful instrument of his power. But the king had forbidden him to summon it a second time. He and the queen hated the very name of Parliament. And thus it was, that, happily for English freedom, and for all that depended upon that freedom, the fears of his master prevented Strafford from investing Absolutism with the forms, and securing for it the ostensible support, of the law. Again and again he remonstrated, warned, advised, implored, but at length he submitted to the inevitable. He bowed his wonderful energy to the yoke of an obstinate weakness, and placed his keen-sighted sagacity at the service of a blind irresolution. "You have a good deal of humour here," wrote Laud, "for your proceeding. Go on a' God's name. I have done with expecting of Thorough on this side."

Meanwhile, Laud, who enjoyed, perhaps, more of Charles's confidence than Strafford himself, was carrying the principle of Absolutism into church government. He revived every power and privilege which could be proved at any time to have belonged to the archiepiscopal office. His heavy hand was felt by everybody; his restless eyes saw everything. As the feasts held in many places on the anniversary of the dedication of parish churches had of late years been degraded by indecent riotousness, the justices of the peace, with the assistance of Chief Justice Richardson, had essayed to put a stop to them. Laud contended, however, that they came within the scope of

things ecclesiastical, and that to interfere with them was to encroach on the province of the bishop. He summoned the Chief Justice before the council, and visited him with so severe a reprimand that, on coming out, Richardson exclaimed, "I have been almost choked with a pair of lawn sleeves!" Laud was willing enough that the people should amuse themselves, so long as they yielded unquestioning obedience to the Church, and, as a further protest against the ascetic temperament of Puritanism, he re-issued James I's notorious "Declaration of Sports," which authorised certain pastimes on Sunday afternoons, and ordered all the clergy to read it publicly in their churches. It would have been difficult to devise anything more offensive to the stern conscience of the Puritan, who inveighed bitterly against so open a violation of the Fourth Commandment.

Laud's next movement, unobjectionable in itself, but inopportune, and attended by an arbitrary violence, was to insist on the removal of the Communion Table to the east end of the chancel, and its appropriation to none but sacred uses. Fines or imprisonment, suspension, and even deprivation fell to the lot of recusant clergy, or of any who bowed not at the name of Jesus, or who in the smallest particulars failed to observe the rubrics. There seems to have been ample room for the culture of a more reverent spirit in the administration of public worship, but Laud injured a good cause by his imprudent vehemence and want of judgment, and his desire, on Strafford's principle of "Thorough," to impose a rigid uniformity of doctrine and discipline on the members of the Church.

A strict observance of the canons, and of the liturgy and rites adopted in cathedrals, was demanded of every parish priest. Numerous benefices, however, were occupied by Nonconformists, who, in the phraseology of the day, refused to bow the knee to Baal, they were driven from them. The people still crowded to hear their sermons, they were

interdicted from preaching. Expelled from their churches, and deprived of their stipends, they wandered from town to town preaching to "the faithful," who, in inns or private houses or the fields, collected around them; persecution following close in their footsteps. At times they found temporary shelter in some noble or wealthy family as chaplains or tutors; persecution still pursued them, and rested not until they were hunted out of each new asylum. They left England, they crossed the seas to France, Germany, Holland, despotism stretched its arms after them, and summoned the congregations which they founded to conform to the Anglican model. The writings of the Nonconformist divines were ruthlessly suppressed, they were forbidden to discuss the problems which most agitated the minds of men. Laud carried the Church's supremacy into the region of dogma as well as into that of discipline, would fain have decided on the mysteries of human destiny as authoritatively as upon the details of public worship. All thought was to flow in one channel. Workman, a minister of Gloucester, had denounced the ornaments and altars introduced into the churches as relics of idolatry, he was thrown into prison. Not long before the city of Gloucester had granted him an annuity of £20, the annuity was abolished, and the mayor and corporation condemned to pay a heavy fine. When he was released from prison, Workman opened a small school, Laud made him close it. To gain a livelihood the poor minister turned doctor. Laud prohibited him from the practice of medicine, as he had prohibited him from teaching. Workman went mad, and died.

An active pamphleteer at this period was William Prynne, a barrister and antiquary of some ability and considerable learning. He had graduated at Oxford, and entering upon the legal profession, became benchers and reader of the Society of Lincoln's Inn. But having adopted the religious principles of Puritanism, he devoted himself to assailing, with unflagging energy and courage, the abuses of the day, and especially

the sacerdotal theories of Laud and the High-Church party, His view of what constituted an abuse was as narrow as his sympathies, and he denounced, in language of equal vehemence, the doctrines of Arminianism, the love-locks which the gay gentlemen of the court cultivated with assiduous care, and the custom of drinking healths. At last he turned his attention to the stage, which undoubtedly stood in need of a thorough reform. The pieces produced were immoral in tone and disgusting in language. But in his "*Histrio-mastix*, or *Player's Scourge*," published in 1633, he aimed his invectives not only at what was corrupt and degrading, but at the drama generally, at the poetical masques which the genius of Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones had made so popular, and the grand compositions of the highest dramatic intellects. The players were severely censured, and the audiences who patronised them, and the government who did not prohibit them. In this last connection he made use of words that were held to reflect on Henrietta Maria, who had recently taken part in a masque, called "*The Queen's Pastoral*," and the anger of the court being excited by this needless piece of insolence, Laud summoned him before the Star Chamber. He was cruelly condemned to stand twice in the pillory, and lose his ears, to pay a fine of £5,000, to have his book burned by the common hangman, to be expelled from Oxford and Lincoln's Inn, and to be imprisoned at the king's pleasure. It is to be put to the credit of the queen that she earnestly interceded with Charles to remit this atrocious sentence, which, however, was fully carried out. Atrocious as it was, no public protest was made against it. On the contrary, as a mark of sympathy with the queen, the Inns of Court got up a splendid masque and ballet, at a cost of £22,000, for representation before their majesties. Prynne's time was yet to come (May, 1634)

It was on the rock of finance, however, rather than on that of religion, that Charles's government was to go to wreck. To meet his expenses the king was compelled to



adopt extraordinary measures. Fines were freely levied, and monopolies granted, but the Treasury was constantly crying out for more. A naval alliance between France and Holland threatened the supremacy of England in the narrow seas, and Charles, to defend it, wanted to equip a fleet. But his revenues were inadequate to so great an effort. In this emergency he resolved to revive the old imposition of ship-money, which, in Elizabeth's reign, and again in 1626, had been levied without difficulty. On previous occasions, however, the country had been at war. The Attorney-General, Noy, advised the king that it was within his prerogative to call upon the coast-towns, even in time of peace, to furnish ships for the protection of the realm, and writs to this effect were accordingly issued in 1634. Intimation was made, however, that the towns might provide money instead of ships, which in that case would be supplied from the royal navy. In 1635 a fleet was ready and put to sea, but as Spain, which had promised its support, did not fulfil its promise, Charles shrank from a single-handed contest with the great maritime powers, and the fleet returned without having accomplished anything.

In the following year Charles repeated the financial experiment which had worked so well. But, emboldened by success, he set aside all constitutional restrictions, and issued writs, not alone to the maritime counties, but to every county in England. From one point of view, this proceeding was only equitable. The inland shires are as deeply interested in the defence of the country as the littoral, and are not entitled to evade their just share of the cost. But the English patriots, in the first place, did not believe that a fleet was required for any really national object, and in the second, could not admit that the king might call for extraordinary efforts at his will and pleasure. If he might raise, without the consent of Parliament, a revenue for a navy, he might also raise a revenue for an army, and support his throne upon pike and arquebus. A very general opposition,

therefore, sprang up against this unconstitutional proceeding. In February, 1637, Charles consulted the judges, who, at that time, were dependent for their offices on the pleasure of the Crown. He asked them whether the king might not raise ship-money when it was required for the safety of the kingdom, and whether he was not the sole judge, both of the danger, and of the time when, and the means by which, it might be prevented? Ten of the judges answered affirmatively, the other two considered themselves to be bound by the opinion of the majority. This favourable decision Charles caused to be published in every county in England.

The resistance had hitherto been vague and undetermined for want of a leader, but a leader now made his appearance. John Hampden, a gentleman of Buckinghamshire, had served in Charles's third Parliament, and had always acted with Eliot and Pym, though hitherto without drawing upon his head the royal anger. A man of unblemished honour and excellent judgment, the possessor of an ample fortune, which he expended wisely, of grave and simple manners, though no ascetic, and, indeed well known for the affability and serenity of his disposition, he enjoyed among his neighbours a well-deserved influence and consideration. It seemed to Hampden that if the king could levy ship-money at his pleasure, he could govern the country at his pleasure, and reign without a Parliament, a condition of things which he was not prepared to allow. When, therefore, in 1636, he was called upon to pay his contribution of twenty shillings, he refused. He manifested no heat or irritation; but he was resolved to vindicate, in his person, the liberties of the people of England. He was cast into prison. His calmness did not fail him. He asked only that justice should be done, and represented that the king was not less interested than himself in obtaining a legal settlement of the point at issue. Relying on the opinion of the judges, Charles allowed the question to be taken into the Court of Exchequer. On Hampden's side it was argued

with cogent force but with perfect calmness, and in a spirit of profound respect for the king. For thirteen days the trial lasted, and the attention of the public was necessarily drawn to it by Hampden's character and position, no less than by the gravity of the interests at stake. The decision went against Hampden, only four judges, Sir Humphrey Davenport, Sir John Denham, Sir Richard Hutton, and Sir George Crooke, pronouncing in his favour. Great was Charles's rejoicing at what he considered a decisive triumph. But his rejoicing was premature, for to the people his victory seemed the victory of arbitrary power, and in losing all hope they recovered their courage. They denounced the decision of the judges as contrary to the law, and extorted by their fear of the Crown. All classes seemed to be united by a general sentiment of indignation. The name of Hampden was on every lip, as that of a patriot who had suffered for his country's liberties. The spirit of resistance daily grew stronger, and while Charles was exulting in his success, a chasm was opening beneath his feet.

A stirring incident, in 1637, showed the extent of the change which had passed over the mind of the nation. Prynne, untamed by suffering, published a violent attack upon Laud's system of church government, and about the same time similar attacks were issued by Burton, a clergyman, and Bastwick, a physician. The three scribes were summoned before the Star Chamber, at first on a charge of high treason, but when the judges said that this could not be maintained, on a charge of felony. They were ordered to put in their defence immediately, on pain of being considered to have acknowledged their guilt. They replied, that they had been deprived of pen, ink, and paper. The materials were furnished, but they were warned that their declarations must be signed by counsel, while for several days the advocates they had chosen were not allowed access to them. They asked permission to attach their own signatures, but the former condition was insisted upon. "My lords,"

exclaimed Prynne, "you ask what is impossible " Eventually, they were sentenced to stand in the pillory, to lose their ears, to pay a fine of £5,000, and to be imprisoned for life

When Prynne lost his ears, in 1634, the public made no sign, but, in 1637, an immense crowd gathered round the place of punishment in Palace Yard, and strewed herbs and flowers before the sufferers, as if they were conquerors returning from a field of glory. One might have thought it was a great popular holiday. The prisoners bore themselves bravely, conversing freely with the people. Referring to the court ceremonies, at which the Knights of the Garter wore their collars, Bastwick said that "this was his collar-day in the king's palace." He was "pleasant and witty" all the time. Prynne protested his innocence of the crimes laid to his charge. Mr Burton declared that the pillory was the happiest pulpit he had ever preached in. A couple of hours having passed, the hangman began to cut off their ears. "He began," says a contemporary, "with Mr Burton's. There were very many people. They wept and grieved much for Mr. Burton, and, at the cutting off of each ear, there was such a roaring as if every one of them had at the same instant lost an ear." A young man, as he gazed on the brutal scene, turned pale. "My son," said Burton, "why are you pale? My heart is not weak, and if I needed more strength, God would not let me want it." A kindly hand gave Bastwick a posy, on which a bee alighted. "See," he cried, "this poor bee, on the very pillory it comes to suck the honey of the flowers, and I, shall I not taste the honey of Jesus Christ?" He lent to the hangman his knife, and, making use of his professional knowledge, taught him how to cut off his ears quickly, and so to lop them close, that "he might come there no more." The hangman next hacked away at Prynne's ears, which had been roughly cropped three years before, inflicting terrible pain, but the stern Puritan endured it without a groan. And when the three sufferers returned to their prisons, they were attended by the applause and sympathy of the multitude.

So widespread was the feeling of compassion, so mingled was it with a sentiment of admiration, that it was deemed prudent to send them to the most inaccessible places of captivity; Prynne was removed to Jersey, Burton to Guernsey, and Bastwick to the Scilly Isles.

A month after Hampden's condemnation, a grave trouble arose in Edinburgh. England had remained Episcopalian, because the Reformation had been accomplished with the consent and assistance of the bishops; but in Scotland, the bishops having opposed the Protestant movement, Episcopacy had lost the national confidence. Early in the seventeenth century, James had reinstated the bishops, because he required their aid in ruling the clergy, but the people and the clergy had remained Puritan, having embraced the New Doctrine with a marvellous enthusiasm. The ceremonies still dear to the majority of Englishmen they rejected as the rags and tatters of Popistry, and it was with difficulty James had persuaded the clergy to observe Easter and Christmas, and to adopt a kneeling attitude at prayer. He had wisely refrained from attempting more. But in their passion for uniformity, Charles and Laud could not rest until they had imposed a liturgy on the Scottish Church. They took into their councils some of the Scottish bishops, who proceeded to draw up a Prayer Book on the model of the Anglican, but more distinctly adverse to the Calvinistic teaching. It was revised by Laud, approved by the king, and ordered to be introduced into the churches. On the 23rd of July, 1637, the Dean of Edinburgh—a new diocese created by Charles—attempted to read the new service for the first time in St. Giles's Cathedral. He had scarcely begun, when the women present broke out into a fever of wrath. It is said that stools were hurled at the priest's head. At the end of one of the prayers a man said "Amen" "Dost thou say mass in my lug?" exclaimed an angry female, and dashed her Bible in his face. In a few weeks the whole country was ablaze with religious strife.

Sixty-eight petitions to the king were presented by the Duke of Lennox. The movement was favoured by the nobles, who feared that Charles would reclaim from them the lands of which they had plundered the Church, and by patriots, who objected not so much to a liturgy, as to a liturgy sent from England.

On the 18th of October an immense multitude, from all parts of the kingdom, assembled in Scotland's "grey metropolis," landowners, farmers, traders, artisans, peasants, all burning with zeal to protest against the innovations that menaced their religion. They crowded the houses and the streets, they encamped at the gates and under the walls of the city, they gathered outside the meeting-place of the Privy Council, which sent in vain for assistance to the municipality, who were themselves besieged. As the bishops passed on their way to the Council, they were loaded with insults, and at the Cross was displayed an accusation of tyranny and idolatry, directed against them by priests, gentlemen, and nobles. Charles made no reply to the petition addressed to him, but ordered the petitioners to retire, they obeyed, less through loyalty than necessity, only to return, on the 15th of November, in far greater force. Their leaders struck out a new organisation, and the government of the country was undertaken by four committees, known as "The Tables." Two of the most influential peers in the kingdom, Lord Hume and Lord Landsay, published a declaration against Episcopacy, and the emotions of men growing daily more profound, and their union more solid, they resolved to bind themselves to common action by a formal and solemn compact. Alexander Henderson, on the part of the clergy, and Archibald Johnston (afterwards Lord Wariston), on the part of the laity, prepared what is known as the National Covenant, which, after an elaborate statement of religious belief, rejected the new canons and the new liturgy, and pledged its acceptors to labour by all lawful means "to recover the purity and liberty of the Gospel, as it

was established and professed before the Innovations." It was everywhere accepted with enthusiasm.

The king had not the means to crush out rebellion by force, and to gain time, he resorted to his usual duplicity. He despatched the Marquis of Hamilton with instructions to hear what the insurgents had to say, and to flatter them with divers royal promises. Twenty thousand Covenanters had assembled at Edinburgh to keep a solemn fast. They hastened to meet the marquis on his entry into the capital (June, 1638), while seven hundred Presbyterian ministers, in full ecclesiastical garb, assembled at one point of his route, and chanted aloud a psalm. Hamilton endeavoured to disarm opposition by promising to call a General Assembly of the Church, and afterwards a Parliament, while, on the end of September, he issued a proclamation, which revoked the hated Prayer Book, and hinted at a limitation of the powers of the bishops. In return for these concessions, the Scotch were expected to abandon their National Covenant, and accept one drawn up by the king. The General Assembly met at Glasgow on the 21st of November. It consisted of one hundred and forty-four clergymen and ninety-six laymen, the latter chosen by the towns and rural districts, and including most of the Scottish nobility. Its discussions at first were conducted in a moderate tone, but they grew warmer when it was seen that Hamilton had been instructed to do all he could to delay or neutralise its resolutions. The Assembly and the royal commissioner came into open collision at last on the question of Episcopal privileges. The bishops refused to acknowledge the authority of a body in which they were wholly unrepresented. The Assembly claimed the right of pronouncing judgment on the bishops (November 28th). Hamilton insisted that the king was supreme in both civil and ecclesiastical matters, and that, the bishops having appealed to him, his decision must be final. His arguments and threats producing no effect, he quitted the Assembly, and issued a proclamation dissolving it. The Assembly ignored the proclamation, deposed the

bishops, swept away the order and discipline of the Episcopal Church, and re-established the Presbyterian polity. These measures were equivalent to an open adoption of republican government, for while the Scotch professed allegiance to the king, they set him aside in their settlement of the ecclesiastical system of the nation. The situation was not without its irony. The Assembly boasted of its loyalty, while throwing off the royal authority, and spoke enthusiastically of liberty, while extinguishing the last sparks of religious freedom. It denounced Episcopal tyranny, while setting up the severer despotism of the Presbyteries. And yet it was not wholly in the wrong. A minority had previously held down the majority, and imposed upon it its doctrines and discipline. The majority now asserted its rights, and vindicated its religious principles. It was not unnatural that the sudden reaction should be carried to an extreme, and, in its turn, that the minority should suffer. But there was reason to hope that the latter would obtain the freedom to which it was entitled, when the majority felt that its position was safe from internal intrigue or external attack. That age of toleration had not yet arrived, for the minority had not ceased to be aggressive and dangerous.

Charles might have been content to let the Scotch go their own way, if he could have prevented England from following their example. But he was well aware that the claim of the Scotch Assembly was virtually the same as that of the English Parliament, and that if he allowed it in one part of his kingdom he must be prepared to allow it in another. The supremacy which he looked upon as the inalienable right of the Crown must, at all hazards, be maintained. His peace-offerings had been contemptuously rejected, and no resource was left to him but to draw the sword. The alternative to which he was reduced he no doubt felt to be a bitter one; and he must have known that he was in no condition to undertake a campaign. He durst not summon a Parliament to provide him with money,



and was compelled to invite voluntary contributions from the clergy and laity, while these poured in so slowly as to warn him that he was not supported by the national feeling. At last he got together an army of twenty-two thousand men, under the Earl of Essex,<sup>6</sup> with whom he advanced to the Scottish border, and took possession of Berwick. But on Dunse Law, guarding the road to Edinburgh, lay a Scotch army of twenty thousand men, many of whom were veteran warriors, who had served under Gustavus Adolphus and Duke Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, and at whose head was placed "the old, little, crooked soldier," a general of proved ability and long experience, Alexander Leslie. The difference between the two armies, however, was not so much in the quality of their troops and the genius of their commanders as in the spirit by which they were animated. Charles's soldiers disliked the service in which they were engaged, felt that the Scotch cause was their own cause, and refused to submit to the most necessary restrictions of discipline. The Scotch, on the other hand, burned with religious enthusiasm, and had the fullest confidence in their leaders and themselves. Charles soon perceived that his army would not fight, and was compelled to open up negotiations for a pacific settlement. Laud himself advised him to make peace, and on the 4th of June peace was concluded, the conditions being that both armies should be disbanded, and that another General Assembly and Scottish Parliament should be convoked without delay.

Such a peace was worthless, for it defined nothing, and settled nothing. Both sides felt that it was no better than a truce, and relaxed not in their preparations. The Scotch dismissed their army, warning both officers and soldiers to hold themselves in readiness for a sudden call. The king disbanded his reluctant battalions, and hastened to collect a force on whose fidelity he could rely. For this purpose he summoned Strafford from Ireland. That man of dauntless daring and resolute genius infused a new energy into the royal councils; yet confessedly the crisis was one "such

might well tax to the uttermost the most fertile intellect and inflexible will. The Scotch abated not a tittle of their pretensions. Their Parliament insisted that the king should be bound to convene them every three years, that the independence of the elections and debates should be assured, and that guarantees should be given for the maintenance of civil and religious liberty. "We must whip these people," exclaimed Strafford, "into their senses." War was resolved upon; but war could not be conducted without money, the king's treasury was exhausted, the nation would not humour him with voluntary contributions, and Strafford saw no way of meeting the difficulty but by summoning a Parliament. On what pretext? From the beginning of the Scottish troubles, Cardinal Richelieu, jealous of the influence which Spain exercised at the English Court, had been in communication with the Presbyterian leaders. He maintained an agent at Edinburgh, through whom he had furnished them with arms and money, and he promised still ampler assistance. A letter from one of the Covenanted leaders, addressed to the King of France, and soliciting his support, fell into Charles's hands. He and his council immediately concluded that the publication of this treasonable appeal would awaken the old national prejudices and kindle anew the slumbering fire of patriotism. In this belief they summoned what is known in English history as "the Short Parliament" (1640); and, while the elections took place, Strafford passed over to Ireland, to obtain from the Irish legislature a grant of money and men.

The English elections returned a House of Commons pledged to demand immediate redress of the national grievances, but believing that this redress could be peaceably obtained; a House composed in the main of men of firm but moderate temper, who still preserved the ancient tradition of loyalty, and hoped to reform abuses without alienating their king. On the 13th April Parliament met, and the king submitted to it the letter of the Scotch to the French sovereign, inveighing against so treasonable a

procedure, announcing his resolution to resume hostilities, and inviting it to vote an adequate subsidy. But to his intense mortification there was no sign of the expected patriotic enthusiasm. The Commons put aside the letter as if it concerned neither them nor the country, and hastened to take up the questions which they felt to be of profounder interest and importance. It was soon evident that king and Parliament were not in accord, that the latter thought only of the reforms it desired to accomplish, while the former cared only to vindicate his royal authority. The king demanded a vote of money before he would consider the alleged grievances of the nation, the Commons demanded a redress of grievances before they would grant a subsidy. Charles, in sore embarrassment, turned to the House of Peers, who obediently voted that, in their opinion, the subsidies should precede the grievances, and demanded a conference with the Commons in order to induce them to consent to this order of procedure. The Commons agreed to the conference, but on returning to their own Chamber resolved that the interference of the Peers was a breach of privilege, since they had no right to discuss financial questions which had not been settled first by the lower House. Pym, Hampden, and St. John eloquently upheld the rights of the Commons; and Charles, discovering that his present Parliament was no more compliant than its predecessors, abruptly dissolved it on the 5th May, after a three weeks' session.

An hour later, Edward Hyde (afterwards Earl of Clarendon) met St. John, a friend of Hampden and one of the leaders of the Opposition. Hyde was absorbed in gloomy anticipations, while St. John's naturally sombre countenance was warmed with the glow of hope and triumph. "What disturbs you?" said St. John to Hyde. "That," he answered, "which disturbs many honest men, the imprudent dissolution of so wise a Parliament, which in our present confusion, could alone have provided us with a remedy." "Good," rejoined St. John; "before things can become better they must grow much worse, this Parliament would never have done what must be done."

From an attitude of passive resistance the people had passed into one of active opposition,\* and English Puritanism was gradually developing into greater harmony with the stern and unyielding temper of Scotch Calvinism. But while the Scots had openly defied the king, the English still strove to maintain their loyalty to the throne, cherishing the convenient constitutional fiction that the king's faults were really the faults of his ministers. They spared the Crown and concentrated their anger upon Laud and Strafford. The latter, meanwhile, had returned from Ireland (April 4th), having secured from the Irish Parliament all he wanted; three thousand soldiers and four subsidies, loyal promises and enthusiastic offers of assistance. For a few weeks he was incapacitated for active exertion by a violent attack of gout, but on recovering his health he recovered all his energy, and strenuously addressed himself to the difficult and dangerous work before him. In less than three weeks, urged by his exhortations and example, the gentry of England poured £300,000 into the exchequer, the Catholics specially distinguishing themselves by their liberality. Forced loans, ship-money, monopolies—all the old vexatious impositions were put in force, and a proposition was even made to flood the country with a debased coinage. Members of Parliament who had excited Charles's anger by their boldness of speech or conduct were fined or imprisoned, and every clergyman was required to sign an oath which pledged him never to consent to any alteration of the government of the English Church, with its gradations of archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, and the like. As if it drew fresh inspiration from Strafford's haughty courage, the court indulged in language which daily grew harsher and more arrogant. As for Strafford, though he saw the full extent of the danger, he abated not an iota of his self-reliant pride. Some Yorkshire gentlemen having refused to comply with an arbitrary requisition, "The only thing to be done

\* "So great a defection in the kingdom," wrote the Earl of Northampton, "hath not been known in the memory of man."

with them," he exclaimed, "is to make them come here, and throw them into irons." Again he was seized with illness, an illness which brought him to the brink of the grave. His physical weakness seemed but to bring out more completely the iron strength of his character, and his counsel lost nothing of its imperious decision. The resolute mind subdued the ailing and feeble body, and long before he was fully convalescent he set out with the king for the army which had been assembled on the frontier of Scotland.

But the Scotch, on this occasion, had taken the initiative. They poured into England on the 21st of August, and, on the 28th, crossing the Tyne, encountered at Newburn an English force, which fled almost without resistance. In thus assuming the offensive, they were encouraged by the advice and support of many of the leaders of the Opposition, and knew that they might rely on the disaffection which pervaded the English army, as well as the mass of the English people. Strafford himself acknowledged that the war could not be carried on without a pause of two months, in which to discipline his troops, and Charles was again under the humiliation of suing for peace. While negotiations were in progress, Northumberland and Durham were occupied by the Scotch as a security for their expenses, which were estimated at the rate of £850 a day. The force of adverse circumstances was compelling Charles to seek the assistance of another Parliament. Laud was mobbed by the London 'prentices, every tongue denounced "the bishops' war." The king summoned a great council of peers, after the practice of the Plantagenet sovereigns; but before it could assemble, two petitions, one from the city of London, the other from twelve of the most influential of his nobles,\* solicited him to call a Parliament. While he still wavered, Strafford attacked the Scotch, and gained, according to Clarendon, some slight advantage. He was reprimanded for having compromised

\* Namely Lords Essex, Bedford, Warwick, Bristol, Hertford, Mulgrave, Say and Sele, Howard, Bolingbroke, Mandeville, Brook, and Paget.

the king, and ordered to confine himself to his quarters. The Great Council met at York on the 24th of September, when Charles announced to the Peers his intention of summoning a Parliament, and asked only their advice and assistance in treating with the Scotch. The negotiations were placed under the direction of sixteen peers, who were all favourably disposed towards the patriotic party. As a preliminary, it was agreed that both armies should return to their respective positions, the king paying the soldiers of the Scotch as well as his own. For this purpose, a loan of £200,000 was demanded from the city of London, the peers, as well as the king, guaranteeing its proper employment. After having signed at Ripon the bases of peace, Charles, eager to enjoy his queen's society, as a relief to his numerous mortifications and disappointments, transferred the negotiations to London (October 23rd), where Parliament was shortly to assemble. The Scotch Commissioners offered no objection, for among the Puritans of the great capital they counted many firm allies. England was soon ringing with the noise of the elections, into which the people threw themselves with unusual ardour. The court made a vain attempt to revive its old influence, but the candidates it put forward were almost everywhere defeated. It did not succeed even in finding a seat for one of the most popular of its nominees, Sir Thomas Gardiner, whom the king wished to have for Speaker. The meeting of Parliament was fixed for the 3rd of November. Laud was advised to choose another day. The 3rd, men said, was of ill omen, for the Parliament assembled on that day, in the reign of Henry VIII, had begun by overthrowing Cardinal Wolsey, and ended by destroying the Religious Houses. Laud dismissed the augury, not with the confidence of a strong mind, but in the weariness of a feeble one, which could no longer contend against the resistlessness of Fate, abandoning himself, as well as his master, to the chances of that mysterious future, the great events of which neither the victors nor the vanquished could by any means anticipate.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE LONG PARLIAMENT

THAT famous assembly which, as the Long Parliament, has left so enduring a mark on English history, met at Westminster on the 3rd of November. Charles opened it in person. His speech, which was hesitating and confused, promised the redress of every grievance. It was observed that he spoke bitterly of the Scots as rebels, and insisted that they should be driven out of the kingdom, just as if the two countries were at war. The Commons listened respectfully, but coldly. So numerous a gathering had never before been seen at the opening of a session, and never before had they assumed so haughty a bearing in the presence of their sovereign.

It was soon apparent to the king's party that the popular feeling was even sterner than they had feared. The most moderate politicians had resented the sudden dissolution of Parliament; and in the face of the arbitrary measures of the Crown and its ministers, of the despotic administration of Laud, and the blunder of "the bishops' war," no one spoke of conciliation or compromise. The time was come, said men to one another, when all the power of the House must be exercised to cut up abuses so thoroughly that they should never put forth any fresh shoots again. "Thus," says a French writer, "with forces very unequal, two equally haughty sentiments came into collision. For eleven years the Throne and the Church had proclaimed their sovereignty as

absolute, independent, and of right divine, they had hazarded everything on the attempt to make the nation submit to it. Though success was hopeless, they still proposed the same maxims, and, powerless as they were, came to demand the support of an assembly, which, without elevating it into a principle, without arrogantly asserting it, believed also in its supreme authority, and felt itself capable of exercising it."

The campaign, on the part of the Opposition, was opened immediately; and, under the leadership of Pym, whom Clarendon acknowledges to have been "the most popular man, and the most able to do hurt, that have lived at any time," was conducted with great skill. Almost every member brought up a petition from his borough or county. He read it, and making it the text of his discourse, proposed that, until a remedy could be devised, the House should at all events vote that the complaint was legitimate. Thus the opinion of the country in a few days was formally elicited. All the vexatious proceedings of arbitrary power, the shameless monopolies, the illegal imposition of ship-money, the illegal arrests, the encroachments of Laud and his bishops, the tyrannical judgments of the Star Chamber, were successively reviewed and condemned. The nation went hand-in-hand with its Parliament, and so unanimous was opinion in the Lower House that many resolutions were adopted on the motion of men who afterwards became, like Lord Falkland and Lord Digby, the most loyal of the king's followers. Upwards of forty committees were appointed to investigate abuses, and take into consideration the representations of all who felt aggrieved. Every agent of the Crown, whatever his rank, who had taken part in the execution of the measures condemned by the House, was branded as a "delinquent," and a list of "delinquents" was issued in every county. Whoever had participated in any monopoly, was declared unworthy of a seat in that House (November 9, 1640), and four members were accordingly expelled (January 21, 1641). On the other hand, it must be owned that two notorious



monopolists, Sir Henry Mildmay and Mr. Whitaker, were permitted to take their places, because they belonged to the Opposition. The new power swept onward irresistibly, filling the court with a frantic terror. The servants of the Crown felt that they had no protection against it, that at any moment it might turn upon them, and rend them. In complete and almost ignominious inaction, the king concealed his apprehensions and mortifications. The judges, alarmed for their own safety, did not dare to protect a delinquent. The bishops did not venture to oppose the abolition of their so called "innovations." The Nonconformist preachers, without legal title, resumed possession of their benefices. The Dissenting sects held their assemblies in the light of day, and none interfered. Pamphlets, breathing the boldest sentiments, were freely circulated. The royal and ecclesiastical Tyranny, the crowned and mitred Despotism, still stood erect, with its ministers, its tribunals, its laws, its cultus, but it was everywhere motionless and impotent.

Strafford's sagacity had foreseen this revolution, and knowing the number and power of his enemies, he begged the king to excuse his attendance in Parliament, where, he wrote, he could not be of any service to his majesty, his presence would only increase the king's perils, while it would place himself in the hands of his foes. But if he were permitted to retire to Ireland, or the army, he might be able to serve him still, and escape the ruin that threatened. Charles, always selfish, replied that he could not dispense with his counsels, but he pledged his word, as king of England, that he should receive no danger, that not a hair of his head should be touched. Strafford, who knew the king better than Charles knew himself, still hesitated, but on receiving a second invitation, defied the storm since he was no longer able to evade it, and set out, resolved to accuse before the Lords, on evidence recently collected, the principal leaders of the Commons of having provoked and assisted the recent Scotch invasion. In Pym, however, he had to deal with an antagonist as wary, as courageous, and as resolute as him-

self. Anticipating some such movement on the part of Strafford, Pym was prepared to strike the first blow. It was on the 9th November that Strafford arrived in London. Fatigue and an attack of fever confined him to his bed on the 10th. On the third day the Commons held a sitting with closed doors, and Pym accused Strafford of high treason. Falkland, though no friend of Strafford's, protested that a brief delay and an investigation seemed required by the justice and dignity of the House. But Pym, whose fervent eloquence, inspired by conviction and warmed by passion, bore down all opposition, exclaimed that the least delay would be ruin, if they gave the earl time to consult with the king, Parliament would be dissolved, and that, for the rest, the House only accused and did not judge. And immediately afterwards, followed by the members appointed to support the impeachment, he repaired to the House of Lords.

Strafford at the time was closeted with the king. On being informed of the movement in the Commons, he hastened to the Upper Chamber, but Pym was before him. The door was shut. He knocked rudely, and angrily pushing aside the usher, who showed some reluctance in opening it, was pressing forward to take his place, when a storm of voices called upon him to retire. Strafford paused, looked around him, and after a short hesitation obeyed. An hour afterwards he was kneeling at the bar, to learn that the House had admitted the Commons' impeachment, and on their demand had ordered his committal to the Tower. When he would have spoken the peers refused to hear him, and he who had risen that morning the most powerful man in England, left the House a prisoner.

I had was the next to feel the anger of the Commons. He was sent to the Tower,\* but the Opposition leaders did

\* "I stayed at Lambeth," he writes in his diary, "till the evening to avoid the jeze of the people. I went to evening prayer in my chapel. The Psalms of the day and chapter lity of Isaiah gave me great comfort. God make me worthy of it, and fit to receive it. As I went to my barge, hundreds of my poor neighbours stood there and prayed for my safety and return to my house."

not design to carry his punishment farther. Other ministers were accused, and some took flight. Against these, however, no special feeling was excited. They were but tools. Strafford was the head and contriver of offence, and no feeling of compassion stayed the hands of his inflexible antagonists. A secret committee, invested with immense powers, was appointed to investigate his whole life, and to discover in his speech as well as his acts, even in the opinions which he had given, whether the king had or had not adopted them, the proof of high treason. A similar committee in Ireland worked in conjunction with that of the Commons. The Scotch, on their part, contributed a violent declaration, which not obscurely made it known that their army would not recross the Border until justice had been done to their cruellest enemy.

While Strafford is lying in prison, preparing, as best he may, to meet the mortal blow levelled at him with such fatal promptitude, let us glance at the legislative and administrative energy of the Commons, who were now the virtual rulers of England. The king pressed upon them the disbandment of the two armies, more particularly of the Scotch, pointing to the heavy burden which their presence imposed upon the northern shires. But the House, mistrusting his eagerness, was content to accept the responsibility of maintaining a military force of which it might yet have need. "The Philistines," said Strode, and he expressed the feelings of many, "are still too strong for us, we cannot dispense with our allies." In distributing the moneys voted for the payment of the troops, more favour was shown to the Scotch than to the English soldiers, whose officers could not be entirely trusted, and the House even went so far as to resolve, formally, that the Scotch, having lent the English a brotherly assistance, it would thenceforth look upon them as brothers, while it voted, by way of indemnity and recompense, a sum of £300,000. All power and authority seemed naturally to concentrate in the Lower House. Goodman, a Catholic priest, had been condemned to death; the king

wished to save him, yet durst not grant a pardon, but he placed his life at the disposal of the House, knowing that it was reluctant to shed blood. Popular hatred had accumulated against the queen's mother, Marie de Medicis, who had sought an asylum in London. The mob daily surrounded her house, and hurled at her the most opprobrious insults. She appealed to the Commons to know if she might remain in England, and if provision would be made for her safety. They answered that it would be better for her to depart, and voted a sum of £10,000 to cover her expenses. Revising the decisions of the tribunals, they declared illegal the sentences passed upon Prynne, Bastwick, Burton, and other victims, ordering them to be set at liberty, with a considerable indemnity for their sufferings, which, however, was never paid. But they made their entry into London like conquerors, the multitude strewing laurels in their path. To guard against the king's assumption of absolute authority, his assent was obtained to a bill which enacted that a Parliament should meet once in three years, even if not summoned by the royal writ. No Parliament was to be adjourned or dissolved, without its own consent, until it had sat fifty days, and each Chamber was to be free to elect its own Speaker. Successive resolutions decreed the abolition of the Star Chamber, the Northern Council, and the Court of High Commission. Ship-money was declared illegal, and tonnage and poundage could be levied only with the consent of Parliament. The judgment against Hampden was annulled, and a new statute formally and peremptorily declared, "That it is, and hath been, the ancient right of the subjects of this realm, that no subsidy, custom, impost, or other charge whatsoever, ought, or may be laid or imposed upon any merchandise exported or imported by subjects, denizens, or aliens, without common consent in Parliament." \* In this way the Crown was

\* "This is the last statute that has been found necessary to restrain the Crown from arbitrary taxation, and may be deemed the complement of those numerous provisions which the virtue of ancient times had extorted from the first and third Edwards."—HALLAM, *Const. Hist.* i. 516.

stripped of all its exceptional prerogatives, and brought within the province of constitutional law. The struggle for power between king and Commons had so far ended in the victory of the latter.

On the 22nd of March, 1641, the trial of Strafford began in Westminster Hall. The charges against him were supported by the Commons in a body, and with them, also as accusers, sat the Scotch and Irish commissioners. Twenty-four peers acted as judges. The daily proceedings were anxiously watched by the king and queen, who sat concealed by a trellised partition. Every vacant space was occupied by spectators, mostly of the upper classes, moved either by sympathy with the prisoner or his adversaries, or attracted by the pomp of the spectacle, or influenced by the gravity of the issues which were at stake.\* Strafford had never borne himself more proudly, not even in the flush of his prosperity, and the haughty composure of his bearing awed into silence the crowd collected at the entrance, and commanded the respect of his bitterest enemies. With his tall and handsome form prematurely bent by disease, but with his glance as brilliant and arrogant as ever, he moved to his

\* "Those who know the conduct and character of the Earl of Strafford, his abuse of power in the north, his far more outrageous transgressions in Ireland, his dangerous influence over the king's counsels, cannot hesitate to admit, if indeed they profess any regard to the constitution of this kingdom, that to bring so great a delinquent to justice, according to the known process of law, was among the primary duties of the new parliament. It was that which all, with scarce an exception, but among his own creatures (for most of the court were openly, or in secret, his enemies), ardently desired, yet which the king's favour and his own commanding genius must have rendered a doubtful enterprise. The first days of the session were critical, and any vacillation or delay in the Commons might probably have given time for some strong exertion of power to frustrate their designs. We must, therefore, consider the bold suggestion of Pym to carry up to the Lords an impeachment for high treason against Strafford, not only as a masterstroke of that policy which is fittest for revolutions, but as justifiable by the circumstances wherein they stood. Nothing short of a commitment to the Tower would have broken the spell that so many years of arbitrary dominion had been working. It was disputed in the midst that the people were in the hands of the ruler of the black rod, and with his power held a third of his master, so that Charles, from the very heart of Strafford's imprisonment, never more ventured to resume the high tone of command congenial to his disposition, or to speak to the Commons but as one complaining of a superior force."—*HALLAM, Const. Hist.* 1 522, 523

place, the bystanders removing their hats as he passed, and he, in his turn, saluting them with grave courtesy. He was filled with hope and confidence. Cherishing an imprudent contempt for his accusers, and, having studied carefully the articles framed against him, he felt assured that he could vindicate himself from the charge of high treason. But on the second day occurred an incident which opened his eyes to the real danger of his situation. He had expressed a hope that he should be able, without difficulty, to repel the imputations of his malicious enemies. Pym, who conducted the impeachment, immediately replied that it was against the Commons he was levelling so insulting a charge, and that it was a crime to tax them with malicious enmity. Strafford saw his mistake, apologised on his knees, and thenceforth mastering his natural warmth of temper, suffered no sign of anger or impatience to escape him, nor a word which could be turned to his disadvantage.

For seventeen days the trial lasted, and for seventeen days, with wonderful intellectual vigour, he maintained, unaided, his ground against his thirty accusers, who relieved one another alternately. Article after article was pressed against him, however, with an irresistible cogency, which all his ingenuity could not evade, and no impartial hearer could doubt that he was convicted of acts of atrocious tyranny and illegal license. On the other hand, even when collected and presented as a whole, they did not seem to amount to the crime of high treason, as defined by statute. Strafford skilfully availed himself of this defect in the case of his assailants. With modest dignity he acknowledged his errors, his imperfections, excusing them, but not justifying them, on the plea of his devotion to the Crown. The contrast between the calmness of his tone and the passionate violence of some of his antagonists swayed the feelings of the audience in his favour, and alarmed by this obvious change, twice did the Commons demand that the Lords should proceed more quickly with a trial which, they said,

was consuming time of inestimable value to the country. The Lords remembered, however, that they sat there to judge and not to prosecute. To support the charge of high treason, young Sir Henry Vane produced a note of a speech of Strafford's which he had discovered while burrowing among the private papers of his father, the Secretary of State. In this speech, delivered at the time of the dissolution of the Short Parliament, Strafford spoke of the king as absolved and loose from all rule of government "Your majesty having tried all ways and been refused, shall be acquitted before God and man; and you have an army in Ireland that you may employ to reduce this kingdom to obedience, for I am confident the Scots cannot hold out three months." "This kingdom!" There could be little doubt that England was meant, but the Commons could not prove that the reference was not to the northern realm. Moreover, it was necessary to show that hostility to the country could be construed into treason against the king.

When it became evident that on this point the Lords were far from satisfied, the Commons, at the suggestion of Sir Arthur Haslerig, resolved on dropping the impeachment and proceeding by a bill of attainder. Pym, who was in all things and at all times an advocate of the supremacy of law, objected to this change of attitude, arguing that treason was not an offence against the king as a private person, but against the king as the representative of England, and that, consequently, an attack upon England was an attack upon the king.\* But the Commons saw that this view would have

\* Both Pym and Hampden opposed the bill of attainder because they believed in the adequacy of the impeachment, and because they were not without a last lingering hope of converting the king to the constitutional cause. Proposals were submitted to Charles, early in 1641, which, if he had accepted them, would have saved Strafford, the Church, and the Monarchy. A ministry was to be formed out of the majority in Parliament, Pym becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Earl of Bedford, Lord Treasurer, Holles, Secretary of State, Lord Holland, Foreign Secretary, and Hampden, Governor to the Prince of Wales. Charles seemed at first to look favourably upon the scheme, but the queen was against it, and overtures from the Scotch nobles raised his spirits. The English army was discontented with the Parliament on account of the favour it had shown to

no influence with the Lords, and pushed forward their bill, which dispensed with legal scruples. It was opposed by Selden and Holborne, but rapidly passed the various stages, and was read a third time in the Lower House by a majority of two hundred and four to fifty-nine (April 21st), and a third time in the Lords by twenty-six to nineteen (April 29th) \* Strafford's fate was sealed. The king had pledged his word that not a hair of his head should suffer, but he was powerless to keep it. It does not seem possible that after the act of attainder was carried he could have saved him, but it was due to himself, to his royal word, to his honour, that he should have refused his assent. The Commons would doubtless have devised some means of overruling him, and Strafford's head would still have fallen; they could not have suffered him to escape, for public opinion would not have allowed them, nor regard to their own safety; yet Charles should have remained inflexible. The queen, however, terrified by the daily de-

the Scotch soldiers, and its officers plotted to profit by this ill-humour, march it upon London, release Strafford, and menace the two Houses. Charles thought he might bide his time. But at the opening of May, the conspiracy became known to him, who saw that no reliance could be placed upon the king, and that the removal of Strafford was an indispensable condition of the preservation of the liberties that had been won so hard. 'Thenceforward a reconciliation between Charles and the Parliament passed into the category of things impossible.

\* The legality of this procedure has been sharply contested. Bills of attainder were not unknown in England. Under Henry VIII they had been frequent enough, but they had generally been enacted when the crime charged might have been equally punished by law. At all times, however, they are less dangerous than "to stretch the boundaries of a statute by arbitrary construction." Mr Hallam remarks that, "those who may incline to admit that the moral competence of the sovereign power to secure itself by the punishment of a heinous offender, even without the previous warning of law, is not to be denied, except by reasoning which would strike the foundation of its right to inflict punishment in ordinary cases, will still be sensible of the mischief which any departure from stable rules, under the influence of the most public-spirited zeal, is likely to produce. 'The attainder of Strafford,' he says, "could not be justifiable, unless it were necessary, nor necessary if a lighter penalty would have been sufficient for the public security. He proceeds to argue that degradation from his high rank, and perpetual banishment, would have exhibited to Europe an example sufficiently conspicuous of just retribution. But even with the genius, courage, and resolution of Strafford would have been almost as dangerous in a foreign country as in England. His intrigues would have been incessant, and his enemies probably felt that it would not have been long before he would have recovered his power.



monstrations of the excited populace, implored her husband to submit. Angry, ashamed, and anxious for the life of his great minister, Charles appealed for advice to the Privy Council, and afterwards to the bishops. From neither did he obtain any assistance. Even the bishops recommended him to sacrifice an individual to the throne, his conscience as a man to his conscience as a king. He was still a prey to opposing emotions when he received a letter from the earl, in which he said that, after a long struggle, he had come to the only resolution worthy of himself. Every private interest ought, he felt, to yield to the welfare of the king's sacred person and the State; and he begged him, by assenting to the bill of attainer, to remove the obstacle which impeded a happy concord between him and his subjects. Charles eagerly grasped at this slight relief to his conscience, and next day, May the 11th, he sent his Secretary of State to announce to Strafford that he had given his assent to the fatal bill. Notwithstanding his letter, the earl was surprised at his royal master's cowardice, and raising his hands to heaven exclaimed "*Nobile confidere principibus et filius hominum, quæ non est salus in illis.*"

Charles had promised the friends of Strafford to go down in person to the two Houses, and request a reprieve, but he contented himself with sending, by the Prince of Wales, a letter which concluded with the following postscript: "If he must die, it would be a charity to give him until Saturday." The prayer so coldly urged was as coldly dismissed, and the execution ordered for the following day.

On the 12th of May, Strafford, with tranquil courage, prepared to take his leave of the world. He was probably conscious that his life had been a failure, but no symptom of that consciousness was apparent in his demeanour. The Constable of the Tower wished to convey him to the scaffold in a carriage, that he might escape the insults of the rabble. "Sir," he replied, "I can look death in the face, and the

people also. It is your business to see that I do not escape, as for me, whether I die by the hand of the executioner, or by the fury of yonder people, if such should please them, is equally indifferent." He set forth on foot, preceding the guards, and casting his glances on every side, as if he were marching at the head of his soldiers. In passing the cell where Land was confined, he paused. "My lord," he cried, raising his head to the window where stood the aged archbishop, "give me your blessing and your prayers." The primate stretched his arms towards him, but, overcome by the violence of his emotions, fell back in a swoon. "Farewell, my lord," said Strafford, as he moved on, "may God protect your innocence!" He mounted the scaffold with a firm step, followed by his brother, some clergymen, and several friends. After kneeling in prayer for a few moments, he rose and addressed the people. He wished, he said, for the realm all the prosperity on earth, in life he had always worked to this end, dying, it was his only prayer. But he besought each man who listened to him to consider seriously, with his hand on his heart, if the opening of the reformation of a kingdom ought to be written in characters of blood. "Think well of this," he exclaimed, "when you return to your homes!" He prayed to God that not the least drop of his blood might be on the head of any, but he feared they had entered on an evil course. Kneeling again, he continued at his devotions for a quarter of an hour, then, turning towards his friends, he grasped each by the hand, and said a few parting words. "I have almost done," he added, "a single blow is about to make my wife a widow, my dear children orphans, and to deprive my poor servants of their master, may God be with them and you! Thanks to Him," he continued, as he began to undress, "I can doff my coat with as tranquil a heart as if I were going to sleep." Calling to him the executioner, he gave him his forgiveness, prayed again very briefly, placed his head on the block, and gave the signal. The axe flashed in the air, everybody held

his breath; and Strafford was no more. The executioner held up to the people the bleeding head, crying, "God save the king!" and a sudden shout of exultation broke the awful silence.\*

Thus perished Strafford, not as a traitor to his king, but as an enemy to the commonwealth, and though one cannot but regret that so much genius and devotion should have met with so bloody an end, one feels it difficult to say that his sentence was unjust. The very intellectual greatness of the man rendered him the more formidable an enemy to the constitutional interests of the kingdom. While Strafford lived there could be no security that the system with which he had been identified would not be revived. His death not only delivered the country from himself, but made it certain that he would leave no successor. That his execution was contrary to law, as we of the nineteenth century understand it, may very well be admitted, but we must remember that his whole career had been an absolute and almost contemptuous defiance of law, and that he had provoked the contest in which he fell a victim †

\* The execution of Strafford evoked forth the approval of the common people. Bonfires were lighted in the streets, and the church-bells rang out in many parts, as if for a great victory. Many persons who had come to town to witness the earl's doom went back in triumph, waving their hats, and shouting joyously through every town they passed, "His head is off! His head is off!"

† "Thus fell the greatest subject in power, and little inferior to any in fortune, that was at that time in any of the three kingdoms, who could well remember the time when he led the people who then pursued him to his grave. He was a man of great parts and extraordinary endowments of nature, not unadorned with some addition of art and learning, though that again was more improved and illustrated by the other, for he had a readiness of conception, and sharpness of expression, which made his learning thought more than in truth it was. His success, applied to a nature too elate and ignorant of itself, and a quicker progress into the greatest employments and trust, made him more transported with disdain of other men, and more contumacious the forms of business, than happily he would have been if he had met with some interruptions in the beginning, and had passed in a more leisurely gradation to the office of a statesman. He was, no doubt, of great observation and a piercing judgment, both in things and persons, but his too good skill in persons made him judge the worst of things, for it was his misfortune to be of a time wherein very few wise men were equally employed with him, and scarce any whose faculties and abilities were equal to his, so that upon the matter he wholly relied upon himself, and discerning many defects in most men, he too much

With Strafford dead, with abuses swept away, with the power and existence of the Parliament guaranteed by special enactment,\* it might have been supposed that the popular leaders would feel satisfied. But their instinct or their political sagacity warned them that their work was not done. They saw that Charles was not to be trusted, and that as soon as the pressure upon him relaxed, he would endeavour to recover his lost authority, and they conceived that in this attempt he would be supported by the Church. Hence they were compelled, by the stern logic of events, to face the ecclesiastical question, which, indeed, at no time had been dissociated from the political, Laud's system of government being identical with that of Strafford. Laud, it is true, was in prison, but his policy was adopted by the other bishops; and if they were to be barred from developing it, some limitation must be prescribed to their authority. In March a bill had been passed by the Commons to deprive them of their seats in the House of Lords, but, in the following

neglected what they said or did. Of all his passions, his pride was most predominant, which a moderate exercise of all fortune might have corrected and reformed, and which was, by the hand of Heaven, strangely punished, by bringing his destruction upon him by two things that he most despised—the people and Sir Harry Vane. In a word, the epitaph which Plutarch records that Sylla wrote for himself, may not be unaptly applied to him: 'That no man did ever praise him, either in doing good to his friends or in doing mischief to his enemies,' for his acts of both kinds were most exemplary and notorious. —CLARENDON, p. 101.

\* To prevent a sudden dissolution, the popular leaders brought in a bill, on the 6th of May, enacting that the present Parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent. It was read a second and third time on the same day, and next day, the 7th, sent to the Lords, who desired to limit its duration to the term of two years. The Commons, however, adhered to the original provisions, and the bill passed both houses on the 8th. The king gave his immediate assent. "Thus, in the space of three days from the first suggestion, an alteration was made in the frame of our polity which rendered the House of Commons equally independent of their sovereign and their constituents, and if it could be supposed capable of being maintained in more tranquil times, would, in the theory at least of speculative politics, have gradually converted the Government into something like a Dutch aristocracy." Why then did Charles assent to it? Simply because he regarded himself as acting under compulsion. At liberty, therefore, when he again became a free agent, to disavow all he had done, and this faction he hoped to recover through the instrumentality of the Scotch army. It is worthy of notice that the bill against the dissolution of Parliament was mainly the work of "the Moderates"—of Hyde, Colepeper, Lord Falkland, and Whitelock.

June, the peers had rejected it by a considerable majority. Pym and his associates, however, speedily returned to the attack, and a measure was introduced for the extirpation of Episcopacy.

In all great crises occurs a period of reaction, when men begin to weary with the speed at which they have travelled, and either out of this weariness, or from a feeling that they have gone far enough, desire to stand still and be at rest. Such a period had now arrived in the revolutionary career of the Parliament. The consciences of some had been shocked by the execution of Strafford, the religious feelings of others had suffered violence from the impetuosity of the Puritan reformers. Thus came into existence a party of "Moderates," or, perhaps, we may more justly call them, "Constitutional Royalists," who intended to preserve "the regimen of bishops," while admitting that it needed restriction, and to respect the prerogative of the Crown, while guarding against its abuse. Of this party, the two chief leaders were Lucius Cary (Lord Falkland) and Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon. The latter was an able and erudite lawyer, wary, reserved, and cold, with all a lawyer's reverence for legal forms and precedents, and all a lawyer's hatred of uncontrolled authority. It is not as a lawyer, however, nor as a politician, that posterity remembers him, but as the author of that "*History of the Rebellion*" which has taken its place among the classics of our literature. It has its defects, and these are of a serious nature, the statements are frequently inaccurate, the judgments of men and things warped by prejudice, the style is often cumbrous and confused. Yet the writer's "marvellous talent of delineating character" has a charm which every reader acknowledges.\*

\* "Though Lord Clarendon's chief work seems to me not quite accurately styled a history, belonging rather to the class of memoirs, yet the very reasons of this distinction, the long circumstantial narration of events wherein he was engaged, and the slight notice of those which he only learned from others, render it more interesting, if not more authentic. Conformably to human feelings, though against the rules of historical composition, it bears the continued impress of an intense concern about what he

## CHARACTER OF FALKLAND.

We have referred to Falkland as one of the leaders of his party. The description hardly does him justice, as, in many respects, he was in advance of it. Like Hales and Chillingworth, he had learnt to despise and mistrust the dogmatism of his age, and to yearn for tolerance and freedom of thought and opinion. Than Clarendon, or Whitlock, or Colepeper, or St John, he was a man of more liberal sympathies, of more elevated aspirations, entertaining a greater reverence for the spirit than the letter of the law. He was a fine scholar and a chivalrous gentleman. Says Clarendon: "He was of so stupendous learning in all kinds, and in all languages, that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant with books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing, yet his humanity, courtesy, and affability was such that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good nature, charity, and delight in doing good and communicating all he knew, exceeded that breeding." In early life he had taken up the profession of arms, but he soon abandoned it, seduced by the attractions of a learned leisure. And, indeed, in a soldier's career, his rare gifts of mind and heart would have been wasted. So Waller afterwards sung

Ah, noble friend! with what unpatience all  
He knew thy worth, and know how prodigal  
Of thy great soul thou art (longing to twist  
Kiss with that lip which so early kiss'd  
Thy youthful temples), with what horror we  
Think on the blind events of war and thee!  
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast  
Among the throng as cheaply as the rest  
Where oaks and brambles (if the copse be burn'd)  
Confounded lie—to the same ashes mixed

At his seat of Great Tew, near Oxford, he drew around

himself "this depth of personal interest, united frequently with an eloquence of the heart and imagination that struggles through in involved, incorrect, and artificial diction, makes it, one would imagine, hardly possible for those lost then from his sentiments to read his writings without some portion of sympathy. But they are on this account not a little dangerous to the soundness of our historical conclusions, the prejudices of Clarendon and his negligence as to truth, being full as striking as his excellences. In leading him, not only into many erroneous judgments, but into frequent inconsistencies." HALLAM, *Const Hist.* i. 396, 497

him the wisest and most cultured society of the time ; men like Sheldon and Morley, Dr Hammond, Sandys the poet, the scholar Gataker, and Chillingworth, the author of "The Religion of Protestants ;" men who were opposed to the exercise of a tyrannical authority whether in Church or State. The thinkers, the poets, the men of letters, all flocked to Great Tew, and all were welcome. "They found their lodgings there as ready as in the colleges, nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house, till he came to dinner or supper where all still met, otherwise there was no trouble, ceremony, or restraint, to forbid men to come to the house or to make them weary of staying there ; so that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose society they could wish, and not find any other society." Such was the man whom Clarendon has immortalised in one of the noblest tributes ever paid to an honourable friendship. Such was the man whom Cowley addressed in his stateliest strains

Learning would rather choose  
Her Bodley or her Vatain to lose  
All things that are out writ or printed there,  
In his unbounded heart engraven are \*  
There all the sciences together meet,  
And every heart does all her kindred greet,  
Yet jostle not, nor quarrel, but as well  
Agree as in some common principle

\* "His memory," says Sir Philip Warwick, "retained all he read or heard, he loved his book, and was a great master of books." "He was a great cherisher of wit, and fancy, and good parts in any man, and, if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune, of which, in those administrations he was such a dispenser, as, if he had been trusted to such uses, and if there had been the least of vice in his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and perincacious in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. He was superior to all those passions and afflictions which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men, and that made him too much a contemner of those acts which must be indulged in the transaction of human affairs. He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear that he was not without appetite of danger, and, therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be furthest engaged,

But however admirable in itself, a policy of compromise never meets with much favour in the height of conflict. The reactionary influence of which we have spoken does not affect the sterner spirits of the opposing parties, and

and in all such encounters he had about him a strange cheerfulness and companionableness, without at all affecting the execution that was then principally to be attended, in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it where it was not, by resistance, necessary"—CLARENDON, *History of the Rebellion*, pp. 430-433. "He gave himself to the cause which seemed to him least unsound, and to which 'honesty,' he thought, bound him, but he felt that the truth was not there any more than with the Puritans—neither the truth nor the future. This is what makes his figure and situation so truly tragic. For a sound cause he could not fight, because there was none, he could only fight for the least but of two unsound ones. 'Publicans and sinners on the one side,' as Chillingworth said, 'scribes and pharisees on the other.' And I think had, I say, the lucidity of his mind been accompanied by a more resolute and less vacillating character, the result would have been different."

the Civil War, let it be Falkland. He was the martyr of lucidity of mind and urgency of temper, in a strife of imperfect intelligence and temper ill-timed."—MARSHALL AKEN, *Mixed Parties*, pp. 232-235. "Falkland was the intimate friend of Clarendon, and if inferior to him in compass of understanding and power of observation, was his equal in learning, and much his superior in the refinement and impartiality of his moral sentiments. His first appearance in public was as a member of the Parliament assembled in 1627. He was a close observer of what passed in the House of Commons then convened, and became more than ever attached to the institution of Parliament, so that his previous dissatisfaction with the policy of the Court was much increased by the abrupt dissolution which followed. But the ideal world which his books and his secluded life had contributed to place round him, was subsequently much shaken and disordered by the violence of the collisions between the parties of the real world, in which he began to act his part. If we give Clarendon credit for the sincerity of his avowed dissatisfaction with the spirit and measures of the Long Parliament, from about the time when it passed and published its 'Remonstrance,' it is less difficult to make the same concession in favour of Falkland. It is certain that from that time they began to oppose themselves to the policy of the leaders of the Commons, that in so doing both were laid open to the overtures of the court, and that by both those overtures were, ere long, accepted. But the causes which unsettled the mind of Falkland as a Parliamentarian soon began to operate upon him to the same effect as a Royalist. He soon discovered, it would seem, that the divisions and temper of the majority among those to whom he had gone over were not less at variance with his own character and preferences than in those of the least moderate men in the party which he had forsaken. In fact, his uneasiness, arising in a great measure from this source, is so manifest that, had his life been spared, it is not easy to say what his ultimate career would have been."—DR. R. VAUGHAN, *Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell*, i. 32, 33.



they turn aside with impatience from the counsels of "moderate men." And even if Falkland, and those who sympathised with him, had obtained a hearing, it does not appear that they had any definite proposal to submit. What was to be done with the bishops? The Moderates were willing that their powers should be restricted, but failed to define in what measure or to what extent, and if they had, how could they have satisfied the Puritanic rigour which refused to stop short of the entire subversion of Episcopacy?

In the autumn Charles paid a visit to Scotland, where the condition of affairs was almost as troubled as in the southern kingdom. Argyle, one of the astutest statesmen of the age, had sedulously and skilfully organised the government on the principles of the Covenant. The young Earl of Montrose suspected his sincerity and struggled against his supremacy, and in secret correspondence with the king undertook to prove him a traitor. But Argyle saw and knew everything. Montrose was arrested and thrown into prison, and the king found it expedient to approve of all that Argyle had done, and place the government in his hands, on the understanding that he and his party would not seek to interfere with the ecclesiastical settlement of England. It is believed that Pym, who was as vigilant and wary as Argyle himself, obtained information of this compact, and it did not fail to deepen the mistrust with which all that Charles said and did was regarded. But a stronger feeling was excited when tidings arrived (on the 1st of November) of a rebellion in the north of Ireland, in which the Celts had savagely revenged themselves on the English and Scotch settlers for their sufferings in the past. They were mercilessly hunted down, robbed, tortured, and murdered. Neither old age nor youth, neither women nor children, escaped the madness of religious fury. It is estimated that, at the least, thirty thousand to forty thousand persons perished.

A cry of horror rose from all England, a cry of horror which quickly passed into a demand for vengeance. The old

dread of Papistry revived, and every Protestant thought his life or liberty in danger. Soon men began to connect with this terrible outbreak the king's name. One of the Irish leaders, Sir Phelim O'Neil, had pretended that he acted under his commission. There can be no doubt that the document was a forgery, but his assertion gained credence from the general disbelief in Charles's honesty. He had been plotting against the religion of the people in Scotland, might he not have done so in Ireland? The Irish rebellion must be put down, but who would trust him with an army, which he would probably use, in the first place, to crush the Commons of England? These suspicions were exaggerated, but they were not wholly without foundation. Charles, with an army at his command, would speedily have swept away Pym and Hampden, Holles and St. John, would have shaken off the moderate counsels of Falkland and Hyde, and razed to the ground that structure of liberty which had been built up so laboriously. As Mr. Forster remarks, if men could have believed that the king would have left it honestly to such men as Falkland, Colepeper, and Hyde to administer the Government subject to the safeguards and concessions which had been wrested from the prerogative, they might have shrunk from measures that forbade the possibility of compromise. But against such a belief the well-known character and opinions of the king protested. Pym knew that he could not be trusted, and the Commons knew it also, hence it became their primary duty to explain to the country the grounds of their mistrust. How this was done we learn from a contemporary record.\* "The business now in agitation" (that is, in November, 1641, on the king's return from Scotland) "is a Remonstrance to be published, wherein the state of this kingdom, before the Parliament, is sett down, and the reformation since, all matters of state and government, since the king's coming to the crown, being ript up, as some say, very much reflecting

\* Cyp. Slingsby's letters to Sir J. Pennington *cit.* by Forster (MS. State Paper Office)

upon the king On Monday last it was very hotly debated [in] the House, with greater opposition, some making protestations against it, it held almost all the night. At last, being voted, it was carried for the Remonstrance by eleven voices, yett they have since fallen upon itt againe,\* and have mitigated some things which occasioned greatest opposition to it, yete doth it not passe freely them who before cōspugned it."

The Grand Remonstrance, as it was called, may briefly be described as an impeachment of the king before the nation. Like all impeachments it was one-sided, that is, it represented only the views of the accusers, and took no account of modifying or extenuating circumstances, yet, on the whole, it was a fair enough recapitulation of the grievances and misgovernment that had prevailed since Charles's accession. The king's party, however, was a large one, the old Royalists having recently been strengthened by the junction of the Moderates, and it could not be expected that they would readily sanction a measure which, as Hallam says, was hardly capable of answering any other purpose than that of reanimating discontents almost appeased, and guarding the people against the confidence they were beginning to place in their sovereign's sincerity. A misplaced confidence, as we now know, and as Pym knew then, but not unnatural on the part of the many, who must always be superficial observers. Hence, the debate on the Remonstrance was fiercely fought out. It lasted from early morning all through the afternoon, and far into the night, as if both sides were instinctively aware that the struggle in which they were engaged must necessarily be final. The midnight chimes had rung long before the division was taken, which gave the Constitutionalists a majority of only eleven (one hundred and fifty-nine ayes, and one hundred and forty-eight nays) \* Motion was then made that the Remonstrance

\* Clarendon's account is curiously perverted. "This debate held many hours, in which the framers and contrivers of the Declaration said very little, or answered any reasons that were alleged to the contrary, the only end of passing it, which was to incline the people to sedition, being a

should be printed ; in other words, given to the nation. The proposition originated another hot debate, and the Moderates insisted on the unprecedented course of recording their protest.\* To a higher pitch than before rose the excitement. Members drew their swords, and seemed ready, at the slightest notice, to use them upon one another. At every attempt to put the resolution, a fresh wave of tumult surged through the House, until Hampden, whose self-control was never shaken, moved the adjournment of the debate. Said Cromwell to Lord Falkland as they passed out of the chamber: "Mark you, if the Remonstrance had been rejected, I would have sold to-morrow all that I possess, and quitted England for ever, and I know many honest people who would have done the same."

The evening sitting was less stormy. The Royalists had ceased to hope for victory, while the Constitutionalists had been so near defeat that they cared not to provoke a fresh contest. By a majority of twenty-three it was ordered that the Remonstrance should be printed, but another delay intervened, as this could not be done until it had been submitted to the king. Charles returned to London on the 25th, and returned with a spirit as proud and confident as if he had achieved some signal success. All along his route, and especially at York, he had been welcomed with manifestations of the warmest loyalty, for the masses of the people knew only of his recent concessions, and were necessarily ignorant of his secret intrigues. He was elated at perceiving that in the country, as in the Commons, his party was numerous and powerful. In London itself public opinion seemed to sway in his favour, and on his arrival he

reason not to be given, but call still for the question, presuming their number, if not their reason, would serve to carry it, and after two in the morning (for so long the debate continued, if that can be called a debate, where those only of one opinion argued) it was put to the question. The Royalist historian suppresses the fact that the Remonstrance was supported by Pym, Hampden, Maynard, Glyn, Hollis, and others.

\* "The monstrous assumption," Forster calls it, "of a right in the minority to enter formal protest against the series of votes it had itself been successively out-voted in resisting."

was received by a multitude of citizens, armed and mounted, and carrying the banners of their guilds, who escorted him to Whitehall. He was magnificently feasted at the Guildhall, and rewarded this outburst of enthusiasm by knighting the Lord Mayor and several of the Aldermen. It was a drawback to all this exultation that he was compelled to receive the Remonstrance, but he listened to it without any display of anger or impatience. He withheld, however, any pledge or promise that he would govern in the future on constitutional principles, and Pym and his allies had good reason to believe that he was secretly preparing to recover his former position. On the 14th of December the Commons finally ordered the printing of the Remonstrance, a demonstration to which the king replied by contemptuously dismissing the ecclesiastical reforms, which the popular party so highly valued and eagerly desired. The suspicion which this and other ill-advised acts engendered was strengthened by the language of the queen and the courtiers, who were notoriously, and not unnaturally, averse to the recent changes, and did not conceal their intention to undo them, and by the king's rash appointment of Sir Thomas Lunford, one of the most unscrupulous and audacious of the cavaliers, as Constable of the Tower.

Whether under any circumstances the quarrel between Charles and the constitutional party could have terminated peaceably, is a question which it would be difficult to answer categorically, but his next step was one which rendered a resort to arms unavoidable. While in Scotland he had obtained information of some correspondence which had passed between Lord Kimbolton, Pym, Hampden, Haselrig, Holles, and Strode, and the Scottish Covenanters, and upon this correspondence he resolved to found a charge of treason. Legally, the correspondence was covered by the act of oblivion, to which he had given his assent in the preceding year, but Charles seems to have persuaded himself that it would suffice to work their downfall. On the

3rd of January, 1642, he directed his Attorney-General to impeach Lord Kimbolton and the five members before the House of Lords.\* He doubtlessly calculated that, with its leaders in the Tower, he could easily overcome the resistance of an opposition which, numerically, was very little superior to his own party. To his demand that the accused members should be immediately placed under arrest, the Commons replied that his message, being matter of great consequence, and concerning the privilege of all the Commons of England, would be taken into their serious consideration, and that, in all humility and duty, they would attend his majesty with an answer with as much speed as the greatness of the business would permit, adding that the said accused members in the meantime should be ready to answer any *legal* charge made against them. The House had already adopted Pym's motion that the authorities of the City should be requested to station some companies of train-bands as a guard upon the safety of Parliament, and also to post strong defences and watches about the City streets and walls, for it was known that of late there had been a great gathering of officers and Cavaliers at Whitehall, capable of any desperate action. This motion was now converted into an order, which, through the members for the City, was transmitted to the Lord Mayor and other great civic officials. Shortly afterwards the House separated.

\* The articles of impeachment were seven in number. The first charged the accused generally with an attempt to subvert the Government and fundamental laws, and place in subjects an arbitrary and tyrannical power. Second, with the traitorous endeavour to put aspersions on his Majesty and his Government, to alienate the affections of the people, and make his Majesty odious to them. Third, with having striven to draw the king's late army to side with them in their treasonable designs. The fourth charge imputed to them the traitorous invitation and encouragement to a foreign power (Scotland) to invade his Majesty's kingdom of England. The fifth accused them of having traitorously endeavoured to subvert the rights and very being of Parliaments. The sixth, referring to some outbreaks which had taken place in the city, said that, for the completing of their traitorous designs, they had endeavoured as far as in them lay by force and terror to compel the Parliament to join with them in their traitorous designs, and to that end had actually raised and countenanced tumults against the king and Parliament. And the seventh, that they had traitorously conspired to levy, and actually had levied, war against the king.

That night Charles came to the determination that he would in person arrest the accused members on the morrow. That such a procedure was illegal he certainly knew ; but he had so encumbered and embarrassed himself that to recede or stand still was equally impossible. "It is usual," says Mr Forster, "to treat the attempt which he was now about to make as an act of rashness far transcending in its danger that which already, through his Attorney-General, he had made, and far surpassing, in its folly, all his other acts of state since his return , as an undertaking which he never could have dared to submit to any of his advisers, and an adventure which necessarily he must have undertaken, if at all, on his own undivided responsibility " But does this view take sufficiently into account the antecedent circumstances, the challenge flung down to the Houses, the continued exasperation of the citizens, and the position in which, amid a population already so dangerously excited, the failure of the first day's enterprise had left the king? There are occasions when what would ordinarily be the madness of despair becomes a courage only equal to the necessity. All the dangers involved in a deliberate attack on the privileges of the House of Commons, and the persons of its leaders, had now been incurred. These considerations doubtlessly weighed with the council that assembled at Whitehall on the evening of the 3rd, and prompted the decision at which Charles arrived. Even Hyde and Falkland appear to have been convinced of the guilt of the accused, and if they objected to the intended arrest, it was only on the grounds of "convenience" and "expediency" They thought it an unseasonable time, says Clarendon, to call them to account, and, if it were resolved to proceed against them, were of opinion that it would have been better to have arrested them severally, and sent them to the Tower, or to other prisons. Such, at least, was the historian's statement after the event, when seeking to justify himself to posterity , but it is certain that, by their contemporaries, he and his fellow-Moderates, Falkland and Cole-

peper, were believed to have countenanced, if they did not instigate, the king's design. It was also passionately supported by the queen, who was afraid that Pym, or some other member, might order *her* impeachment. Yet it was through the queen that the design failed. In her exultation, she had betrayed the secret to the Countess of Carlisle. Madame de Melleville, in her *Memoirs*, describes the queen, after the design had been resolved upon, as waiting in her closet to learn the issue of it. The countess joined her, and Henrietta, thinking that "the hour was past and the stroke made not missed," hastily exclaimed: "Rejoice! for I hope that the king is now master in his states, and that Pym and his confederates are in custody." The hint was sufficient for the countess, and the use she made of it we shall presently see.

On the following day (January 4th), the House met early, and after some preliminary business, turned itself into a Grand Committee. Pym read the charges which had been brought against him and his colleagues, admitting that, could they be substantiated, they would prove treason, then proceeded to reflect them back upon their authors, with matchless skill contriving to wrest them into incriminations of the king's servants. Thus, the third article, which accused him of an attempt to win over the king's army to side with his treasonable projects, he so handled that it brought before the House the recent proved conspiracy of Charles's advisers to overawe the deliberations of Parliament by means of that very army.\* "Sir," he added, amid approving cheers, "it is undoubtedly treason to raise an army to compel any Parliament to make and enact laws without their free votes and willing proceedings therein." He concluded a powerful defence by offering to the Speaker's consideration, "whether to exhibit articles of treason by his Majesty's own hand in that House agreed with its rights and privileges, and whether for an armed

\* Forster, "Arrest of the Five Members," pp. 160, 165.



guard to beset their doors during such accusation of any of the members thereof, were not a grave breach of the privilege of Parliament ! In succession, Holles, Haselrig, and Strode protested their innocence, and then Mr. Hampden arose.\* He declared it plainly to be the characteristic of a good and a loyal subject that he denied obedience to a king commanding aught against the ancient laws, or against God's law, worship, and religion. \* True religion, he said, might be found by examination of the sacred writings of the New and Old Testament, which contained all things necessary to salvation, and that only was true, which depended upon the truth of God, and no other secondary means "Nearest thereunto," he continued, "cometh the Protestant religion, as I really and verily believe, teaching us that there is but one God, one Christ, one faith, one religion, which is the Gospel of Christ, and the doctrine of His prophets and apostles. That other religion, therefore, which joyneth with this doctrine of Christ and His apostles the traditions and inventions of men, strange and superstitious worshipping, prayers to the Virgin Mary, to angels, and to saints, cringing and bowing and creeping to the altar, cannot, I say, be true, but is erroneous, very devilish. All which being used and maintained in the Church of Rome to be as necessary as the Scripture to salvation, that Church is therefore a false and erroneous Church, both in doctrine and discipline—a false worshipping of God, and not the true religion."

Hampden having taken his seat, a resolution was carried to hold a conference with the Lords respecting this "scandalous paper" (the Articles of Impeachment), and the king's guard at Whitehall, which was an interruption to the freedom of debate. Members then began to take notice of gather-

\* Clarendon, with all his Royalist prejudices, cannot but do justice to this able statesman's powers as a wise man and of great parts, who had a rare superiority in discerning men's natures and manners. "He must on all occasions still be mentioned as a person of great dexterity and abilities, and equal to any trust or employment, good or bad, which he was inclined to undertake."—*History*, ii. 15

ings of armed men near the House, and of other threatening movements, and information thereof was sent into the City "to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council there assembled," after which, at noon, the House adjourned for an hour. In that hour much took place. It was then that Lady Carlisle contrived to acquaint "King Pym" (as the Cavaliers jeeringly called him) with the king's intended recourse to violence, and Lord Essex, the Lord Chamberlain, conveyed to him and his friends a warning that they would do well to absent themselves. The five members, whose liberties were endangered, thought it not well, however, to act upon this advice, and when the House reassembled, appeared in their places. Without delay they put the House in possession of the startling intelligence they had received, and desired to be advised upon their line of conduct. Should they withdraw, or wait the king's arrival? Ultimately, on the news arriving that Charles had left Whitehall at the head of an armed force, it was resolved that the House give their members leave to absent themselves, and Pym and his companions immediately took boat at Westminster stairs, and escaped by water.

A loud knock at the door, a tramp of armed men, and into the chamber strode King Charles, followed by his nephew, the Elector Palatine, while on the threshold gathered the more reckless of his "desperadoes," unawed by the *genius loci*. With instinctive respect the members rose and uncovered, the king also removed his hat, and casting one sharp glance at Pym's empty seat, stepped quickly up to the left hand of the Speaker's chair. Lenthall, the Speaker, advanced a pace or two to meet him. "Mr. Speaker," said Charles, "I must for a time make bold with your chair," and standing upon the step, he surveyed the House with quick, restless eyes. Then, with the stammer and laboured utterance that were natural to him, he addressed them: "Gentlemen, I am sorry for this occasion of coming unto you. Yesterday I sent a Serjeant-at-Arms upon a very

important occasion to apprehend some that by my command were accused of high treason, wherunto I did expect obedience, and not a message And I must decline unto you here, that albeit no king that ever was in England shall be more careful of your privileges, to maintain them to the uttermost of his power, than I shall be, yet you must know that in cases of treason no person hath a privilege, and, therefore, I am come to know if any of these persons that were accused are here "

He paused, and looking round the House added, "I do not see any of them. I think I should know them "

Again he paused. "Gentlemen," he resumed, "I must tell you, that so long as those persons that I have accused (for no slight crime, but for treason) are here, I cannot expect that this House will be in the right way that I do heartily wish it. Therefore, I am come to tell you that I must have them, wheresoever I find them " For a third time he paused, and after a moment's delay called out, "Is Mr Pym here ?" There was no answer He asked for Mr Holles still a general silence prevailed He then asked Lenthall, the Speaker, whether they were present Lenthall was not usually remarkable for courage, but he rose to the occasion, and kneeling reverently before the king, replied: "May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here, and I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me " "Well, well," answered Charles, "'tis no matter, I think my eyes are as good as another's." A long pause, a "dreadful silence" ensued. Another wistful survey of the House told the unfortunate king that his stroke had missed, and a sense of the consequences of his failure oppressed his mind. Desiring to excuse himself, he said, "Well, since I see all my birds are flown, I do expect from you that you will send them unto

me as soon as they return hither. "But I assure you, on the word of a king, I never did intend any force, but shall proceed against them in a legal and fair way, for I never meant any other. And now, since I see I cannot do what I came for, I think this no unfit occasion to repeat what I have said formerly, that whatsoever I have done in favour, and to the good of my subjects, I do mean to maintain it. I will trouble you no more, but tell you I do expect, as soon as they come to the House, you will send them to me: otherwise I must take my own course to find them." And his anger overmastering his prudence, he added, "For their treason was foul, and such an one as they would all thank him to discover." With these words he quitted the House, "in a more discontented and angry passion than he came in," many members as he passed, in a mood as angry and discontented as his own, repeating aloud the ominous words, "Privilege! privilege!" Followed by his band of armed men, he returned to the Palace.\* There he was received by the queen with frowns and hot words and the opprobrious name of "poltroon," though, had he succeeded in his design, it must have been at the cost of terrible bloodshed, for the Commons would

\* Captain Slingsby's account (Harl MSS., 162, f. 306a) runs as follows: "He (the king) came very unexpectedly, and at first coming in commanded the Speaker to come out of his chayre, and sat downe in it himselfe, asking divers times whether those traytours were there, but had no answer, but at last in excuse, that by y<sup>e</sup> orders of the House they might not speake when their Speaker was out of his chayre. The king then asked the Speaker, who excused himselfe, that he might not speake but what the House gave order to him to say, whereupon the king replied it was no matter, for he knew them if he saw them. And after he had viewed them all, he made a speeche to them very mysteriously, declaring his resolution to have them though they were then absent, promising not to infringe any of their liberties of parliament, but commanding them to send the traytours to him if they came there againe. And after his coming out he gave order to the Sergeant at Armes to find them out, and attach them. Before the king's coming the House were very high, and, as I was informed, sent to the Citie for fower thousand men to be presently sent downe to them for their Guard. But none came, all the Citie being terribly amazed with that unexpected charge of those persons. shoppes all shute, many of w<sup>ch</sup> doe still continue soe. They lykewise sent to the trayned bandes, in the Court of Guard before Whitehall, to commaund them to disband, but they stayed still. After the kinge had been in the House there was no more spoke, but only to adjourn till the next day." The captain's information was gathered, of course, from Royalist sources.

undoubtedly have resisted, while his sleuth hounds, as we know, panted for prey.

A personal result of Charles's abortive scheme was to embitter the temper of Pym and Hampden, the two most influential leaders of the Opposition. Their tone became more uncompromising, their action more resolute.\* They saw that Charles was not to be trusted, and thenceforth they declined those overtures of peace and accommodation which they believed to be intended to lull them into a false security. A similar change necessarily took place in the disposition of their followers. As a protest against the king's illegal action, the House removed from Westminster to the City, and there, as a committee, under the protection of the citizens, who had quickly repented of their former fit of loyalty, held their daily sittings.

Charles, however, did not silently submit to the repulse he had received. On the 5th he went into the City, where the five members had taken refuge, to demand their surrender from the authorities. As he rode through the streets, he was received with cries of discontent. The mob pressed around his carriage, shouting "Privilege of Parliament! Privilege of Parliament!" and one man was bold enough to fling into the window a paper inscribed "To your tents, O Israel!" At the Guildhall he was welcomed with the usual show of respect and loyalty, but after he had desired the assistance of the Corporation in securing the fugitive members, and assured them of his resolve to redress all grievances, a shout of "Parliament! Privileges of Parlia-

\* William Lilly, in his "Monarchy or No Monarchy," says "This rash action of the king's lost him his crown. For, as he was the first of kings that ever, or so imprudently brake the privileges by his entrance into the House of Commons assembled in Parliament, so by that unparalleled demand of his he utterly lost himself, and left scarce any possibility of repentment, he not being willing to trust them, nor they to trust him who had so often failed them. Yet, notwithstanding his failure of success in the attempt, so wilful and obstinate was he, in pursuance of that preposterous course he intended, and so desirous to compass the bodies of those five members, that the next day he trotted and posted into the City to demand the members there."

ment!" arose, which was not to be put down by the counter-shout of "God bless the king!" Silence having been obtained, the king commanded them to speak who had anything to object. "It is the vote of this Court," answered one, "that your Majesty hear the advice of your Parliament." A Royalist here exclaimed "It is not the vote of this Court, it is your own vote!" "Who is it," inquired the king, "who is it that says I do not take the advice of my Parliament? I do take their advice and will; but I must distinguish between the Parliament and some traitors in it, and those we will bring to trial—trial—trial!" "Another bold fellow," says a contemporary writer, "in the lowest rank, stood up upon a form, and cried, 'The Privilege of Parliament!' And another cried out, 'Observe the man, apprehend him!' The king mildly replied, 'I have and will observe all privileges of Parliament, but no privileges can protect a traitor from a trial—trial!' and so departed. In the outer hall were a multitude of the ruder people, who, as the king went out, set up a greater cry, 'The Privilege of Parliament!'"

It was soon evident that the feeling of the country went with the five members and with Parliament, and, thus supported, the Commons resolutely maintained their independent attitude. They took measures for the provision of a military guard, under the command of Sergeant-Major-General Skippon, accepted the services of the trainbands of London and Southwark, and were preparing for a public reception of the five members, when Charles abandoned the struggle. The queen, by no means such a heroine as Royalist writers have represented, implored him to fly from London. In different parts of the kingdom the Royalists promised to rally to his standard. The Cavaliers had been humbled and defeated in the capital, but they boasted loudly of their influence in the shires. Once out of the direct power of Parliament, he would be free, nay, without him, without the king, what would Parliament be

but a shadow and a name? These considerations decided him. On the 10th of January, accompanied by the queen and their children, he left Whitehall, not to return thither until he returned as a prisoner on his way to the scaffold, and immediately afterwards the victorious Commons resumed their places in Westminster Hall.

It was on Tuesday, the 11th of January, that the five members, to use Clarendon's ill-tempered phrase, were "placed on their thrones." The river, in the bright sunshine, glittered with a long array of vessels and boats, armed with ordnance, and dressed up "with wattlethorn and streamers, as ready for fight." The banks were lined, on the one side, with the City train-bands, and, on the other, with the train bands of Southwark, every man carrying on his pike or musket, looped in his hat, or fastened on his breast, a printed copy of the Solemn Protestation, which bound him to contend to the death on behalf of the liberties of Parliament and the maintenance of the Protestant religion. In one of the civic barges, sumptuously fitted up for the occasion, the five members embarked, and passed up the river, through the double line of boats, amid enthusiastic acclamations and volleys of ordnance, to Westminster stairs, where they were saluted by an immense multitude. On entering the House, they were received by the Speaker and their brother-members, who remained standing until they had taken their accustomed seats. A brief pause, and the five members rose, and, while his colleagues stood silent and uncovered, Pym, in earnest language, expressed their sense of the devotion of the City to the public cause, in the presence of the sheriffs.\* After a short sitting, the House adjourned. The five members, on issuing forth, were greeted by some six thousand knights, gentlemen, and yeomen of Buckinghamshire—Hampden's county—who had

\* Some idea of the impression made by Pym's speech, upon even a member of the House who sympathised with the king, appears in what Sir Edward Dering now wrote to his wife: "If I could be Pym with honesty, I had rather be Pym than King Charles!"

ridden into London to present to the House a petition against Papist lords and evil advisers, and to proffer their support to their great representative. They had also a petition for the Upper House, and a third for the king, and, like the tram bands, they wore the Protestation in their hats, as the warriors of old wore in their helmets the devices of their chiefs. Everywhere flashed out that proud and joyous enthusiasm which encouraged the popular leader in the most daring resolutions. The Commons (to use the language of *Giriot*) gave themselves up to it with eager dexterity, like the pilot to a violent but propitious wind. In the course of a few hours they voted that no member of Parliament, on whatever pretext, should be arrested without their consent. They passed a bill which gave them the right of adjourning, in case of necessity, to whatever place they might choose. They adopted an address to the king for the removal of the governor of the Tower, and, until the royal reply arrived, Skippon was ordered to post his guards around that stronghold, and to keep careful watch over its approaches. They despatched letters to Goring, governor of Portsmouth, forbidding him to admit into that town soldiers or munitions without the authorisation of Parliament. Sir John Hotham, a rich and influential Yorkshire gentleman, was ordered to set out immediately for Hull, the possession of which, as the key of northern England, and the site of some large arsenals, was of the highest importance. Finally, on the 13th, they voted that the kingdom should be put, without delay, in a state of defence. The Lords, it is true, refused their adhesion, but the refusal mattered little. The constitutional leaders had attained their end, they had warned the people. Virtually, the Civil War had begun.\*

\* "Cavaliers and Roundheads had divided the nation like Yorkists and Lancastrians. To reconcile these disputes by treaty became impracticable, when neither side would trust the other. To terminate them by the sword was to fight, not for preserving the constitution, but for the manner of destroying it. The constitution might have been destroyed under pretence of prerogative. It was destroyed under pretence of liberty. We might have fallen under absolute monarchy. We fell into absolute anarchy, —



NOTE.—Before proceeding farther, we would direct the reader's attention to some admirable remarks by Mr Forster on Charles's conduct in this critical episode of his history "Without adopting Whitlock's view that, if Charles had promptly withdrawn the impeachment little more trouble might have attended it (a view which makes too small allowance for the settled distrust which his previous conduct had inspired), it is yet very far from impossible but that, frankly done at the first, it might certainly have recovered so much ground for the king, as not wholly to have broken and dispersed his party in the City Not only, however, did he sullenly leave the charge rankling in the breasts of such men, all powerful in debate, as Hampden and Pym, whom it ever afterwards indisposed to any mediation or compromise, not only did he refuse to withdraw it, as we have seen, when finally compelled to withdraw all proceedings, but up to the day when the storm broke over him, under which he had to yield, and which with an obstinate impassiveness he had watched as from day to day it made darker the skies above him, not a word was uttered by him, or an act done, of which the manifest and unmistakable tendency was not to exaggerate every danger, and to confirm and extend all the fears generated by his first rash attempt"—FORSTER, *Arrest of the Five Members*, pp 383, 384

JOHN BOWEN BROWN With reference to the terms "Cavalier" and "Roundhead" we may explain that, at this time all gentlemen, whether Churchmen or Puritans, wore their hair long, and flowing almost to the shoulder, while servants, apprentices, and the like, wore it closely cropped As the crowds that thronged around Westminster were largely made up of 'apprentices, the Royalists jeered at them as "Roundheads" The Puritans retorted by nicknaming the gentlemen at Whitehall "Cavaliers," or soldiers of fortune The terms were strangely inappropriate, but they soon became historical.

## CHAPTER V.

### MARSTON MOOR

ENGLAND at this time had no "standing army," but it possessed a reserved force of citizen soldiers in its militia, which was available for the defence of the kingdom against invasion. The power of calling this force into the field rested with the lord lieutenant of each county, who was "the chief viceregent of his sovereign," and was held responsible for the preservation of the public peace. When a resort to the sword could no longer be avoided, both king and Parliament looked anxiously around for armed support, and hence it became a point of vital importance to determine whether, when the country was menaced by no foreign enemy, any authority existed which could legally levy the militia by writs addressed to the proper officers. The Royalists contended, and not without reason, that if such authority existed, it must reside in the Crown. On the other hand, it seemed difficult to prove that the Crown, in a period of complete tranquillity, could withdraw the mass of the people, without their consent, from their usual and necessary occupations, for the purpose of accustoming them to military discipline. At all events, so many questions were uncertain, and the limits of the royal prerogative were so ill-defined, that the Legislature might reasonably undertake to settle such an essential matter as the public defence on an intelligible and permanent basis. This, however, was not the object of the Commons in the bill for regulating the militia,

to which they demanded the royal assent soon after the king's retreat from Whitehall (February, 1642). Without solving the real difficulties of the subject, this bill proposed to invest the command of the national force in hands which the Parliament could trust and control. It nominated the lord-lieutenant of every county, and provided that he should obey only the orders of the two Houses, and be irremovable by the king for a period of two years. It cannot be denied, as Mr Hallam says, that here Parliament encroached upon the prerogative. In defence of its unconstitutional action, it can be pleaded only that the king's action had also been unconstitutional. For eleven years he had governed without parliamentary co-operation, and when at last compelled by financial exigencies to summon the two Houses, he had violently assailed the liberties of their members. Even while pretending to discuss the principle and details of a bill which he was resolved never to accept, he was taking steps to collect and arm his partisans. It was known that the queen, under the pretext of escorting her daughter, the young Princess Henrietta, to the capital of her betrothed husband, the Prince of Orange, had embarked with the Crown jewels to purchase arms and ammunition on the Continent. It was known that the king had retired from Windsor to York, for the greater convenience of continuing his military preparations. In these circumstances, one can hardly wonder that the Commons were resolved to obtain the disposal of the militia. The rights and liberties of the people, the concessions that had been so laboriously wrested from the Crown, even their personal safety, were all at stake. After several weeks of passionate debate, they were driven to an instant decision by startling news from the north. In great want of the munitions of war, Charles, on the 23d of April, suddenly appeared before Hull, the northern arsenal and place of arms, and demanded admission. On his knees, the governor, Sir John Hotham, expressed his loyalty, while he steadily refused to open the gates. The Parliament approved of his

refusal, and thereupon the Royalist members withdrew from Westminster. Accompanied by thirty-two peers and sixty "knights and burgesses," Falkland, Hyde, and Colepeper, with Lord Lyttelton, the Keeper of the Great Seal, joined the king at York, still hopeful that war might be averted. Their secession gave a new unity of feeling and strength of purpose to the two Houses, who proceeded to enrol the militia by ordinance, and entrusted the command of the fleet to the Earl of Warwick. Finally, they formulated their demands in nineteen propositions, which were laid before the king early in June. These required that the Privy Council and officers of state should be approved by Parliament, and take such an oath as the two Houses should prescribe, that, when Parliament was not sitting, no vacancy in the Council should be filled without the assent of the majority, subject to the future sanction of the two Houses, that the education and marriages of the king's children should be under parliamentary control, that Roman Catholic peers should be deprived of their votes, that the government and liturgy of the Church should be settled with the concurrence of Parliament, that the judges should hold their offices during good behaviour, that the militia and all fortified places should be put in such hands as Parliament should approve, and, lastly, that all peers to be made in future should be restrained from taking their seats, except with the assent of both Houses. These demands involved a revolution, and the leaders of the Commons can never have expected that Charles would accede to them. Both sides, in truth, were insincere. The king had consented to exclude bishops from the House of Peers, and to pass a bill rendering the lords-lieutenant removable for one year, provided they took their orders from himself and the two Houses jointly, but in making these concessions, it was with the fullest intention of recalling them at the first favourable opportunity. On their side, the Commons had lingered over a negotiation, the fruitlessness of which they perfectly understood. But

in this they were sincere—their resolution at all hazards and at whatever sacrifices to defend the cause of civil and religious freedom, of which, notwithstanding some grave errors, they were the sagacious, the disinterested, and the courageous champions.\*

\* An impartial judgment is pronounced on the conduct of both parties by an accomplished foreign critic, M. Guizot. "When Parliament met," he says, "I England had neither believed in, nor desired to compress a revolution, only the Nonconformists meditated one in the Church, the recovery of law and order, the re-establishment of the ancient liberties, the reform of actual and pressing abuses, such were, at least in its own belief the wish and hope of the country. The leaders themselves, bold and more enlightened, had formed no greater projects, the energy of their will outran the ambition of their thoughts, and were day after day absorbed, without any distinct object, without any settled system, by the progressive development of their situation and the consideration of urgent necessities. At the very moment of throwing the sword, all were moved and astonished, not that their heart failed them, nor that civil war, in general had in the eye of Parliament, or even of the people, a strange or criminal character, the nation read with pride in the Great Charter, in the record of its history, how that more than once it had braved its miseries, had crowned or uncrowned its kings, in times so already remote, how ever, that it had forgotten that its miseries were its own, that it had not seen that it was its own power. But it was not its own power, it was the power of the law, the power of the law that it resisted, that it had not seen that it was the power of the law that it resisted, that it was defending its heritage, and only to those words, *law and legal order*, was attached that popular and spontaneous reverence which rejects discussion and sanctions the holiest dogmas. Therefore it was that the two parties divided reciprocal charges of disloyalty and innovation, and both with justice, for the one had violated the ancient rights of the people and adopted the maxims of tyranny, the other, in virtue of principles still far from clear, demanded a power and degree of liberty previously unknown. Both felt the need of covering their actions and pretensions with the mantle of law, both raised their vindication upon law as well as reason. In their train (a *leur suite*) the whole nation kept enthusiastically in the army, agitated, even more than its leaders, by feelings which seemed to exclude them, and yet were equally sincere. With difficulty detached from an oppression which the laws of its forefathers, without foreseeing had condemned, it passionately sought for more efficacious guarantees, but it was always to these same laws, whose powerlessness they had recently experienced, that it attached its hopes. Young convictions and new ideas stirred in its bosom, it gave to them a pure and living faith, it abandoned itself with full confidence to the enthusiasm which pursues the triumph of truth at whatever cost, while at the same time moderate in its sentiments, tenderly faithful to its liberties, full of reverence for its old institutions, it endeavoured to believe that, far from modifying them, it simply paid them homage and restored their vigour. Hence that singular mixture of boldness and timidity, sincerity and hypocrisy, in the publications of all kinds, official or non-official, with which England was then inundated. The ardour of spirit was measureless, the movement universal, unregulated, unregulated. At London, at York, in all the principal towns of the kingdom, pamphlets, periodical journals, or occasional papers, multiplied and propagated in every direction. Questions political, religious, historical—sermons, plans,

It was on the 23rd of August that Charles raised his standard at Nottingham. About six o'clock, on a dark and stormy evening, he, with a small train, rode up to the summit of the Castle-hill, and there the banner\* was planted, "with little other ceremony," says Clarendon, "than the sound of drums and trumpets." Melancholy men, we are told, observed many ill presages about that time. The standard itself was blown down, the same night it had been set up, "by a very strong and unruly wind," nor could it be fixed again for a day or two until "the tempest was allayed." The Parliament was not less prompt to draw the sword. For administrative purposes it had appointed a Committee of Public Safety, of which Pym, Hampden, and Holles were the "guiding spirits." It had ordered (July 12th) that an army should be levied "for the defence of the king and the Parliament," and appointed the Earl of Essex to the command-in-chief, with the Earl of Bedford as its General of Horse. It was animated by a feeling of confidence in the justice of its cause, and, underrating the king's resources, anticipated a speedy success. "We all thought," says Baxter, "one battle would decide." Its confidence seemed justified by the apparent indifference of the country to the king's appeal for aid. At Northampton he mustered only a few regiments, and had Lord Essex, with his twenty thousand foot and four thousand horse, attacked him sharply, the war would have been ended at a single blow. But cautious to a fault, and hoping, perhaps, to intimidate the king by a

councils, involved—all found a place, everything was brought forward and debated, voluntary agents distributed them through the country, at the assemblies, in the market-place, at the church-doors, people pressed to buy or read them, and in this outburst of thought and emotion, in the midst of this new appeal to popular opinion, while at the root of all this discussion and wrangling lay the principle of the national sovereignty struggling to assert the right divine of the Crown, statutes and jurisprudence, and conditions and usages were continually invoked as the only legitimate authorities, and revolution was everywhere, without anyone daring to say so, or even to acknowledge it to himself. —GIZOT, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*, pp. 265-268

\* The inscription on the royal standard was significant. "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

mere display of force, Essex suffered the opportunity to escape. Charles withdrew to Shrewsbury, where the Royalists were numerous and enthusiastic. His scanty battalions speedily gathered up reinforcements, and by the middle of September he felt strong enough to assume the offensive. Essex had followed him as far as Worcester, and a skirmish between the two armies took place at Powick Bridge (September 22nd). The royal troops were successful, and Charles was encouraged to march upon London, with the view of dictating the terms of peace to his rebellious Parliament at Westminster. But detecting his design, and roused into temporary activity, Essex threw himself across the king's path at Edgehill, near Banbury (October 23rd, 1642).

The Royalists occupied the summit of an elevated ridge, about two miles distant from the earl's head-quarters in the town of Kington. Between lay a pleasant valley interspersed with groves and meadows, and bordered on the right by some thick hedges and leafy enclosures, which had begun to put on their autumnal garb. Neither force was aware of the other's proximity until the morning, when Essex immediately hastened to protect his right by a body of musketeers and two regiments of horse. On his left he placed a thousand horse, commanded by the Scotch soldier, Ramsay. The centre was composed of infantry, with a reserve of cavalry, under Lord Bedford and Sir William Balfour. This array was completed by eight o'clock in the morning.

On the other side, Prince Rupert, who commanded the royalist troopers, showed himself early on the brow of the hill, but some hours elapsed before the king could bring up his foot, and it was long past nine when the royal army descended into the open field. Its command was entrusted to the Earl of Lindsey, who with his son, the Lord Willoughby, took up ground in the centre. There, too, was posted the king's regiment of guards, with the royal standard, borne by Sir Edmund Verney, Knight Marshal

On the right was stationed Prince Rupert's cavalry, on the left, Mr. Wilmot's, with Sir Arthur Aston's dragoons. The reserve, under Sir John Byron, consisted of a single regiment of horse. In all, the royal forces numbered about twelve thousand men, the Parliament's about seventeen thousand (two of Essex's best infantry regiments, including Hampden's and a regiment of horse, with the ammunition, being some distance in the rear). On entering the field, the king's troop of guards, "either provoked by some unseasonable scoffs among the soldiery, or out of desire of glory," or from both motives, solicited the king, "that he would give them leave to be absent that day from his person, and to charge in the front among the horse," a request which was immediately granted. Then they requested Prince Rupert "to give them that honour which belonged to them," and he accordingly assigned them the foremost place \*

About three o'clock in the afternoon, when the sky was already darkening in the east, the two armies joined battle. At the first charge, Sir Faithful Fortescue, with his regiment of horse, went over to the king, and, falling into Prince Rupert's ranks, strengthened his dashing attack on the Roundhead troopers. The latter turned and fled, pursued by the Cavaliers for upwards of two miles. Checked at length by the coming up of Hampden's regiment, with the artillery, Prince Rupert returned from his wild ride to the contested field, where the Parliament's infantry had beaten back the Royalist foot with considerable slaughter. In the affray the Earl of Lindsey was shot in the thigh, and, along with his son, Lord Willoughby, taken prisoner. Had the Roundhead troopers in the reserve followed up this advantage, they might, says Clarendon, with little difficulty, have slain or captured the king himself, and his two sons, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, who, "with fewer than one hundred horse, and those without officer or

\* Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," pp. 307-310. Rushworth, pp. 33-38. May, "History of the Long Parliament," ii. 73-82. Whitlock, pp. 60, 61.



command," had approached "within half-musket-shot of that body before they suspected them to be enemies" Prince Rupert's arrival did nothing to change the aspect of the battle. His cavaliers, wearied with their headlong charge, could not be induced to challenge the enemy's reserve, which still maintained a compact front, and the two enemies passed the night on the field of battle \*. Each ascribed to the other the victory, the Parliament had lost the more men, Charles the more officers and gentlemen of rank. Next morning, at day-

\* There is a quaintness about Fuller's account of this engagement which cannot fail to interest the reader. "As for the fatal fight," he says, "at Edge Hill (called Kington-field from the next market town thereunto) the actions therein are variously related, and I confess myself not to have received any particular intelligence thereof, I will therefore give leave to transcribe what followeth out of a short but worthy work of my honoured friend, confident of the authentick truth thereof. The fight was very terrible for the time, no fewer than five thousand men slain upon the place, the prologue to a greater slaughter, if the dark night had not put an end unto that dispute.

"Each party pretended to the victory, but it went clearly on the King's side, who, though he lost his generall, yet he kept the field and possessed himself of the dead bodies, and not so only, but he made his way open unto London, and in his way forced Banbury town, in the very night, as it were, of the Earl of Essex who with his flying army made all the haste he could towards the City (that he might be there before the King) to secure the Parliament. More certain signs there could not be of an absolute victory.

"In the Battle of Taro, between the confederates of Italy and Charles the Eighth of France, it happened so that the Confederates kept the field, possessed themselves of the camp baggage, and artillery, which the French in their breaking through had left behind them. Hereupon a dispute was raised to whom the honour of that day did of right belong, which all knowing and impartial men gave unto the French. For though they lost the field, their camp, artillery, and baggage, yet they obtained what they fought for, which was the opening of their way to France, and which the Confederates did intend to deprive them of. Which resolution in that case may be a ruling case in this, the King having not only kept the field, possessed himself of the dead bodies, pillaged the carriages of the enemy, but forcibly opened his way towards London, which the enemy endeavoured to hinder, and finally entered triumphantly into Oxford, with no fewer than an hundred and twenty colours taken in the fight.

"Let me add that what Salust observeth of the conspirators with Catiline, that where they stood in the fight whilst living they covered the same place with their corpses when dead, was so here of the loyal gentry of Lincolnshire, with the Earl of Lindsey, their country-men. Know also that the over-some and over-far pursuit of a flying party, with pillaging of the carriages (by some who prefer the snatching of wealth before the securing of victory) hath often been the cause why the conquest hath slipped out of their fingers who had it in their hands, and had not some such miscarriage happened here, Royalists had totally (in all probability) routed their enemies."—THOMAS FULLER, *Worthies of England—Warwickshire*.

break, Charles rode through his camp, one-third of his infantry and many of his cavalry were missing—not that all had perished, but that numerous volunteers, suffering from cold and want of food, and mortified by the sharpness of their first shock of arms, had disappeared. In order to clear the road to London, the king had meditated a second engagement, but he soon perceived that his troops were not ready to fight. In the Parliament's lines the question of a renewal of the battle had also been mooted, and Hampden, Holles, Stapleton, and others urged Essex to order an immediate attack. They affirmed that the king could not hope to resist, that they had three fresh regiments to hurl against him, that victory was certain, and the war might be happily concluded. Essex, however, and his council of officers felt that their horse were no match for the Cavaliers. They had gained their object, and delivered London from danger, and they remembered that the Parliament had but one army, and that an army of undisciplined militia, which it would be the height of imprudence to venture in a doubtful enterprise. Essex, therefore, retreated slowly to Warwick, Charles, elated with his success, pushed forward to Oxford, of all the great towns of the kingdom, the most devoted to his cause.

There was rejoicing on the banks of the Thames as well as on the banks of the Isis, for the Parliament, if it had not gained a victory, could boast of a great deliverance. But it had soon cause to own that the fight at Edgehill had gone against it. The royal troops, unopposed, and daily increasing in numbers, spread over the whole country, pillaging and destroying Banbury, Abingdon, Henley, and other towns on which the Parliament had relied, surrendered without striking a blow. The garrison of Reading, commanded by Henry Martin, fled at the approach of a few squadrons, and Charles removed thither his head-quarters. The flashing sabres of Rupert's dragoons were almost visible from the walls of London. A panic prevailed in the metro

polis, and communicated itself even to the House of Peers, where motions of a pacific character were received with acclamation. But the Puritan leaders did not lose courage. Orders were sent to Essex to bring up his army to the defence of the capital, and his speedy arrival restored confidence. A great meeting was held at the Guildhall, on the 8th of November; and two members of the Lower House, Lord Brock and Sir Henry Vane, addressed it. Their general, said Lord Brock, had won the greatest victory that was ever seen. He had killed two thousand of the enemy, and had lost but a hundred of his men, not a hundred, indeed, unless they counted the women, children, carters, and dogs slaughtered by the Royalists, which might bring the total up to two hundred. Then general, he continued, would march again on the morrow. He would achieve more than he had yet achieved, aye, and all for *them*! For himself, he had nothing to fear, he was a free man, a gentleman, a great noble, and could go where he pleased. It was for *their* sake he would take the field, and, therefore, when they heard the tuck of drum, he implored them not to say "We are not of the militia," or make any other excuse, but to "march quickly, and fight bravely, and to-morrow will be the day of your deliverance." A loud shout of approval rang through the hall, though the timid were still far from being reassured. Charles, whose adherents in the City kept him informed of all that transpired, continued his advance, until he arrived at Colnbrook, within fifteen miles of London. The Parliament, in great confusion, despatched Sir Peter Killigrew to negotiate an armistice, but on reaching Brentford, he found that hostilities had been commenced. The king, swiftly pressing forward, had delivered a sudden attack on Holles's regiment, in the hope of crushing it easily, and breaking at once into the city. But his onset was withstood with a steadiness which gave Hampden and Lord Brock time to come to Holles's assistance, and the three regiments for several hours resisted, like a wall, the shock of the king's

repeated assaults. London heard the firing without knowing the cause. Essex, who was present at a debate in the Lords House, hastily mounted his horse, and galloped away to the scene of action, but, before his arrival, the fight was at an end. Hampden and Holles, after suffering heavily, had been compelled to fall back in great disorder, and the king was in possession of Brentford (November 12th).

At these tidings the heart of London regained its old courage. The train-bands sprang into their ranks with eager readiness, and under the command of Skippon, a veteran officer who had served on the Continent, marched rapidly to Turnham Green. "Come, my brave boys," said he, as he placed himself at their head, "come, my brave boys, let us pray heartily and fight heartily, remember the cause is for God, and for the defence of yourselves, your wives, and children. Let us fight heartily, and God will bless us." Throughout that day and the ensuing night these citizen-soldiers streamed out of London to take their place in the Parliament's army, and on the morrow (November 14th), Essex, in the presence of most of the members of the two Houses, and of a dense crowd of excited spectators, reviewed four-and-twenty thousand men in battle array on Turnham Green, within a mile of the Royalist outposts.

Hampden, and men of the same stuff, would fain have had Essex advance at once to the assault, and profit by the enthusiasm of his volunteers, but Essex, bred in the old school of warfare, set little value upon undisciplined courage, and was satisfied with holding his ground. He was not without excuse for his caution. In the course of the day, on a movement among the royal forces being discernible, two or three hundred spectators, who had come from London on horseback, suddenly turned their horses' heads, and galloped back towards the city, an incident which threw the Parliamentary ranks into disorder, so that many seemed disposed to abandon their colours, and the officers had some difficulty in restoring confidence. Essex, there-

fore, remained on the defensive, while Charles, having missed his chance, and finding himself in want of ammunition, slowly retreated to Reading, and afterwards to Oxford, where he took up his winter quarters \*

So far, on the whole, the war had gone in favour of the king. Strongly posted at Oxford, he commanded all the midland counties, while the Earl of Newcastle, by a successful march upon York, had secured him the preponderance in the north. In February, 1643, the queen returned from the Continent with a large supply of arms and ammunition, and the Royalists were encouraged to push their advance into the eastern counties, where the cause of the Parliament had been eagerly espoused. The popular leaders recognised the extent of the danger, and endeavoured to cope with it by redoubled energy. They fortified London, raised new levies, and imposed a tax of two millions a year on the districts which still acknowledged their authority. But their great difficulty lay in the inferior quality of their soldiers, who were clearly unable to meet the king's troops on an equal field, and in their want of a great military genius, able to comprehend and provide for the novel conditions under which the war must necessarily be waged. The want and the difficulty were both, however, to be supplied by one man. Among the members of Parliament on the popular side, who had been foremost in the great struggle, was a certain burgess of Huntingdon, named Oliver Cromwell. Of good family† and moderate estate, he had acquired considerable influence among his neighbours by his force of character, his love of justice, and his sincere piety. These qualities had distinguished him in all he had said and done in the House of Commons, and men who had watched him closely, including his cousin Hampden, detected in him a strength and grasp of intellect, a resolute will, and a practical sagacity, which were fitted for the

\* White lock, pp. 62, 63.

† "By birth a gentleman," he said of himself to his Parliament, in 1654, "neither living in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity."

highest places and the most difficult conjunctures. At the close of the first year of the war his shrewd common sense applied itself to the weak points in the Parliament's army. "Your troops," he said to Hampden, "are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows," while the king's are "gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. Do you think," he continued, "that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen, that have honour and courage and resolution in them? You must get men of spirit, and take it not ill what I say—I know you will not—of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still." Hampden doubted the practicability of his cousin's idea, but Cromwell proceeded to act upon it. To the spirit of loyalty that gave such cohesion and steadfastness to the royal army, he opposed the spirit of piety. He collected and equipped a troop of men whose lives and characters would bear the closest examination, who believed in God and in their cause, and were willing to submit to the strictest discipline. "I have a lovely company," he said, "you would respect them did you know them." This lovely company became the nucleus of those famous unconquered and unconquerable "Ironsides," who rolled back the tide of battle at Marston Moor and Naseby, and crushed the last hopes of the Stuart on the field of Worcester.

Negotiations, in which neither party was sincere, occupied the winter. In the spring Lord Essex, with his army recruited and newly equipped, received orders to march upon Oxford. But he still shrank from any decisive action (April, 1643), and contented himself with recovering Reading. His heart was not in the war, and he knew, moreover, that he was not popular. In the north Fairfax (with his father), despite the numerical superiority of Lord Newcastle, was winning a great reputation by the boldness and activity of his movements. At the head of the

confederated eastern counties, which had raised an army for their own defence, Lord Manchester effectually stayed the Royalist advance, and frequently struck a successful blow in the centre and the north. In co-operation with him, Cromwell, who was daily acquiring a wider fame, rendered inestimable service to the Parliament by expeditions equally bold in design and successful in execution. In the south and west a series of victorious engagements and seven towns taken in three months had procured for Sir William Waller the surname of "William the Conqueror." It was Essex alone who did nothing, and loud murmurs arose at his timidity or his incapacity. He clung stolidly to his encampment round Hill, though disease thinned the ranks, and inaction dashed the spirits, of his army.

In the month of June a heavy blow befell the popular cause. Prince Rupert sallied from Oxford to heat up the Parliament's army in the neighbourhood of Thame. On the afternoon of Saturday, the 17th, he seized the bridge at Chiselhampton, and posting there a body of infantry to guard his communications, flung his reckless horsemen into the midst of Essex's straggling battalions, and fell in succession on the posts at Postcombe and at Chinnor, killing some fifty men, capturing two hundred, and setting fire to the villages. He had designed to advance to Wycombe, but as the sun had risen, and the Parliament's troops were all on the alert, he began to retreat through Tetsworth, hotly pursued by Hampden, who strove to cut him off from Chiselhampton Bridge. On Chalgrove Field,\* a broad open space, partly planted with corn, the Puritan leader hurled his handful of troopers against Rupert's cavalry, hoping by successive charges to delay him until Essex could come up. But the Prince entertained them so roughly, says Clarendon, that though their fronts changed

\* "To Hampden," says Mr. Green, "the spot was a memorable one, it was there, if we trust a Royalist legend, that 'he first mustered and drew up men-in-arms to rebel against the king.'"—*Sir CLARENDON* (edit Oxford), p. 396.







HAMPDEN MORTALLY WOUNDED. p. 139

very bravely and obstinately, consisting of many of their best officers: they broke and fled, and Rupert re-entered Oxford in triumph. The skirmish itself was unimportant, but in the last charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder by a shot, which disabled his sword-arm. With his head hanging down, and resting his hands upon the neck of his horse, he rode off the field slowly before the action was done, "which," says an eye-witness, "he never used to do." \* First he turned towards Pyrton, in the church of which leafy village he had wedded his loved and loving wife, with the view, perhaps, of seeking his own house at Hampden, but falling in with a party of Royalists he struck to the west, and after fighting with loss of blood, rode into Thame. At first the surgeons held out hopes of his recovery, but his condition hourly grew more critical, and after lingering for six days he expired on the 21st of June. Sighing, "O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to—" he passed away unto his rest, and the nation knew that it was poorer by the loss of one true man. With musled standards and arms reversed, his "Greencoats" bore his body through the green lanes and beechen shadows to the quiet village church, where the dust of his ancestors reposed. Solking aloud, and groaning bitterly, they deposited it in its grave. "Never were heard such piteous cries at the death of one man as at Master Hampden's." "With him, indeed," says a recent historian, "all seemed lost. But bitter as were their tears, a noble faith lifted these Puritans out of despair. As they bore him to his grave they sang, in the words of the 90th Psalm, how fleeting in the sight of the Divine Eternity is the life of man. But as they turned away the yet nobler words of the 13rd Psalm broke from their lips, as they prayed that the God who had smitten them would send out anew His light and His truth, that they might lead them and bring them to His holy will. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted

\* Clarendon, p. 395

within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him, which is the help of my countenance and my God " "

In London, and in most parts of the kingdom, the death of Hampden was mourned as a national misfortune. Never did popular leader inspire a people with so thorough a trust. Whoever belonged to the national party, it mattered not what were his motives, relied upon Hampden for the realisation of his hopes. The most moderate believed in his sagacity, the most zealous in his patriotic devotion, the most honest in his uprightness, the most crafty in his ability. Prudent and reserved, while bold to encounter every danger, he had given no occasion to the voice of slander. He still possessed all hearts at the moment that he was suddenly withdrawn from their affectionate confidence. Happy in his death as in his life, he was removed from the stage while his fame was still unblemished, while his patriotism was still unsullied by any touch of self-interest. Fortune rescued his virtue, perhaps, as well as his glory, from those rocks and quicksands among which the stormy currents of great revolutions too often wreck their noblest favourites.

With Hampden's death the cause of the Parliament, for which he had striven and suffered, seemed to undergo a total eclipse. Essex, deprived of his boldest counsellor, fell back upon Uxbridge, the city of Bristol, the capital of the west, was tamely surrendered to the Royalists. The western counties, Devonshire, Somersetshire, Wiltshire, and Dorsetshire, were overrun by the royal troops. Such a series of disasters could not be without a painful effect upon Parliament. Bitter dissensions broke out in the Commons, the Lords debated proposals for peace, and a peace party again sprang up in the metropolis. Six of the peers who had remained at Westminster fled to the camp at Oxford and gave in their submission to the king. In this hour of darkness Pym preserved his serene courage and unshaken intrepidity, his eloquence and energy restored union where

discord had prevailed, and communicated a new and vigorous impulse to the efforts of his party. It was time, for each day brought intelligence of some new disaster. Fairfax was beaten at Atherton Moor (June 30th), Lord Willoughby could no longer defend Lincolnshire against the forces of the Earl of Newcastle, while, in the west, Sir William Waller was repulsed at Lansdown, near Bath, on the 5th of July, and at Roundway Down, in Wiltshire, on the 13th. Flushed with success the Royalists laid siege to Gloucester, the capture of which would have left them without an enemy in their rear, and have brought the war, mayhap, to an abrupt termination. But at the instigation of Pym, Essex marched to its relief, arriving under its walls just as its heroic defenders were reduced to their last barrel of gunpowder, Charles was forced to break up the siege (September 6th), and for the second time missed his chance. He never had another.

After relieving Gloucester, Essex again fell back to resume his protection of the capital. On the march he recovered Cirencester, and beat back with considerable vigour some skirmishing attacks of Prince Rupert's cavalry. As he approached Newbury (September 19th), he discovered that the king's army had got before him, occupying the town and surrounding heights, and completely blocking up the road to London. Throwing aside his habitual hesitancy, Essex, at dawn of day, led his advanced guard to the onset, and after a sharp fight gained possession of the principal hill. The other Royalist positions were successively assailed, and the battle swept all along the line. It was observed that the London train-bands fought with conspicuous courage, twice repulsing, at push of pike, Rupert's fiery swordsmen. The Parliament's generals, Essex, Skippon, Stapleton, exposed themselves as fearlessly as the humblest private, the very sutlers and handicraftsmen who followed in the wake of the army seized upon any weapon within reach, and took their places in the ranks. Throughout the dull September day the valley rang with the clash of arms

and the peal of artillery. When night came both armies occupied their original positions, but the Royalists had lost heavily, and, dispirited by the indecisive character of the engagement, they withdrew under cover of the darkness. They had to mourn the deaths of Lord Sunderland, a young nobleman of high promise, of Lord Caernarvon, an admirable officer and disciplinarian, and, above all, of Lord Falkland, whose name was a tower of strength to his party. To him, at least, death was welcome. He was weary of the war; he had learned to disapprove of many of the king's actions, and to suspect the motives of many of the king's friends. In neither camp could his large and liberal mind have been wholly at rest. If his political tendencies carried him towards the Parliament, his sympathies drew him towards the king, while his enlightened views went far beyond both. Hence, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and "a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him" which was foreign to his naturally bright and cheerful temperament. Sitting among his friends, he would often break his silence by uttering "with a shrill and sad accent," the word "Peace! peace!" and would passionately protest that "the very agony of the war," and the thought of the calamities and desolation it had brought upon the kingdom, took his sleep from him and would shortly break his heart. Some of the reckless troopers around him having converted his yearning after peace into a reflection upon his personal courage, he exposed himself unnecessarily in every action. At Newbury he placed himself in the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment. In the advance he received a musket-shot in the lower part of the stomach, and fell from his horse mortally wounded. His body, next morning, was found among a heap of slain. "Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the business of life, that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence, whosoever

leads such a life, needs not care upon how short a warning it be taken from him ”

Essex led his army back to London, where he was welcomed with every possible demonstration of affection and reverence, and public and solemn thanksgiving was appointed for his victory. Without doubt, comments Clarendon, the action was performed by him with incomparable conduct and courage, and it may well be reckoned “among the most soldierly actions of this unhappy war.” He had accomplished all he undertook. Having relieved Gloucester, his next care was to retire with his army to London, and this, considering the length of the way, and the difficulties he had to contend with, he did with less loss than could have been expected. On the other hand, the king was not without justification when he, too, claimed a victory. He had pursued and overtaken his enemy, and compelled him to fight, he gained the spoil of that field, followed up the enemy the next day after the battle, and, with no loss to himself, inflicted considerable damage. He fixed a garrison again at Reading, and thereby straitened their quarters as much as they were straitened in the beginning of the year, his own being enlarged by the almost entire conquest of the west, and his army much stronger, in horse and foot, than when he took the field. “On which side soever the marks and public ensigns of victory appeared most conspicuous, certain it is that, according to the unequal fate that attended all skirmishes and conflicts with such an adversary, the loss on the king’s side was in weight much more considerable and penetrating, for whilst some obscure, unheard-of colonel or officer was missing on the enemy’s side, and some citizen’s wife bewailed the loss of her husband, there were, on the other, above twenty officers of the field, and persons of honour and public name, slain upon the place, and more of the same quality hurt.”

The battle of Newbury proved the turning-point of the war. It marked the zenith of Charles’s fortunes, which

thenceforth began to decline, for, perceiving that the struggle was more unequal than he had anticipated, Pym now resolved to avail himself of the aid which Scotland was well disposed to give. The terms were hard, and he did not accede to them without reluctance. The chief was, that England should become, as Scotland had become, Presbyterian. Pym was a member of the English Church, with no dislike to bishops when they did not interfere in secular affairs, and he had steadily withstood the abolition of Episcopacy. But events moved faster than his will. The bishops and the Episcopal clergy had committed themselves to the king's fortunes, and a new form of church government seemed indispensable. Pym began to see that that form might as well be Presbyterian as any other, and when the Parliament's cause was apparently in the death-agony, he despatched Sir Henry Vane to conclude negotiations with the Scotch. Their progress was rapid, for each side had need of the other, and on the 25th of September, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, the Commons, with uplifted hands, swore to observe the Solemn League and Covenant, by which they were pledged to bring the Churches of God in the three kingdoms 'to the nearest conjunction and uniformity in religion, confession of faith, form of church government, direction for worship, and catechising, that we, and our posterity after us, may as brethren live in faith and love, and the Lord may delight to live in the midst of us.' After undertaking to extirpate Popery, prelacy, superstition, and schism, and to preserve the rights and privileges of the Parliament, and the liberties of the kingdom, the signers declared it to be their "true, unfeigned purpose, desire, and endeavour, both in public and private, in all duties they owed to God and man, to amend their lives, and each to go before another in the example of a real reformation."

In accord with the ecclesiastical revolution thus completed, the extirpation was ordered in every cathedral and

church throughout the country of the higher forms of worship, as well as of "superstitions, images, crucifixes, and altars," of ancient memorials and emblems, and of windows "richly dight" which for ages had shed a "dim religious light" on sculptured stone and marble monument. Happily, from various causes, the destruction was not so complete as the more fanatical sectaries desired, and though crucifixes, rood screens, and altars were very generally done away with, the art and architecture of the past escaped with little injury.

The conclusion of the league with Scotland was Pym's last work. Exhausted by his long anxiety and arduous labour, he died on the 8th of December, without seeing the reaping of the harvest of which he, more abundantly than any of his contemporaries, had sown the seed. He has been justly described as one of the greatest members of Parliament England has ever known, his command of the House was consummate, and to a wonderful faculty for guiding and controlling men he added an almost unerring political foresight, a great sagacity for business, a dauntless courage, and an inexhaustible energy. Though it fell to his lot to direct a revolution, he was eminently conservative in temperament, and in every crisis was anxious to appeal to precedent and tradition, respecting the past, and endeavouring always to link the present on to it \*

\* "Firm, patient, and skilful, dexterous in pursuit of an enemy, equally able in directing a debate or an intrigue, in fomenting the anger of the people, in enlisting or retaining the services of great nobles of developed intentions, the indefatigable member of the majority of the Parliament's committees, the ordinary supporter of decisive measures, always ready to undertake the most painful and formidable functions, indifferent, finally, to toil, disappointments, future glory, and placing all his ambition in the success of his party. Death saved him, as it saved Hampden, the embarrassment of recanting his opinions (*dispasser*) or contradicting (*déménter*) his career. Far from remembering some symptoms of hesitation, which in his best days the veteran leader of the national reform had betrayed, the man who was preparing to convert it into a revolution, Cromwell, Vane, Hasling, were the first to hasten to bid his memory with honours. Pym's body lay in state for several days, either to satisfy the wishes of the people who pressed in crowds to see it, or to contradict the slumny invention by the Royalists, that he had died of the *morbus publicus*. A committee was ordered to inquire into the condition of his corpse, and to superintend the erection of a monument in Westminster Abbey. The whole House



Pym's administrative ability and his energy in organisation was strikingly illustrated by the extent of the military resources with which the Parliament opened the campaign of 1644. To co-operate with the Scotch army of twenty-one thousand men, under Lord Leven, which crossed the Border in January, Essex had a force of ten thousand five hundred, Waller of five thousand one hundred, Lord Manchester of fourteen thousand, and Fairfax of between five and six thousand. In all the Parliament controlled, and partly supported,\* upwards of thirty-five thousand fighting men. The general direction of the war, after Pym's death, was vested in a "Committee of the Two Kingdoms," which, on the whole, did its work efficiently. A new spirit of resolution and enterprise marked the military operations, which began on the 25th of January, with Fairfax's defeat of the Irish auxiliaries brought over by the Earl of Ormond, at Nantwich. Flushed with victory, this able and active soldier marched back to York, where he effected a junction with the army under Lord Manchester, of which Oliver Cromwell was the true heart and brain, and the united force undertook the siege of York, left uncovered by Newcastle's march northward to intercept the Scotch. The Royalist general retraced his steps, but found himself too weak to relieve the northern capital, and equally unable to prevent Lord Leven from joining the besiegers. Meanwhile, Sir William Waller came up from the west to strengthen Lord Essex, who thereupon advanced against Oxford. These well-conceived and well-executed movements completely changed the aspect of the war,

attended his funeral, and, a few days afterwards, undertook the payment of his debts, which had all been contracted, it is said, in the service of his country, and amounted to a total of £10,000. — GIBSON, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*, II 53, 54. A Conservative by nature, and instinctively opposed to the reception of new and unaccustomed ideas, he was the very man to head a revolutionary movement of which the object was to preserve as much as possible of the existing system in Church and State. — S. R. GARDINER, *The Puritan Revolution*, p. 133.

\* The Eastern Associated Counties (Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Hereford, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Lincoln) defrayed the cost of Manchester's army and the four Southern Counties (Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire) that of Sir William Waller.

reducing Charles to act upon the defensive. The two chief Royalist centres, York and Oxford, and the two main Royalist armies, the king's and Newcastle's, were simultaneously attacked by the generals of the Parliament.

Towards the end of May the investment of Oxford was almost complete. The royal troops had been driven out of their advanced positions, and compelled to fall back under the walls of the city, and Charles looked around in vain for effectual assistance. To succour Newcastle he had despatched Prince Rupert, who, gathering up recruits on the Welsh border, relieved Newark and Lathom House, crossed the Lancashire hills, and slipped, unperceived, through the armies of Leven and Fairfax, into York. Prince Maurice was laying siege to Lyme, and Lord Hopton was occupying Bristol. The king's position seemed desperate. A reinforcement of eight thousand London train-bands enabled Essex to complete the blockade of Oxford, and some of Charles's counsellors, recognising the full extent of the peril, advised him to surrender in person to the earl. The king haughtily replied that possibly he might be found in the hands of the Earl of Essex, but he would be dead first. Meanwhile, a rumour reached London that he had formed a design of making his way thither, or of putting himself under the earl's protection, and the rumour led to an animated correspondence between the Parliament and its general. It was soon seen, however, that the king had resolved on neither alternative. About nine o'clock on Monday evening, the 3rd of June, leaving the Duke of York behind him, he glided out of the beleaguered city on the north, and accompanied by the Prince of Wales, and escorted by a body of horse and foot, crossed between the armies of Essex and Waller, and without drawing bridle rode on to Burford, whence, after a few hours' rest, he marched to Burton, and so into the west.

This daring achievement broke up the plans of the Parliamentary generals. They had no longer any motive for prosecuting the siege of Oxford, nor had they any common

object The king at liberty would soon be formidable again, and it was indispensably necessary to prevent him from joining Prince Rupert. Essex called a council of war, and proposed that while he proceeded southward to raise the siege of Lyme, and restore the supremacy of the Parliament in Devonshire and Cornwall, Waller, between whom and himself no cordial feeling existed, should march in pursuit of the king. Waller objected. The command in that quarter, he said, had been assigned to him by the Committee of the Two Kingdoms; but as the council sided with the earl, he obeyed, though not without addressing to the Committee a letter of bitter complaint. The Committee, offended by the earl's contempt of its orders, referred the matter to the House of Commons, who ordered Essex to retrace his steps and resume the pursuit of the king, while Waller advanced into the west, as had been originally intended. The earl, however, declared that such orders were contrary to military discipline and reason, and coolly continued his march.

As soon as Charles, to whose military capacity justice has hardly been done, received information that the Parliament's generals had separated, and that he was being followed by Waller alone, he boldly returned to Oxford, seventeen days after he had escaped from it, took up the command of his army, and assumed the offensive, while Waller was vainly searching for him among the hills and vales of Worcestershire. The latter, in his turn, on being apprised of the king's movements, retraced his steps for the purpose of covering London, and, having received reinforcements, prepared to hurl himself against the royal army. The collision took place at Cropredy Bridge, on the Cherwell (June 29th). Observing that the main body of the Royalists was separated from the rear by a considerable interval, Waller resolved to throw himself between them, with a force of one thousand foot, one thousand five hundred horse, and eleven guns, while he sent a detachment of one thousand horse to ford the Cherwell a mile below the bridge, and, wheeling round, to

expose the royal rear to a double attack. His intention, however, was divined by the Earl of Cleveland, who was leading the Royalists, and with great promptitude attacked and repulsed the detachment that had crossed the river. The king, halting his main body, rapidly reinforced the Earl, who was soon engaged with the remainder of Waller's force. The contest was furiously fought out, and gradually drew into it both armies. Charles recrossed the river, and bringing his whole strength to bear upon Waller, forced him, after a gallant resistance, to fall back to the high ground between Hanwell and Cropredy, whence, with his army reduced by one-half, he retreated towards Warwick, greatly dispirited.

Success developed in Charles a daring and a decision he had never before shown. Having effectually crippled Waller, he resolved on a rapid march into the west in pursuit of Essex, hoping thus to destroy in succession the two armies which had but recently held him almost a prisoner in Oxford. Essex, meanwhile, had appeared under the walls of Exeter, and greatly terrified the queen, who, but a few days before, had been delivered there of a daughter (June 16th). \* Two days after the victorious fight on the Cherwell, the king set his army in motion, and at the same time, with a view of satisfying the people, rather than from any sincere desire for peace, he addressed from Evesham (July 4th) a message to the two Houses, in which, while carefully refraining from giving them the name of Parliament, he made the most pacific protests, and offered to reopen negotiations.

But while he marched onward, full of exultation, and before his message could reach London, his cause sustained a mortal blow. The face of affairs underwent a complete change. The defeat of Waller ceased to be aught else than an unimportant accident. For the Parliament learned with joy and gratitude that, almost within sight of York, its

\* Clarendon, p. 490, Rushworth, ii. 686

generals had gained a brilliant and decisive victory ; that the northern capital was on the point of surrendering , and that, in effect, the Royalist party beyond the Trent was annihilated.\* Few battles, indeed, have exercised a greater influence on the fortunes of a nation than that of Marston Moor (July 2nd, 1644).

On Friday, the 28th of June, the Parliament's generals, Lord Manchester and Sir Thomas Fairfax, in command of the armies before York, were apprised of the rapid advance of Prince Rupert, at the head of twenty thousand men. On the 1st of July it was known that he had reached Knaresborough. The two generals then drew off their forces from before the city, and, moving westward, took up a position on the rising ground of Long Marston Moor, which stretched southward from the river Ouse for about six miles. "You will easily believe," says Mr Simeon Ashe, the Earl of Manchester's Puritan chaplain, "that there was much joy and many manifestations thereof in the city upon removing of the forces which had so long begirt it, and truly many of our hearts were oppressed with heaviness, looking upon this providence as speaking divine displeasure against us." Prince Rupert detected the desire of the Parliamentary generals to force on a battle before he could effect a junction with the Marquis of Newcastle. By a skilful flank march he eluded their grasp, and, crossing the Ouse, placed it between them and himself. Then he planted his foot and artillery on the west side of the city, and, with two thousand horse seeking the cover afforded by the forest of Galtor, or Gasting, he held a conference with Newcastle. The latter was of opinion that, having accomplished the relief of York, he should allow the Roundheads to retire unmolested, and then carry his army to the assistance of the king in the south. But such a course was too commonplace for Rupert's daring temper. He insisted upon engaging the enemy, affirming that he had special orders from the king to that

\* Guizot, u. 51.

effect. Historians are unable to agree as to the accuracy of the prince's statement. It is true that he had received a letter from Charles, dated the 14th of June, which contained the following passage : " If York be lost, I shall esteem my crown little less, unless supported by your sudden march to me, and a miraculous conquest in the south, before the effects of their northern power can be felt here. But if York be relieved, and you beat the rebels' army of both kingdoms which are before it, then (but otherwise not) I may possibly make a shift (upon the defensive), to spin out time until you come to assist me."\* Mr. Sanford concludes that Charles's object was the relief of York, and that beyond any engagement necessary to accomplish that object, no other was enjoined upon the prince. On the other hand, Eliot Warburton contends that Rupert's aggressive movement was fully justified by the royal language. For our own part, it seems to us so ambiguous, that a reader might naturally construe it according to his bias, and there can be no doubt that a victory before York would have greatly helped the royal cause.

About nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 2nd, Prince Rupert once more crossed the Ouse, and advanced towards his enemy with about five thousand horse and dragoons, leaving his infantry to follow more leisurely, and to unite with the Marquis of Newcastle's division.

The Parliamentary generals, meanwhile, believing that Rupert would strike southwards, cut off their supplies, and ravage Lincolnshire and the Associated Counties with fire and sword, had determined to retire upon Tadcaster, and dispute with him the road. The retrograde movement was led by the Scots, who were followed by the English foot and artillery, while Fairfax and Cromwell, with David Leslie, a Scotch officer of great experience, brought up the rear with three thousand horse and dragoons. The Scots had arrived within a mile of Tadcaster, and the main body had pushed

\* Langard, x. 252, Sir J. Evelyn's Memoirs, ii. 87,

some three miles beyond Marston, where Sir Thomas Fairfax, apprised of Rupert's swift approach, sent to recall them. "Hope of a battle," says Mr. Ashe, "moved our soldiers to return merrily, which also administered comfort unto all who belonged to the army." But before the Parliament's battalions could come up in full strength, the Royalists had gained possession of the Moor, which gave them the advantage in position. Their opponents, as they arrived, deployed along the south side of the Moor, and on the rising ground, then covered with tall crops of ripening corn. The height of the grain, and the narrowness of the hedge-fenced fields, embarrassed the movements of the soldiers; but, on the other hand, sun and wind were in their favour.

The leaders on both sides spent the earlier part of the day in disposing their forces. The Royalists extended over a line of about two miles in length, and numbered nearly twenty-three thousand men. Prince Rupert commanded on the right, with five thousand picked horse, drawn up in twelve divisions, and including his own famous troop of Life Guards. The right centre consisted of Rupert's regiment of foot, under O'Neill; the left centre, of the Marquis of Newcastle's gallant "Whitecoats," a brigade of his own tenants and retainers. The centre, wholly composed of infantry, was led by Newcastle and by Lieutenant-General James King (Lord Eythyn), a Scotch general of indifferent reputation. On the left were stationed four thousand horse, under the dissolute Goring, assisted by Sir Charles Lucas and Sir John Carey. In front of the whole array ran a ditch, behind which were posted twenty-five pieces of artillery, more particularly covering the wings.

On the Parliament's side, the left wing, which was flanked by the village of Tockwith, was composed of Frizzell's dragoons, Manchester's regiment of horse, and Cromwell's famous troopers, supported by the elder Leslie, Earl of Leven, with three regiments of Scots. Close to the village of Long Marston lay the right wing, consisting of five

thousand cavalry, under Sir Thomas Fairfax; also of three regiments of Scotch horse and Lord Fairfax's English infantry, with two brigades of Scotch foot as a reserve. The middle centre was occupied by the Earl of Leven's Scotch infantry, under John Baillie; the van was made up of four Scotch regiments, while the left centre consisted of three infantry brigades, under the general command of Cromwell, with five thousand horse, which Cromwell led in person. In the rear was posted a reserve of Scotch and English infantry. The total strength of the Parliamentary army was about twenty-five thousand men, extended along a line of a mile and a half.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the cannon began to play. "The first shot," says Slingsby, "killed a son of Sir Gilbert Houghton, that was a captain in the prince's army, but this was only a showing of their teeth, for after four shots made, they gave over, and in Marston corn-fields fell to singing psalms." Prayers were also read to each of the Royalist regiments by order of Prince Rupert.\* For some hours the two armies, composed of men of the same race, speaking the same tongue, and appealing to the same glorious history, though unhappily separated by political and religious prejudices, stood gazing on each other. "How goodly a sight," exclaims Mr. Ashe, "was this to behold, when two mighty armies, each of which consisted of about twenty thousand horse and foot, did, with flying colours prepared for the battle, look each other in the face." "You cannot imagine," says Puritan Vicars, "the courage, spirit, and resolution that was taken up on both sides, for we looked, and no doubt they also, upon this fight as the losing or gaining the garland. And consider the height of difference of spirits, in their army the cream of all the Papists in England, and in ours a collection out of all the corners of

\* "Rupert, that bloody plunderer, would, forsooth, to win religion, just like a juggling Machiavellian, have a sermon preached before him and his army. His chaplain took his text out of Joshua xxi. 22. '—JOHN VICARS, *Jehovah's Truth; England's Remembrance of 1644.*



England and Scotland, of such as had the greatest antipathy to popery and tyranny, these equally thirsting the extirpation of each other. And now the sword must determine that which a hundred years' policy and dispute would not do." It was during this interval, probably, that Prince Rupert inquired of a straggler who had been taken prisoner the names of the Parliamentary generals. The man replied. "General Leven, my Lord Fairfax, and Sir Thomas Fairfax." "But is Cromwell there?" asked the Prince; and being answered in the affirmative he continued "Will they fight? if they will, they shall have fighting enough!" The soldier was suffered to return to his own army, and to the council of generals he related all that had passed, concluding with the Prince's grim assurance. "Fighting enough!" exclaimed Cromwell, "and, if it please God, so shall he!"

As the day waned, a violent storm burst over the open moor. "A sudden and mighty great storm of rain and hail, and terrible claps of thunder were heard and rain from the clouds, as if heaven had resolved," says Vicars, "to sound the assault with a fierce alarm from above." About seven o'clock, Rupert having posted a battery opposite the right wing of the Parliament's army, Cromwell ordered up a couple of field-pieces in reply, with two regiments of foot to guard them. As these advanced, they were received with a heavy fire from the Royalist musketeers, who were posted in the deep ditch that lined their front; and Valentine Walton, Cromwell's nephew, and a promising young soldier, fell, mortally wounded. A general engagement followed. The Royalists, who wore neither scarf nor band, shouted, "God and the king!"—the Roundheads, who carried a white paper or handkerchief in their hats, replied, "God with us!" "And now you might have seen the bravest sight in the world:" Cromwell's horse and foot moving down the hill "like so many thick clouds, in the bravest order," says an eyewitness, "and with the greatest resolution that ever was seen."

The Cavaliers on the right wing were preparing for a charge, when the stern Ironsides, sweeping round the ditch, broke in upon them, and tore through their yielding ranks like a storm-wind through a forest. Both sides fought with desperate courage. The troopers, after discharging their pistols, flung them at each other's heads, and then fell to with their swords. A bullet grazed Cromwell's neck, as he rode in the hottest of the fight, and his men grew alarmed lest he should be severely hurt, but blithely exclaiming, "A miss is as good as a mile!" he galloped onward. The struggle was sharp, though short. Cromwell's men were not to be denied, and dashed headlong through the royal cavalry, "scattering them like a little dust." About the same time, the rest of the Parliament's horse swept before them Prince Rupert's dragoons, who, turning their horses' heads, fled by Wilstop Wood-side "as fast and as thick as could be." Detaching some squadrons in pursuit of the infantry, who, disordered and dismayed, were retiring rapidly upon York, Cromwell, seconded by the younger Leslie, crashed against Newcastle's foot. The Marquis, having made up his mind that no battle would be fought that day, had retired to his "coach," and was reposing peacefully, when "a great noise and thunder of shooting gave him notice of the armies being engaged. Whereupon he immediately put on his arms, and was no sooner got on horseback, but he beheld a dismal sight; the king's right wing being irretrievably broken."

But if success had crowned the efforts of the left wing of the Parliament's army, the prospects of the right were far from favourable. To get at the enemy, they had to cross the ditch through the narrow defile of Moor Lane, where not more than three or four soldiers could march abreast. It was lined on one side by a trench, on the other by a hedge, both of which afforded shelter to the Royalist musketeers. Sir Thomas Fairfax's horsemen suffered severely in struggling through this hollow; but, after crossing the

ditch, they rallied and rode forward with eager spirits. Their leader, encouraging them with brave words, exhorted them to be merciful to the "common men," who, alas, were seduced, and knew not what they did, but to spare neither Irish, nor buff-coats and feathers, for they were the instruments of their miseries. Part of the Royalist host gave way, after a short contention, and were pursued by Sir Thomas a good way towards York. Then he returned to bring up the rest of his men, but found the battle lost on that side; for the Royalists, observing that the foot regiments wavered, had assaulted them fiercely. A cry arose, "They run in the rear!" Whereupon the new levies, who had been injudiciously posted in the van, wheeled about and retreated in great disorder, with the royal troopers slashing in among them. "I must ever remember with thankfulness," says Sir Thomas Fairfax, "the goodness of God to us this day, for, on returning back, I got in among the enemy, who stood up and down the field in several bodies of horse. So, taking the signal out of my hat, I passed through them for one of their own commanders, and got to my Lord of Manchester's horse in the other wing, only with a cut in my cheek, which was given me in the first charge, and a shot which my horse received. In this charge many of my officers and soldiers were hurt and slain, as many as in the whole army besides, and there was scarcely any officer but received a hurt."

The discomfiture of the right wing of the Parliament was completed by a brilliant charge of Goring's and Lucas's dragoons, who afterwards fell upon the flank of the Scotch infantry in the centre. Here a doubtful struggle had long been maintained. The Scots had cleared the ditch, and closely engaged the enemy's centre, when Newcastle arrived on the field, and made haste to see "in what posture his new regiment of Whitecoats was." As he rode along, he fell in with a troop of gentlemen volunteers, who had formerly appointed him their captain, and he paused to address

them *en grand seigneur*: "Gentlemen," he said, "you have done me the honour to choose me your captain, and now is the fittest time that I may do you service; wherefore, if you'll follow me, I shall lead you on the best I can, and show you the way to your own honour." Passing unhurt through two bodies of foot who were engaged with each other at less than forty yards distance, the Marquis and his horsemen fell upon a Scotch regiment, and forced it to retire, the Marquis displaying the heroism of a paladin, and killing three men with his page's half-broken sword, after he had shattered his own. These mighty conquerors, however, were at last held to bay by a resolute pikeman, who, though charged by the Marquis two or three times, maintained his ground, until, overpowered by numbers, and bleeding from many wounds, he was cut down and despatched.

Goring, Lucas, and Urry, with their dashing swordsmen, thundered in upon the Scotch centre, while Newcastle and Lord Lythyn attacked it in front. Their onset was irresistible. They burst at once into the very heart "of that fierce and solemn host, scattering them like spray before some storm-driven ship, and plunging still onward to the front of their reserve. One moment's pause—one more wild shout and charge, and the life-guards were amongst them. No pause—no mercy—scarcely resistance was found amongst them then. The whole mass, pursuers and pursued, swept up the hill—the thundering hoofs, the ringing armour, the maddening shouts, the quick, sharp, frequent shot, were scarcely heard." Lord Leven in vain endeavoured to check the flight. "Though you run from your enemies," he exclaimed, 'yet leave not your general, though you fly from them, yet forsake not me!" Fairfax and Manchester vainly seconded his exertions; the panic was complete. They were carried away in the rout, and reluctantly compelled to turn their horses' heads from the lost field. After they had ridden a few hundred yards, Manchester and Fairfax, contriving to disengage themselves from the dis-

orderly crowd,\* returned to share the brighter fortunes of Cromwell and Leslie; but Leven, convinced that the day had gone against them, rode fast and far in the silence of the summer night, scarcely drawing bridle until he reached Wetherby, four-and-twenty miles distant.

The scene which the battle-field presented at this crisis of the fight is described in the Ormonde Correspondence: "I could not meet the Prince," the writer says, "until after the battle was joined, and in the fire, smoke, and confusion of the day I knew not for my soul whither to incline. The runaways on both sides were so many, so breathless, so speechless, so full of fears, that I should not have taken them for men but for their motion, which still served them very well, not a man of them being able to give one the least hope where the Prince was to be found, both armies being mingled, both horse and foot, no side keeping their own posts. In this terrible distraction did I scour the country, here meeting with a shoal of Scots, crying out, 'Wae's us! we're a' undone!' and so full of lamentations and mourning, as if then day of doom had overtaken them, and from which they knew not whither to fly. And anon I met a ragged troop, reduced to four and the cornet, by-and-by, a little foot officer, without a hat, band, or indeed anything but feet, and so much tongue as would serve to inquire the way to the next garrisons, which, to say truth, were well filled with stragglers on both sides within a few hours, though they lay distant from the place of fight twenty or thirty miles."

But just as the battle seemed hopelessly lost to the Parliament, Cromwell, who had cleared the red field of Rupert's division and captured his guns and ammunition, checked his "Ironsides" in their fierce career, and brought them back to the scene of dispute. Quickly discerning the state

\* "Many fled without striking a blow, and multitudes of people that were spectators ran away in such fear, as daunted the soldiers still more, some of the horse never looking back till they got as far as Lincoln, some others towards Hull, and others to Halifax and Wakefield, pursued by the enemy's horse for nearly ten miles from the field. By this means the news of a Royalist victory was spread over a great part of England."





CROMWELL AND THE DYING SOLDIER.—P. 159

of affairs, he hurled his men upon the exultant soldiery of Eythyn and Newcastle. "Then," says an eye-witness, "came the business of the day, nay, almost of the kingdom, to be disputed, for the enemy seeing us come in such gallant posture to charge them, left all thought of pursuit, and began to think they must fight again for that victory which they thought had been already got, they marching down the hill upon us from our carriages,\* so that they fought upon the same ground and with the same front which they had when they began the charge. Our three brigades of foot of the Earl of Manchester, being on our right hand, on we went with great resolution, charging them home, one while their horse and then in their foot, and our foot and horse seconding each other with such valour, with such sound charges, that away they fled, not being able to reduce the right of us, so that it was hard to say which did the better, our horse or foot. Major-General Leslie, seeing us thus pluck a victory out of the enemy's hands, could not too much commend us, and protested that Europe had no better soldiers." This was the greatest stress and passion of the battle. A young soldier who lay dying on the field beckoned to Cromwell to approach him, and muttered, with struggling breath, that only one thing lay upon his mind. "I asked him what it was," said Cromwell afterwards. "He told me it was that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies." This was, indeed, the true spirit of Gideon's Hebrew warriors, of the soldiers of the Lord of Hosts, and before such a spirit the chivalrous courage and dashing loyalty of the Cavaliers went down like reeds before the wind.

Scattering the troopers of Goring before him, capturing their artillery, and re-taking the guns which the right and centre of his own army had lost, Cromwell rode onward victoriously. By nine o'clock the field was won, but the chase was kept up by moonlight almost to the walls of York. To

\* A body of Goring's horse had fought their way to the summit of the hill, and begun to plunder the baggage of the Parliament's army.



this day a break in the hedge which crosses some of the fields beyond Marston is known as Cromwell's Gap; and men still point it out as the spot where he and his troopers struck fiercely at the fugitive Royalists. Newcastle was one of the last to abandon the field.\* He escaped towards York, with his brother and a couple of servants, late at night, close to the city falling in with Lord Eythyn and Prince Rupert, the latter of whom had saved himself with much difficulty. Rupert asked him how the business went. "All is lost and gone upon our side," replied the Marquis. "I am sure my men fought well," exclaimed Rupert hotly, "and know no reason of our rout but this, because the devil did help his servants!" "What will you do?" inquired Lord Eythyn. "I will rally my men," said the prince. "Now you, what will my Lord Newcastle do?" Regarding the royal cause as hopeless, and chafing at the manner in which Rupert had overruled him, the marquis answered, "I will go into Holland." The prince urged him to remain,

\* "The prince had done his work, and if he had sat still, the other great army would have moulder'd to nothing, and been exposed to any advantage his highness would take of them. But the dismal fate of the kingdom would not permit so much sobriety; one side of the town was no sooner free, by which there was an entire communication with those in the town, and all provision brought in abundantly out of the country, but the prince, without consulting with the Marquis of Newcastle, or any of the officers within the town, sent for all the soldiers to draw out and put the whole army in battalions on that side where the enemy was drawn up, who had no other hope to preserve them but a present battle, to prevent the reproaches and saturnities which distracted them. And though that party of the king's horse which charged the Scots so totally routed and defeated their whole army, that they fled all ways for many miles together, and were knocked on the head and taken prisoners by that country, and Lesley [the Earl of Leven], their general, fled ten miles, and was taken prisoner by a constable (from whence the news of the (supposed) victory was speedily brought to Newark, and thence sent by an express to Oxford, and so received and spread), yet the English horse, commanded by Lord Fairfax and Cromwell, charged those on that side so well, and in such excellent order, being no sooner broken than they rallied again, and charged us briskly, that, though both Lord Fairfax and Cromwell were hurt, and both above the shoulders, and many good officers killed, they prevailed over that body of horse which opposed them, and totally routed and bent them off the field, so that almost the whole body of the Marquis of Newcastle's foot were cut off."—*CARRINGTON*, p. 491. Newcastle, after the Restoration, was elevated to a dukedom. He died in 1676, aged eighty-four, and his life has been written by his daughter in a book of very remarkable interest."

and reorganise his forces. "No," said he, "I will not endure the laughter of the Court," and Bythyn said he should accompany him. Making their way to the coast, they embarked at Scarborough "in a poor vessel," and reached Hamburg in safety, while the Prince, with such horse and foot as he could collect, drew off towards Chester.\*

The victors passed the night upon the field†. Some of the "baser sort" fell to plundering, but such was not the custom of Cromwell's men of iron. We learn from Mr Ashe, that about eleven o'clock that night, the Earl of Manchester did ride about to the soldiers, both horse and foot, thanking them heartily for the exceeding good service which they had done for the kingdom; and earnestly exhorting them to give the honour of their victory to God alone. He added that he could not possibly make pro-

\* Such is the account given in Prince Rupert's Diary. Lord Clarendon says "As soon as they (Rupert and Newcastle) were refreshed with a little sleep, they both sent a messenger to each other, almost at the same time, the one, 'that he was resolved, that morning, to march away with his horse, and as many foot as he had left,' and the other, 'that he would, in that instant, repair to the seaside, and transport himself beyond the seas,' both which they immediately performed."—CLARENDON, p. 497.

† Cromwell's account of this memorable battle (in a letter to his brother-in-law, Colonel Valentine Walton) is very gripping. It is dated 'I Chouer before York, 5th Juny, 1644,' and runs thus:—"DEAR SIR,—It is our duty to sympathize in all mercies, that wee praise the Lord together in Christenments or Tryalls, that see we may sorrowe together. I may I thinke, and the Church of God, hath had great favour from the Lord in this great victorie given unto us, such as the like never was since this world began. It had all the evidences of an absolute victorie obtained by the Lord's Blessings upon the godly partye principally. Wee never charged, but wee routed the enimie. The left wing which I commanded, being our owne horse, saving a few Scottes in our retire, beat all the Prince's Horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. Wee charged their regiments of foote with our horse, and routed all wee charged. The particulars I cannot relate now, but I believe of twenty thousand, the Prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory to God." Cromwell proceeds to describe the death of Colonel Walton's eldest son—"Sir, God hath taken away your eldest sonn by a cannon-shotte. It brake his legges. Wee were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died. Sir, you know my tryalls this way, but the Lord supported mee with this, that the Lord tooke him into the happiness we all paine after and live for. There is your precious child, full of glory, to know sinne nor sorrow any more. Hee was a gallant younge man, exceeding gracious. I lett this publike merrcy to the Church of God make you to forget your private sorrowe. The Lord be your strength, so prayses, your truly faithful and lovinge brother,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

vision for them according to their deserts and necessities, but in the morning would without fail endeavour their satisfaction in that kind. The soldiers unanimously gave God the glory of their great deliverance and victory, and told his lordship with much cheerfulness that, though faint with long fasting, they would willingly fast three days longer rather than give off the service or leave him. They had earned by their courage and endurance the right to use such brave words. Having exhausted the wells, they had been compelled to quench their thirst at the ditches and puddles. Many there were who, from Tuesday to Saturday morning, had eaten no more in quantity than a penny loaf, and had had not a drop of beer.\*

Though the battle-agon was scarcely protracted beyond three hours, the slaughter was terrible. Fully four thousand one hundred and fifty dead lay upon the field, of whom three thousand were Royalists. The Parliament's army captured ten thousand five hundred prisoners, including Sir Charles Lucas, and a hundred officers, also, a hundred standards, ten thousand arms, and all the enemy's baggage, tents, stores, and artillery. Amongst the wounded on the Parliament's side was Algernon Sidney, destined in the reign of Charles's son to become the champion and martyr of English freedom.

The victory of Marston Moor was a fatal blow to the royal cause in the north; and within a fortnight York surrendered. But it was a scarcely less fatal blow to the Presbyterian party. It had been won, not by Presbyterian soldiers, but by Cromwell and his Ironsides, and Cromwell had little sympathy with the rigour and intolerance of Presbyterianism. He professedly belonged to the sect of Independents, who held that each congregation of faithful believers was "independent" of every other congregation,

\* J. C. Sanford, p. 500, *et seq.*, Rushworth, ii. 631-640, Clarendon, *et ante*, Ludlow's Memoirs, i. 139-142, Vickers, "Jehovah-Jireh," *passim*, Baillic, "Letters," ii. 35, 36, Fairfax, "Memoirs," pp. 391-395, Carlyle, ii., E. Warburton, Forsler, Vaughan, Merivale, etc., etc.

and resisted the interference of any earthly power. His strong mind carried him still farther, and he was the sincere and active advocate of religious liberty within the limits imposed upon him by the circumstances of his time rather than by his own convictions. In forming his matchless squadrons of "Ironsides," he asked only that his soldiers should be men of godly lives, true courage, and willing to submit to rigid discipline, he cared not one jot to what sect they attached themselves. Complaint was made to him on one occasion that a certain officer was an Anabaptist. "And if he be," was the short, plain answer, "shall that render him incapable to serve the public? Take heed of being too sharp, or too easily sharpened by others, against those to whom you can object little but that they square not with you in every opinion concerning matters of religion."

As men naturally rebelled against the Presbyterian effort to force thought and opinion into one permanent groove, the Independents increased in strength and number. The victory at Marston Moor filled them with fresh spirit, and raised them into new importance. For the first time the Parliament's squadrons had completely defeated the Royalist squadrons, and these conquering squadrons were composed of "Independents," of Cromwell's "saints," who had been fitly christened "Ironsides" on the red field of battle. Prince Rupert's own standard,\* publicly displayed at Westminster, bore witness to their triumph, and they could have sent to the Parliament upwards of a hundred hostile colours, had they not, in their enthusiasm, torn them to pieces to wear in their caps and round their arms. Essex, it was true, had been twice victorious, but not decisively. He fought as it constrained, and only to save the Parliament from imminent danger. The "saints," on the other hand, snuffed the battle like the war horse, and were not "afraid to conquer." They knew what

\* It represented a lion couchant, with a mastiff labelled "Kimbolton" (I ord Manchester), attempting to ride it, and at its feet some little dogs, labelled "Pyni, Pym, Pym." Out of the lion's mouth proceeded the legend (from Cicero), "*Quousque tandem abutere patientia nostra?*"

they wanted—civil and religious freedom, and went straight towards their goal. Neither Essex nor Manchester wished to inflict too severe a defeat upon the king. They desired to make of him a constitutional sovereign; but there still clung to him, in their eyes, the old sacredness of royalty. "If the king be beaten," said Manchester, "he will still be king if he beat us he will hang us all for traitors." Cromwell was troubled by no such scruples. "If I met the king in battle," he replied, "I would fire my pistol at the king as at another." To him, and the men who trusted in him, peace was not a necessity, but victory and liberty were. These must be won at any sacrifice. The happy reform must be consummated which had been so often compromised by timidity or selfishness, so often upheld and delivered by the arm of the Lord.

Essex had plunged farther and farther into the west, drawn onward by a succession of easy triumphs, and ignorant of the perils fast gathering in his rear. In three weeks he had relieved Lyme, occupied Weymouth, Barnstaple, Tiverton, Taunton, and driven before him, like dust, every Royalist force that had attempted to arrest his progress. As he approached Exeter, towards the end of June, Queen Henrietta sent him a message, requesting permission to retire to Bath for the completion of her recovery. Essex answered that he should be happy to conduct her majesty to London, where she would receive the best advice, and could command the most efficacious remedies for the re-establishment of her health. As to any other locality, he could not accede to her desire without referring it to the Parliament. In great alarm, she effected her escape to Pendennis Castle, whence, on the 14th of July, she embarked for France. Essex was in sight of the walls of Exeter—and of that tower of Rougemont, which, according to tradition, awoke the superstitious fears of Richard III.—when he learned that Charles was in rapid pursuit of him with a formidable army. Calling a council of war, he put it

to the question whether he should push forward into Cornwall, or retrace his steps, and offer the king battle. He himself inclined to the latter course, but several of his officers, who had large estates in Cornwall, and hoped to gather in their rents, rejected it strenuously, urging that the Cornishmen, weary of the yoke of the Royalists, would leap to arms at his approach, and that thus he would have the honour of gaining from the king the county which had hitherto been his special stronghold. Essex assented, and advanced into the wastes and moors of Cornwall, while pressing the executive in London to forward reinforcements. But he found, to his chagrin, that the people did not rise in his favour, provisions were scarce, and the king was following close upon his footsteps. He despatched messengers to London to represent his dangerous situation, and to entreat that Waller, or some other general, by a diversion in the rear of the royal army, might assist him in extricating himself from it. But Waller's hands were full, and Manchester's force was at too great a distance. The toils closed in around the unfortunate general, who sternly rejected some flattering overtures of the king, redeeming his military errors by his strict sense of honour and rigid adherence to duty. Every day his army was compelled to fight "for its own hand." Every day the catastrophe loomed nearer. The king drew his lines more tightly round his camp, which he commanded with his batteries. It was with the utmost difficulty Essex kept up his communications with the sea, the only channel by which he could obtain provisions. Reduced to the last extremity, he ordered Sir William Balfour, with the horse, to cut his way, as best he could, through the enemy's posts, an enterprise of great hazard accomplished with brilliant success,\* while he placed himself at the head

\* Charles was informed of the intended movement by two deserters, and ordered his soldiers under arms. But the night was dark and misty, and about three o'clock "the whole body of the horse passed with great silence. At break of day the horse were discovered marching over the heath beyond the reach of the fort, and there was only at hand the Earl of Cleveland's brigade, the body of the king's horse being at a greater distance. That

of his infantry, and endeavoured to reach the port of Fowey. Embarrassed in narrow miry lanes, and pursued by the whole mass of the royal forces, the soldiers, as they saw themselves forced to abandon their artillery and baggage, lost heart, and began to speak of capitulation. To escape this last humiliation, Essex, accompanied by Lord Robartes and Sir John Mernek, took a sudden departure, gained the coast, embarked on board a boat, and sailed for Plymouth, leaving his army in charge of Major-General Skippon. That honest veteran would fain have followed the example of the cavalry, and have forced a passage with sword and pike; but his courage found no imitators. He had not Cromwell's Ironsides to deal with, but Presbyterians and Moderates, who had lost faith in themselves and their cause. The king offered easy conditions of surrender, and on the 2nd of September these were accepted.

That same 2nd of September was an auspicious day for Charles. It witnessed the victory of Tippermuir, which Montrose, with an army of Highlanders and Irish Catholics, gained over the Covenanting army, a victory which placed Perth and Aberdeen, and the north of Scotland generally, at his command. It had a more important effect in paralysing the action of the Scottish army in England, which immediately refused to venture to any great distance from the Border. To Charles, therefore, relieved as he was of all fear from Essex, the way to London seemed open; and he withdrew his troops from the siege of Plymouth and Lyme, in order to march upon the metropolis. His adversary, however, was as energetic and capable as himself. The soldiers of Manchester and Waller, with the remnant of Essex's army, were rapidly concentrated on the west side of

regade, to which some other troops that had taken the alarm joined, followed them in the rear and killed some, and took more prisoners, but stronger parties of the enemy frequently turning upon them, and the whole body often making a stand, they were often compelled to retire, yet followed in that manner, that they killed and took about a hundred, which was the greatest damage they sustained in their whole march."—CLARENDON, p. 499.

London, and reinforced by five regiments of London's redoubtable train-bands; so that when the king reached Newbury, on the 25th of October, he perceived that he could not advance farther without fighting a battle. He resolved to stand on the defensive, and disposed his soldiers in the town of Newbury, and on the open ground stretching to the Kennet, with their rear covered by Donnington Castle. To the north were stationed the bulk of the cavalry, with the train of artillery, in two open fields, while Prince Maurice's foot, with some horse, lay in the village of Speen,\* about a mile to the west.

At daybreak, on the 27th, a portion of Manchester's foot and the London train-bands crossed the river, and fell upon Sir Bernard Astley's division, but only with a partial success. For several hours skirmishes took place between the Royalists and bodies of the Parliamentarians, the latter gradually closing in upon the king, until, at three in the afternoon, Waller, with his own regiments and the soldiers who had served under Essex, made a swift dash at Speen, beat down all opposition, and forced the passage of the river. Essex's soldiers specially distinguished themselves by their courageous efforts to wipe out the disgrace of their defeat in Cornwall. They rushed with strenuous daring upon the royal batteries, recovered the guns that had been captured from them, and carried them back to their own lines with shouts of enthusiastic triumph. But while Waller was thus successful, the Earl of Manchester, who, with three thousand foot and twelve hundred horse, had attacked\* the headquarters of the king at Shaw, suffered severely from repeated charges of the royal cavalry, and was compelled to fall back. Thus, when night came on, the battle remained undecided, both sides claiming the victory. Charles saw, however, that Waller's capture of Speen had rendered his position untenable, and on the following morning withdrew his army, retiring in excellent order. Cromwell urged

\* "They came, singing of psalms," says Clarendon (p. 509)



upon Manchester that he should be attacked in his retreat ; but the Earl, having no mind to crush the king utterly, was fully satisfied with having delivered London from danger. Charles retired to Oxford unopposed, gathered up reinforcements, relieved Donnington Castle, and reappeared at Newbury in greater force than before Manchester still lay there, but showed no inclination to accept his majesty's offer of battle. In vain Cromwell begged to be allowed to charge, if only with his own brigade. After "some light skirmishes between the horse," Charles, with drums beating and trumpets sounding, once more crossed the river, and went into winter quarters at Oxford (November 23rd).

The long-pending quarrel between the Presbyterian and Independent parties of the Parliament then broke out into sudden flame. To men like Cromwell the shilly-shallying policy of the Presbyterian leaders was an abhorrence. The great soldier of Marston Moor stepped at once to the front, not only by right of his military genius and practical ability, but because he knew what he wanted, and saw how it was to be attained. "Without a more speedy, vigorous, and effectual prosecution of the war," he said to the Commons, "casting off all lingering proceedings, like those of soldiers-of-fortune beyond sea, to spin out a war, we shall make the kingdom weary of us, and hate the name of a Parliament." He openly condemned the inaction of Lord Manchester,\* who, he said, since the victory of Marston Moor, had been "afraid to conquer." When the king reappeared at Newbury, nothing could have been easier than the entire destruction of his army. He had shown the general how this might have been done, had asked permission to attack with his own brigade, but Manchester had obstinately refused. The army, he added, was not an army to conquer with. They must not expect any notable success in anything they went about, until it "was put into another method," and placed

\* On the 28th of November, by order of the House, he exhibited a formal charge against the earl.—*See* *RELIQUARIUM*, v. 732.

under stricter discipline. A change of officers was indispensable. The army was officered by members of the two Houses, and the majority necessarily shared the views and feelings of the Parliamentary majority, who hankered after peace, after a compromise, anxious only to impose the Presbyterian system on the nation. Mr. Zouch Tate, supported by Cromwell and Sir Harry Vane, introduced, to meet this evil, a "Self-denying Ordinance," by which it was declared that no member of either House could hold military or civil office, and that religious men might serve without first taking the Covenant. A fierce resistance was offered, but the country grew impatient of the system of delay and indecision that had so long prevailed, and the Ordinance passed both Houses on the 3rd of April, 1645.

The Presbyterians, meanwhile, had been making an arbitrary use of their power which further diminished their popularity with the country. Four impeachments, which for some time had been allowed to drop, were revived and pushed forward with vigour. Lord Maguire was accused of complicity in the Irish insurrection, the two Hothams, father and son, of a treasonable design to surrender Hull to the king, Sir Alexander Carew of a similar intention with respect to the island of St Nicholas. The old charges were brought up and pressed against Lord Maguire, the Hothams, and Carew, were guilty of recent offences, which were legally defined, and, if unpunished, might set a dangerous example. But the archbishop, white-haired and infirm, and already punished by a four years' captivity, could be accused of nothing more than concurrence in a despotic exercise of authority which had long been arrested. It was impossible to prove against him the crime of high treason as laid down by statute, and his enemies, foremost among whom was William Prynne, whose mutilated ears cherished in his heart a constant desire for vengeance, had recourse to a bill of attainder. To such a bill the king's consent was necessary, but "theological hatreds are as subtle as they

are implacable," and this difficulty was set aside. Laud defended himself with courage and ability, but an ordinance of the two Houses declared him guilty,\* and on the 10th of January he was executed on Tower Hill. Carew and the two Hothams had already suffered; Lord Maguire did not perish until the 10th of February.

The first effect of the Self-Denying Ordinance was to compel the retirement of Essex, Manchester, and Waller. Sir Thomas Fairfax, a soldier of capacity and courage, had already been appointed to the command-in-chief (January 21st, 1645), but the ruling spirit was Cromwell, who, in the "New Model," acted upon the principles which had guided him in creating his famous regiments of "Ironsides." His great care was to select "honest" men as officers. "A few honest men," he said, "are better than numbers. If you choose godly honest men to be captains of horse, honest men will follow them." The necessary result was a curious medley of men of different ranks among the officers of the New Model. "The bulk of those in high command remained men of noble or gentle blood, Montagues, Pickeringes, Portescues, Sheffields, Sidneys, and the like. But side by side with these, though in far smaller proportion, were seen officers like Ewer, who had been a serving-man, like Okey, who had been a drayman, or Rainsborough, who had been a 'skipper at sea.' A result hardly less notable was the youth of the officers. Amongst those in command there were few who, like Cromwell, had passed middle age. Fairfax was but thirty-three years old, and most of his colonels were even younger."

The work of reorganisation, in spite of some outbreaks of discontent among the troops, was successfully accomplished, so that in the spring of 1645, the Parliament had at its disposal an army fit to go anywhere and do anything. During the winter, the peace party in the Commons and the Scotch Commissioners had been busily negotiating with

\* Only seven lords voted in favour of his condemnation,

Charles, the envoys on both sides holding frequent conferences at Uxbridge; but towards the end of February these were abruptly terminated by the king, whose hopes had been roused by dissensions in Parliament, and by the news which reached him from Scotland of fresh victories won by Montrose. At the head of his Highlanders the chivalrous marquis had swept from one side of Scotland to the other, crushing opposition, and inflicting upon Argyle a severe defeat at Inverlochy. "Before the end of the summer," he wrote to Charles, "I shall be in a position to come to your majesty's aid, and with a brave army." His junction with Charles would enable them to overcome any force that the Parliament could bring into the field.

Towards the last days of April, Fairfax found himself in a position to open the campaign; and Cromwell repaired to Windsor, to kiss, he said, the Lord-General's hand, and take leave of him. "I have just received," said Fairfax, "an order which concerns you. The Committee of the Two Kingdoms direct you, with a few squadrons, immediately to throw yourself upon the road from Oxford to Worcester, to intercept the communications between Prince Rupert and the king."\* That same evening (April 22nd) Cromwell and his troopers rode forth, and in five days, before any other portion of the New Model was in motion, they had beaten the Royalists in three sharp actions (Islip Bridge, April 24th, Witney, April 26th, and Bampton Bush, April 27th), captured Blethingdon (April 24th), and rendered to the Commons an account of their successes. "Who will bring me," exclaimed Charles, "who will bring me this Cromwell, dead or alive?" At London there was general rejoicing that he had not yet sent in his resignation. It was seen that he was the one man indispensable, the one man whom victory always followed.

Quitting Oxford on the 7th of May, Charles united with Prince Rupert, and then advanced northwards with great

\* Sprigge, "*Anglia Rediviva*," p. 20, Rushworth, pt. iv., i. p. 23

rapidity, either, it was supposed, to raise the siege of Chester, or to crush the Scotch army, and recover his supremacy in the north. Fairfax had pushed his march in a westerly direction, in order to relieve the important town of Taunton, which Robert Blake was holding stoutly against a superior force, under the Prince of Wales, but the Parliament hastened to recall him. Meanwhile Cromwell was ordered, in spite of the Ordinance, to continue his services for fourteen days, and similar dispensations were granted to three other officers. Fairfax hastily retraced his steps, while the king pursued his northward course, and Oxford being thus left uncovered, the Parliament gave orders that it should be immediately invested. If their general carried it easily the success would be immense, if the siege were protracted, he would still be able, from such a centre, to despatch assistance to any point menaced by the king.

Cromwell rejoined Fairfax before Oxford. Their junction was scarcely completed before a fresh panic arose in London, where bad news was daily arriving from the north. The Scotch army, instead of throwing itself across the king's path, had fallen back towards the Border, alarmed at the brilliant successes of Montrose and his Highland claymores. The siege of Chester was raised, and his communications with Ireland being thus secured, Charles was at liberty to direct his force against the Associated Counties, long the main strength and support of the Parliament. It was of vital importance that this district should be protected from the invader, and for so difficult a service no other man could be thought of than Cromwell. Moreover, it was in that quarter of the kingdom that his name was most powerful, it was there that he had raised his first company and begun his career of arms. He was ordered, therefore, to proceed to the defence of the Isle of Ely.

But a more urgent peril presented itself. Within a few days of his departure, news arrived of the capture of Lancaster by the king (June 1st),\* while in the west, Taunton,

\* Among the prisoners taken there was John Bunyan.

which Fairfax had temporarily relieved, was re-invested. There was great alarm in the metropolis, but there was also, among the Presbyterians, no little exultation. Such, they said, was the glorious result of the New Model. Since the reorganisation of the army, reverse had followed reverse. "It was not above twenty days that the king's army had been in the field, and in that short time it had reduced two strong garrisons of theirs, whilst their new general, Fairfax, had only faced Oxford at a distance, to try whether the ladies would prevail for the giving up of the town, to pacify their fears." So public were these discourses in the City, says Clarendon, and so much credit had they in both Houses of Parliament, that they exceedingly desired peace, and exercised their thoughts only how they might revive the old treaty, or set a new one on foot, when "the evil genius of the kingdom in a moment shifted the whole scene."

A petition from the Common Council was presented to the Upper House on the 5th of June, which ascribed all the evil to the mertriness of the Scotch, to the delays still taking place in the recruiting of the army, to the attempt of the two Houses to direct from a distance the operations of the war, and insisted that greater liberty of action should be given to the general, that the Scotch should be more firmly dealt with, and that Cromwell should be restored to his old command. On the same day Fairfax received orders to raise the siege of Oxford, to march in quest of the king, and give him battle at all hazards. Before breaking up his camp, he and his officers petitioned Parliament that Cromwell might be appointed their Lieutenant-General Commander-in-Chief of the Horse. Parliament—the Commons (as Carlyle says) somewhat more readily than the Lords—continued by instalments of "forty days," of "three months," and the king, his services in the army, and at length grew to regard him as "a constant element" there.

Fairfax, immediately on obtaining from the Commons

the required authorisation, urged Cromwell to join him ; and, in a few days, the " New Model " army was marching, with a grim compact front, in pursuit of the king. On the 12th of June, when a little to the west of Northampton, some of its horsemen, who had been sent forward to reconnoitre, came suddenly on a Royalist detachment. It does not appear that the king expected their approach. Informed of the blockade of Oxford, and yielding to the entreaties of his besieged and terror-stricken court, he had abandoned his expedition against the eastern counties, to return to their assistance. But he preserved his cheery confidence in his good fortune—a confidence strengthened by a new victory of Montrose, at Auldcarn—and wrote to the queen that since the rebellion broke out his affairs had never been in so good a state. He marched, therefore, very leisurely, halting at any place which pleased him, hunting on the hills, " driving large herds of cattle before him," and allowing to his Cavaliers, more confident even than himself, almost as much liberty. At the first warning of the proximity of the Puritans, he fell back in the direction of Leicester, with the view of calling in all his scattered battalions, and waiting for the arrival of expected reinforcements from Wales and the west. On the night of the 13th he slept at Lubenham, and tradition relates that, in a dream, the spirit of Strafford counselled him against giving battle. The day's march had taken a northerly direction, across the open undulating country in which stands the village of Naseby. Prince Rupert, who brought up the rear of the royal army with his life guards, passed the night at Harborough, but at Naseby he stationed a troop of horse as an outpost. These roystering Cavaliers sang their merry ditties and quaffed their cups of wine as was their habit, doing justice to their supper at an old oak table, which, marked with many a dint and stain, is still preserved in the village. A sudden bugle, startling the still night air, called them to horse ; but before they could mount and away, Ireton and his Ironsides were upon them, and of all those boon com-

panions only one escaped. The fugitive spurred his good steed through the darkness, and crossing the hills, carried to the royal camp the startling tidings of the advance of the enemy. Charles hastened to Rupert's quarters, and summoned a council of war. The Prince advised that the retreat upon Leicester should be continued, but Digby and Ashburnham, two of Charles's most trusted courtiers, were for fighting, and the king, still elated by the recent smiles of fortune, adopted their views. "The former resolution of retiring," says Clarendon, "was presently laid aside, and a new one as quickly taken—to fight, to which there was always an immoderate appetite when the enemy was within any distance." Charles would not even tarry for his coming, but resolved on marching back to meet him. And so, in the gray of the morning, on Saturday, the 14th of June, the royal army gathered its horse and foot on a rising ground "of very great advantage," about a mile south from Harborough. The king and his generals were ignorant, however, that Cromwell had joined Fairfax on the previous evening, bringing with him "a lovely company" of seven hundred veterans who had never known defeat, and being welcomed by the soldiers with "a mighty shout of joy." His arrival was not known to the Royalists until they had taken up their ground, when it was felt to be a sore discouragement.

Naseby is "a peaceable old hamlet," with a population of some five or six hundred souls, seated on a kind of table-land, close to the north-west border of Northamptonshire, about seven-and-a-half miles from Market Harborough, and about the same distance from Daventry. A cluster of clay cottages for labourers, each neatly thatched and swept, smith's shop, saddler's shop, beershop, all in order, forming a kind of square, which leads off southward into two long streets. The old church, with its graves, standing in the centre, the truncated spire finishing off with a strange old ball, held up by rods; a "hollow copper ball, which came from Boulogne in Henry VIII.'s time"—which has, like



Hudibras's breeches, "been at the siege of Bullen."\* The ground is upland moorland, though now growing corn, it was not enclosed till the last generation, and is still somewhat bare of woods. Shakespeare's Avon<sup>†</sup> wells up in the garden opposite the church, and, on the eastern side of the tableland, the Nen and the Welland, two rivers of the Fen country, take their rise. "The grounds, as we say, lie high, and are still, in their new subdivisions, known by the name of 'Hills,' 'Rutput Hill,' 'Mill Hill,' 'Dust Hill,' and the like, precisely as in Rushworth's time, but they are not properly hills at all, they are broad, blunt, clayey masses, swelling towards and from each other, like indolent waves of a sea, sometimes of miles in extent."†

The course of the Avon is north-westerly, and if the traveller follow it up for a mile or so, he will reach a remarkably elevated ridge, or flat-topped hill, rising from the river, and sloping on the other side towards a broad, deep, trough-like hollow. This ascent commands a wide and goodly prospect, in which the spires or towers of at least forty churches are plainly visible. Apart from this distinction, it must be ever memorable as the scene of Naseby Fight. In Cromwell's time, the Mill Hill, and the Broad Moor extending from it, were covered with gorse and heather, now the whole is enclosed by numerous low hedges, and, in the autumn, laughs with ripples of golden corn.

The pikes and morions of the Royalists gleamed along the edge of the purple moorland, where Dust Hill rises in a "blunt clayey mass," about a mile to the south of Harbrough. Nearly five thousand cavalry and four thousand five hundred infantry were assembled there in three divisions. The right wing, under the swarthy Rupert (or "Robber," as the Roundheads called him), and the left, under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, were composed wholly of horse. The

\* His breeches were of rugged woollen,  
And had been at the siege of Bullen

BULLER, *Hudibras*, pt 1 c 2, l 309, 310.

† Carlyle, "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," II. 70, 71.

centre, under Lord Ashley, was wholly made up of foot regiments. A small reserve, of both horse and foot, was placed under the Earl of Lichfield. The king took the general command. Some movements of the enemy deceiving Prince Rupert into a belief that they wished to avoid an action, he persuaded the king to move forward his lines; and, descending from the ridge, they made a gallant show along the north-eastern border of the moor. Cromwell and Fairfax were in array about a mile distant, on the continuous rise of Mill Hill and Red Pit (or Rutput) Hill, with the Broad Moor intervening between them and the enemy. Their forces were thus arranged: The right wing, posted to the east, consisted of Cromwell's horse, the centre, composed wholly of infantry, was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax and Major-General Skippon, the left wing, all cavalry, and posted on the west, by Henry Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law. The reserve, of both horse and foot, was led by Colonel Rainsborough, Pride, and Hammond. Colonel Okey's regiment of dragoons was skilfully planted by Ireton under cover of Lantford hedges, a thicket of old thorns, which ran right down the hill. Cromwell's flank was protected by a cony-warren, with a cluster of furze-bushes, and some broken ground. On the right and left of Fairfax were stationed the guns. In numbers the Parliament's army had the advantage over the king's, but while the latter were mostly veterans who had had a long experience of war, the former was chiefly composed of recent recruits, raised on the new model, steadfast and "godly men," but men who had not heard a shot fired in battle. "In this position," says Vicars, "we marched to meet our resolute enemy, who, I confess, seemed to us to come on with undaunted courage; and who would not having a king with them that was able to honour them at present, and to promise large revenues afterwards to all those that fought valiantly!"

After a few shots from the artillery, both armies advanced; the Royalists, with the watchword of "God and

Queen Mary!" the Roundheads sternly shouting, "God with us!" Rupert and his brother, Prince Maurice, supported by the Earl of Northampton's squadrons, swept across the moor, and fell upon the left wing "with such gallantry as few ever saw the like." Ireton was unhorsed in this desperate onset, receiving a sabre-cut across the face, and a halberd-wound in the thigh. At one time he was surrounded by Cavaliers, and he cut his way through with difficulty. He made a gallant effort to rally his troopers, while Skippon, also severely wounded, endeavoured to re-form his infantry regiments on the left centre. But these "new-raised men," who were "better armed than hearted," trembled before the shock of Rupert's brilliant swordsmen, and leaving many dead and wounded on the field, fled, panic-stricken. After them, with wild shouts of exultation, thundered the Cavaliers, spurring and slashing across Red Pit Hill and away to Fenny Hill; then, wheeling about, they swooped down on the Parliament's baggage-train. Here, however, they were received with a withering fire,\* and, after a long and useless ride, Rupert returned to the battle-field.

Meanwhile, the Royalist left, under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, had made an attack upon the Parliament's right. But before they could gallop to the summit of the ridge, Cromwell let loose his Ironsides against them; and down the slope they rolled, a storm of men and horses, driving all before them, like a torrent. Down the slope they rolled, beating back the Cavaliers, shaken and staggering, and pursuing them for a quarter of a mile. Then their leader, who never lost his coolness of judgment, halted his victorious

\* "A party of theirs, that broke through the left wing of horse, came quite behind the rear to our train, the leader of them, being a person somewhat in habit like the General in a red montero as the General had. He came as a friend, our commander of the guard of the train went with his hat in hand and asked him, how the day went? thinking it had been the General the Cavalier, who we since heard was Rupert, asked him and the rest, if they would have quarter? They cried No, gave fire, and instantly beat them off. It was a happy deliverance"—RUSSELL, in *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, No. 212, § 26, p. 2 (*cit.* by Carlyle)

soldiers and re-formed them ; after which, he flung them upon the left flank of the Royalist centre ; which was at this time hotly engaged with Fairfax's foot, and pressing it closely. The "blue regiments" received the first onset, before which they at once gave way, and were slain, or taken prisoners, to a man. Their comrades in the centre, however, still continued to advance, and in defiance of a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, struggled to the top of the hill. There the two lines of enemies levelled pikes, or furiously attacked each other with the but-ends of their muskets. Fairfax's "new men" shrank before the dash and *blan* of the Royalists. Their commander, bareheaded, for he had lost his helmet in the shock of the battle, sprang to the front, and strove to cheer and steady them, ordering up fresh supports, and exhibiting "a spirit heightened above the ordinary spirit of men." Gallant old Skippon, leading into the surging sea of the fight a regiment as yet unbroken, was shot in the side ; but refused to quit the field even at his general's desire. "No, sir," he said, "I will not stir while a man still stands." Charles Doyley, colonel of Fairfax's life guards, hastened to offer his chief his own helmet. "It is as well as it is," he replied, "I have no need of it." And pointing to a body of Royalist infantry, who stood like a wall, "those people yonder seem impregnable, have you charged them?" "Twice, general, and without success." "Well, take them in the front. I will take them in the rear, and we will meet in the middle." The assault was furiously made. With his own hand Fairfax struck down their standard-bearer, handing the colours to one of his men, who forthwith began to boast of them as the trophy of his individual courage. Doyley waxed angry with the braggart. "Let him retain that honour," cried the general, as he rode by, "I have to-day acquired enough besides."

And now the tide of battle made haste to turn. Cromwell crashed through the yielding ranks of the Royalists with his exultant squadrons ; while Fairfax simultaneously renewed

his pressure in front. The royal army, a few hours before so strong and brilliant, was soon a confused and struggling mass of fugitives. Burning with shame and anger, Charles placed himself at the head of his regiment of guards, which he had held in reserve. "One more charge," he exclaimed, "one more charge, gentlemen, and the day is ours!" At this moment, the Earl of Carnewartha, a Scotch peer and cavalier ("a man," says Clarendon, "never suspected for infidelity, nor one from whom the king would have received counsel in such a case"), on a sudden, laid his hand on the bridle of the king's horse, and swearing two or three full-mouthed Scottish oaths, said, "Soul o' my body, will you go upon your death in an instant?" And before Charles could recover himself, turned his horse round, upon which (says Clarendon) a word ran through the troops, "that they should march to the *right* hand," which was, in effect, to retire from the field. "And upon this they all turned their horses, and rode upon the spur, as if they were every man to shift for himself"\*

In vain Prince Rupert, who had now come upon the field, endeavoured to arrest the headlong torrent of flight. His own troopers, weary and disordered, could not be persuaded to face the grimly exultant Ironsides. "This difference," remarks Clarendon, "was observed in the discipline of the king's troops, and of those which marched under the command of Cromwell, that though the king's troops prevailed in the charge, and routed those they charged, they never rallied themselves in order, nor could be brought to make a second charge again the same day, whereas Cromwell's troops, if they prevailed, or thought they were beaten and routed, presently rallied again, and stood in good order until they received new orders."† So the Royalists were soon in full retreat, with Cromwell thundering after them,

\* Such is the story told by Clarendon, and apparently accepted by all our historians. Yet, to our thinking, it is very improbable. Charles would hardly have suffered himself to be carried off the field in so peremptory a fashion, if in his own mind he had arrived at any decisive resolution.

the pursuit being continued for fourteen miles, within sight of Leicester. The king's army was no more, five thousand having been slain or taken prisoners. The royal standard was captured, together with the colours of every regiment of foot upon the field. A still greater prize was the king's cabinet, containing his private papers and correspondence.

"I saw the field," says a Puritan soldier,\* "so bestrewn with carcases of horses and men, as were most sad to behold, because subjects under one government, but most happy in this, because they were most of them perjured enemies of God and of His Son. The field was about a mile wide where the battle was fought. The bodies lay slain about four miles in length, the most thuck on the hill where the king stood. I cannot think there were less than four hundred men slain there, and truly, I think, not many more, and near three hundred horse. We took at least four thousand prisoners between Naseby and Harborough, near three hundred carriages, twelve of which were ordnance, one drawn by twenty-six horses, carrying a twenty-four pound bullet. There were many carts laden with rich plunder, which the soldiers soon emptied, as they did the middle sort of ammunition-women, who were full of money and rich apparel, there being at least one hundred and fifty of that tribe. The gentles were in coaches, whereof I only saw seven taken, stuffed with that cominodity, and the common rabble of common vermin on foot, five hundred of whom are kept under guard, until order was taken to dispose of them and their mates."†

The victory, won by Cromwell's military genius and Fairfax's dogged intrepidity, exceeded the most sanguine hopes. Fairfax hastened to communicate the tidings to the two Houses. Cromwell also wrote, but to the Commons

\* "Special Relation," *King's MSS*, p. 212, quoted by Warburton.

† "I here were taken here a good few 'ladies of quality in carriages,' and above a hundred Irish ladies, not of quality, tatterey camp-followers 'with long skean-knives about a foot in length,' which they well knew how to use, upon whom I fear the ordinance against Papists pressed hard this day"—CARLYLE, II. 147.

only, as holding from them his commission. His letter, dated from "Harebrowe," or Harborough, the same night, runs as follows :

*"For the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament These*

"SIR,—Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us.

"We marched yesterday after the king, who went before us from Daventry to Harborough, and quartered about six miles from him. This day we marched towards him. He drew out to meet us ; both armies engaged. We, after three-hours' fight very doubtful, at last routed his army, killed and took about five thousand—very many officers, but of what quality we yet know not. We took also about two hundred carriages, all he had, and all his guns, being twelve in number, whereof two were demi-cannon, two demi-culverins, and I think the rest sakers. We pursued the enemy from three miles short of Harborough to nine beyond, even to the sight of Leicester, whither the king fled.

"Sir, this is none other but the hand of God, and to Him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with Him. The general served you with all faithfulness and honour ; and the best commendation I can give him is, that I daresay he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself. Which is an honest and a thriving way.—and yet as much for bravery may be given to him, in this action, as to a man. Honest men [*i.e.* the soldiers who had not taken the Covenant, and were therefore designated 'Sectaries' and 'Schismatics' by the Presbyterian party] served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty ; I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for. In this he rests, who is your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

The defeat at Naseby was a heavy blow to the royal cause. It was followed up by a still heavier blow, morally

—the publication, under the title of “The King’s Cabinet Opened,” of the correspondence and secret papers which had been captured by the victors. From these it was seen that Charles had never been sincere in his negotiations for peace ; that he held himself free to revoke every concession he had ever made, and regarded no promises as obligatory, that he still relied upon force, and claimed the right of exercising absolute power, and that, in spite of his repeated protestations, he had applied to the King of France, the Duke of Lorraine, and almost every sovereign on the Continent, to assist him with foreign troops. A stern feeling of indignation took possession of the popular party, and every voice demanded that the war should be prosecuted until this false king was humbled into submission.

From Naseby Charles rode to Leicester, with some two thousand horse. Thence, after a few hours’ rest, he proceeded to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and onward to the Welsh border, in the hope of levying a new army. He spent ten months in strenuous endeavours to collect a sufficient force, and lost the few regiments that answered his summons in a vain attempt to relieve Chester.

The “New Model” army, meanwhile, marched into the south-west, where it raised the siege of Taunton, so gallantly defended by Robert Blake ; and crushed an insurrection of the “Clubmen,” or peasantry, who, opposed at first to both parties, and fighting only for their own homes and hearths, had latterly been persuaded by some of the Royalists to turn against the soldiers of the Parliament. Goring was surprised and thoroughly beaten at Langport in Somersetshire (July 10th, 1645). In three weeks the campaign was virtually at an end, and the Cavaliers, who had so long maintained their supremacy in the southern shires, were reduced to seek shelter in the fortified towns, having no longer any important force in the field. After capturing Sherborne, the army faced to the northward, and speedily sat down before Bristol, which Prince Rupert held with a



garrison of four thousand five hundred to five thousand men. Unwilling to waste precious time, Cromwell advised that the town should be stormed; an enterprise of no little hazard, which the Lieutenant-General himself directed (September 10th). Here is his vigorous narrative of what took place :

"The day and hour of our storm was appointed to be on Wednesday morning, the Tenth of September, about one of the clock. We chose to act it so early because we hoped thereby to surprise the Enemy. With this resolution also, to avoid confusion and falling foul one Upon another, That when 'once' we had recovered [*i.e.* taken] the line and forts upon it, we should not advance further till day. The General's signal unto a storm was to be, The firing of straw and discharging four pieces of cannon at Pryor's Hill Fort

"The signal was very well perceived of all, and truly the men went on with great resolution, and very presently recovered the Line, making way for the Horse to enter Colonel Montague and Colonel Pickering, who stormed at Lawford's Gate, where was a double work, well filled with men and cannon, presently entered, and with great resolution beat the Enemy from their works, and possessed their cannon. Their expedition was such that they forced the Enemy from their advantages without any considerable loss to themselves. They laid down the bridges for the Horse to enter,—Major Desborow commanding the Horse, who very gallantly seconded the Foot. Then our Foot advanced to the City Walls, where they possessed the fate against the Castle Street, whereinto were put a Hundred men, who made it good. Sir Hardress Waller, with his own and the General's regiment, with no less resolution, entered on the other side of Lawford's Gate, towards Avon river, and put themselves into immediate conjunction with the rest of the brigade.

"During this, Colonel Rainsborough and Colonel Hammond attempted Pryor's Hill Fort, and the Line downwards towards Frome; and the Major-General's regiment being to storm towards Frome River, Colonel Hammond possessed the Line immediately, and beating the Enemy from it, made way for the Horse to enter. Colonel Rains-

borough, who had the hardest task of all at Pryor's Hill Fort, attempted it, and fought near three hours for it. And indeed there was great despair of carrying the place, it being exceeding high, a ladder of thirty rounds scarcely reaching the top thereof; but his resolution was such that, notwithstanding the inaccessibleness and difficulty, he would not give it over. The Enemy had four pieces of cannon upon it, which they plied with round and case shot upon our men. His Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen and others, were two hours at push of pike, standing upon the palisadoes, but could not enter. But now Colonel Hammond being entered the Line (and here Captain Ireton [brother of Henry Ireton], with a forlorn of Colonel Rich's regiment, interposing with his Horse between the Enemy's Horse and Colonel Hammond, received a shot with two pistol-bullets, which broke his arm),—by means of this entrance of Colonel Hammond, they did storm the Fort on that part which was inward, and so Colonel Rainsborough's and Colonel Hammond's men entered the Fort, and immediately put almost all the men in it to the sword.

"And as this was the place of most difficulty, so it was of most loss to us on that side, and of very great honour to the undertaker. The Horse too did second them with great resolution; both these Colonels do acknowledge that *their* interposition between the Enemy's Horse and their Foot was a great means of obtaining of this strong Fort. . . . By this, all the Line from Pryor's Hill Fort to Avon (which was a full mile), with all the forts, ordnance, and bulwarks, were possessed by us; save one, wherein were about two hundred and twenty men of the Enemy, which the General summoned, and all the men submitted.

"The success on Colonel Welden's side did not answer with this. . . . What by reason of the works, which proved higher than report made them, and the shortness of the ladders, they were repulsed, with the loss of about a hundred men.

"Being possessed of thus much as hath been related, the Town was fired in three places by the Enemy, which we could not put out, which begat a great trouble in the General and us all, fearing to see so famous a City burnt to ashes before our faces. Whilst we were viewing so sad a spectacle, and consulting which way to make further advantage of our success,

the Prince sent a trumpet to the General to desire a treaty for the surrender of the Town. . . .

"On Thursday, about two of the clock in the afternoon, the Prince marched out, having a convoy of two regiments of Horse from us, and making election of Oxford for the place he would go to, which he had liberty to do by his Articles.

"The cannon which we have taken are about a Hundred and forty mounted, about a Hundred barrels of powder already come to our hands, with a good quantity of shot, ammunition, and arms. We have found already, between two and three thousand muskets. The Royal Fort had victual in it for a hundred and fifty men for three hundred and twenty days, the Castle was victualled for nearly half so long. The Prince had in Fort of the Garrison, as the Mayor of the City informed me, two thousand five hundred, and about a thousand Horse, besides the Trained Bands of the Town, and Auxiliaries a thousand, some say a thousand five hundred. I hear but of one man that hath died of the plague in all our Army, although we have quartered amongst and in the midst of infected persons and places. We had not killed of ours in the storm, nor in all this siege, two hundred men.

"Thus I have given you a true, but not a full account of this great business, wherein he that runs may read, That all this is none other than the work of God. He must be a very Atheist that doth not acknowledge it."

Cromwell concludes this remarkable letter with an expression of religious tolerance which must be quoted here, from its bearing upon the great struggle between the Presbyterians and the Independents. To the majority in the Commons, who desired to enforce a cast-iron uniformity of religious thought and practice upon the peoples of the two kingdoms, it must have been most unwelcome :

☛ It may be thought that some praises are due to those gallant men, of whose valour so much mention is made; their humble suit to you and all that have an interest in this blessing is, That in the remembrance of God's praises they be forgotten. It's their joy that they are instruments of God's

glory and their country's good. . . . Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spurt of faith and prayer, the same presenc and answer, they agree here, have no names of difference, pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere! All that believe have the real unity, which is most glorious, because inward and spiritual in the Body, and to the Head. For being united in forms, commonly called Uniformity, every Christian will for peace' sake study and do, as far as conscience will permit. And for brethren, in things of the mind we look for no companion, but that of light and reason. In other things, God hath put the sword in the Parliament's hands, for the terror of evil-doers and the praise of them that do well. If any plead exemption from that he knows not the Gospel, if any would wring that out of your hands, or steal it from you under what pretence soever, I hope they shall do it without effect."

Prince Rupert rode out of Bristol "amid seas of angry human faces, glooming unutterable things upon him," and in spite of his escort of horsemen, voices audibly growled, "Why not hang *him*?" A dashing partisan leader, fierce and unscrupulous, he had aroused a very general hatred by his reckless cruelty and the license he allowed his marauding troopers. On this occasion, he begged a thousand muskets from Fairfax to assist his escort in protecting him across the country to Oxford, undertaking to return them. He redeemed his promise as far as he could, but was compelled to acknowledge that numbers of his men had deserted on the road, carrying the muskets with them. Charles was so incensed at his surrender of Bristol, the last royal stronghold in the west, well fortified, well garrisoned, and well provisioned, that he deprived him of his commission as General of the Royal Forces, and, in the following summer the Prince quitted England and crossed to the Continent, to amuse his leisure with the scientific experiments which were scarcely less dear to him than the profession of arms.

The sole resource now left to Charles was to effect a junction with Montrose and his victorious Highlanders.

With five thousand men, Welsh foot and northern horse, he set out from Hereford for the Border, designing on his route to relieve Chester, the only part through which he could maintain his communication with the Irish Catholics. When in sight of its walls, his rear guard, at a place called Rotton Heath, was suddenly attacked by a Parliamentary force, under Major-General Poyntz, and completely defeated (September 24th). The loss was so heavy that Charles was compelled to retreat once more among the Welsh mountains. His advance, in any circumstances, would have exposed him only to destruction, for, ten days before the disaster at Rotton Heath, Montrose had been surprised at Philiphaugh, in Ettrick Forest, by Leslie and his Covenanters, and soundly beaten. A single reverse proved sufficient to undo all that he had done. His Highlanders melted away like one of their own mists, and he was left to wander among the moors and glens with a price set upon his head.

The army of the Parliament in the south was still proceeding from victory to victory. Every strong place from which the king's colours floated submitted or was captured. Cromwell, at the head of an independent command, poured along with a full tide of success. On the 28th of September he took Winchester. The hill where he planted his ordnance is still known as Oliver's Battery. Basing House, which had resisted many a desperate siege, was compelled to surrender on the 14th of October, having been pounded into a heap of ruins. Cromwell, we are told, the night before it was stormed, "had spent much time with God in prayer; and, indeed, he seldom fights without some text of Scripture to support him. This time he rested upon that blessed word of God, written in the hundredth and fiftieth Psalm, eighth verse: 'They that make them are like unto them; so is everyone that trusteth in them.' Which, with some verses going before, was now accomplished." Some interesting particulars are furnished by Hugh Peters, the Puritan chap-

lain, who "came into Basing House some time after the storm." The rooms before the storm were, in both the Old and the New Houses, completely furnished, provisions for some years rather than months; four hundred quarters of wheat, rooms full of bacon, containing hundreds of flitches; cheese proportionable, with oatmeal, beef, pork; beer divers cellars full, and that very good. "In truth, the House stood in its full pride and the enemy was persuaded that it would be the last piece of ground that would be taken by the Parliament, because they had so often foiled our forces which had formerly appeared before it." . . . "In all these great buildings, there was not one iron bar left in all the windows (save only what were on fire), before night. And the last work of all was the lead, and by Thursday morning, they had hardly left one gutter about the House. And what the soldiers left, the fire took hold on; which made more than ordinary haste, leaving nothing but bare walls and chimneys in less than twenty hours, being occasioned by the neglect of the Enemy in quenching a fire-ball of ours at first." Mr. Peters had an interview with the marquis, who had been taken prisoner. The marquis being pressed, by Mr. Peters arguing with him, broke out and said. "'That if the king had no more ground in England but Basing House, he would adventure as he did, and so maintain it to the uttermost'—meaning with these Papists, comforting himself in this disaster, 'that Basing House was called *Loyalty*' But he was soon silenced in the question concerning the king and Parliament, and could only hope that the king might have a day again."

Langford House, near Salisbury, next surrendered to Cromwell (October 17th), and Wiltshire was swept clear of trumpet and sabre. He then united with Fairfax, and stormed the picturesque seaport at the mouth of the Dart; driving the broken remnants of the Royalist army into the wilds of Cornwall. In Gloucestershire, the Puritan force under Sir William Brereton and Colonel Morgan was not

less successful. The last armed body of Royalists in the field was surprised at Stow, on the 22nd of March, and completely defeated. Said their veteran leader, Sir Jacob Astley, as he gave up his sword: "You have now done your work, and may go to play, unless you will fall out among yourselves."

The only fortified post that held out for the king, Ragland Castle, was forced to capitulate in August;\* and the First Civil War was then at an end.

\* Oxford had previously surrendered (June 20th, 1646), and Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, giving up the royal cause as hopeless, quitted the kingdom and crossed over to Holland.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT

THOUGH compelled to abandon all hope of further successes in the field, Charles still felt confident of winning diplomatic victories. He believed in his political capacity, he thought himself indispensable to a proper settlement of the great questions that disturbed the mind of the nation; and he calculated on prevailing over the two parties in the State, by playing one against the other. To one thought, design, and policy, he did not cease to cling. He never gave up his claim to absolute and uncontrolled authority in his heart, whatever public professions he made, or whatever concessions he volunteered. And he never doubted but that his kingcraft—in meaner men it would have worn a more shameful name—would repair in the cabinet and the council the losses he had experienced in the field. He knew that the Conservative spirit was strong among Englishmen, that they did not take kindly to new ideas or to new formularies, and he anticipated that, in their reaction against revolution or their dread of anarchy, they would once more rally round the throne. Probably, if he had honestly thrown himself on the side of either party, he might have saved his crown, but with a duplicity which nothing could cure, he turned first to one side and then to the other, now offering bribes to the Independents, and now discussing conditions with the Presbyterians. It was his misfortune that he understood neither the tendencies of the age, the



sentiments of the nation, nor the character of the men with whom he had to deal. The approach of Fairfax's victorious army drove him out of Oxford, his last asylum, on the 27th of April, and riding northward, he entered the Scottish camp at Newark, on the 5th of May, to place himself under the protection of its generals. He had convinced himself that his presence would quickly rekindle the old fire of Scottish loyalty, and that he would soon be able to impose his own terms on the contending parties. At first there seemed reason for his sanguineness. The Presbyterian majority in the two Houses welcomed what they supposed to be the king's accession to their cause, and hastened to submit to him at Newcastle, whither the Scotch army had retired with their prize, their conditions of peace. They demanded that he should surrender to Parliament the power over the militia for twenty years; that he should exclude from civil and military office all "Malignants," or Royalists who had been engaged in the war, that he should take the Covenant, abolish Episcopacy, and support the Presbyterian Church. The acceptance of these terms was urged upon him by the Scotch leaders, by his own advisers, even by the queen; but with an almost incredible obstinacy Charles put them aside. He attempted to play "a waiting game." "I am not without hope," he wrote, "that I shall be able to draw either the Presbyterians or the Independents to side with me for extirpating one another. . . . All my endeavours must be the delaying of my answer till there be considerable parties visibly formed." He expected that the Presbyterians and the Independents would fall upon one another; and for months no answer could be obtained from him. When it was given, it proved to be a refusal. The rage and mortification of the majority were extreme. "What will become of us," said one of them, "now that the king has rejected our proposals?" "What would have become of us," rejoined an Independent, "if he had accepted them?" In their perplexity Holles and the Presbyterian

leaders in Parliament resolved on a bold stroke. "It was plain that the king's game lay in balancing the army against the Parliament, and that the House could hope for no submission to these terms so long as the New Model was on foot. Nor could they venture in its presence to enforce religious uniformity, or to deal as they would have wished to deal with the theories of religious freedom which were every day becoming more popular. But while the Scotch army lay at Newcastle, and while it held the king in its hands, they could not insist on dismissing their own soldiers. It was only the withdrawal of the Scots from England, and their transfer of the king's person into the hands of the Houses, that would enable them to free themselves from the presence of their own soldiers by disbanding the New Model."

These two objects were secured with very little difficulty. The Scots, who did not know what to do with their prize, gladly accepted, in January, 1647, a sum of £400,000 in discharge of their claims, transferred Charles to the care of nine commissioners of both Houses, and marched back over the Border. Charles was removed, with every demonstration of respect, to Holmby, or Holdenby Castle (February 13th), and the Presbyterian majority exulted in the success of their schemes. They voted that the army should be disbanded, and that a new army, to be raised for the suppression of the Irish rebellion, should be officered by Presbyterians. Before consenting to so summary a dismissal, the veterans who had triumphed under Cromwell and Fairfax demanded their arrears of pay (three and forty weeks), indemnity for acts done in war, and a free discharge according to contract, not service in Ireland, except under their old commanders. As the Presbyterian leaders pushed forward their designs for imposing the Covenant upon the nation, the army manifested an increasing unwillingness to disband. For this was no force of mercenaries, heedful only of pay and plunder, but an army of

Christian soldiers, who had taken their hand from the plough and grasped the sword, at the special call, as they believed, of the Lord of Hosts. They were men who thought for themselves, and thought boldly, and were not less resolute against the tyranny which strove to fetter the conscience than against the tyranny that had claimed to do as it listed with their persons and properties. We get a glimpse of their temper in a report of Richard Baxter, the Calvinist divine : "Abundance of the common troopers," he said, "and many of the officers, I found to be honest, sober, orthodox men, and others tractable, ready to hear the truth, and of upright intentions, but a few proud, self-conceited, hot-headed sectaries had got into the highest places, and were Cromwell's chief favourites, and, by their heat and activity, bore down the rest, or carried them along with them, and were the soul of the army. They said, What were the lords of England but William the Conqueror's colonels, or the barons but his majors, or the knights but his captains? They plainly showed me that they thought God's providence would cast the trust of religion and the kingdom upon them as conquerors." No doubt they did; each one of them felt that he had a solemn duty to discharge in preserving that liberty of conscience "for which so many of their friends' lives had been lost, and so much of their own blood had been spilt." They had not ceased to be citizens because they had become soldiers, and the sword they had drawn as soldiers they would use in defence of their rights as citizens. Such an army had never served in England before, such an army has never served in England since. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the world has ever seen its equal.\*

The proposals made by the council of officers which directed the political action of the army having been rejected, a new organisation was devised, namely, the Council of Adjutors or Assistants, to which each regiment nomi-

\* "That strange army," Mr Gardiner calls it, "in which every opinion under the sun found refuge, and in which soldiers occupied their leisure hours, not in the cricket-field or the public-house, but in theological argument or Scriptural exposition."

nated two members. These summoned a general meeting of the army at Triplow Heath, where the propositions of the Parliament, in their turn, were refused (June 13th). But the Adjutors had already struck a blow which rendered an agreement between the army and the Parliament impossible. On the evening of the 3rd of June, Cornet Joyce, with five hundred troopers, arrived at Holmby House, and informed the king that he was instructed to remove him. "Where is your commission for this act?" inquired Charles. "It is behind me," said the cornet, pointing to his soldiers. "It is written in very fine and legible characters," laughed the king, who, in fact, had concocted the scheme with the Adjutors. "I will part willingly," he said to Joyce, next morning, "if the soldiers confirm all that you have promised me. You will exact from me nothing that offends my conscience or my honour?" "It is not our maxim," replied the cornet, "to constrain the conscience of anyone, still less that of our king." And his majesty rode away right willingly to Hinchinbrook, where he was splendidly entertained by Colonel Montague for two days.

The Presbyterian majority were panic-stricken by this bold and skilful stratagem. In their dismay they fiercely attacked Cromwell, who had relinquished his command, and had been for some time busily engaged in endeavouring to promote an understanding between the army and the Parliament. Their violence compelled him to unite his interests with those of the army, who at once accepted him as their chief and representative, and, on the 10th of June, after the meeting on Triplow Heath, set out for London, shouting "Justice! justice!" Halting at St. Alban's, they laid before the Commons House an accusation of eleven of the members as the authors of the existing troubles; and, after some hesitation, these eleven found it advisable to "ask leave to retire for six months." The demands of the army, formulated in a Letter addressed to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London, were remarkable for their moderation: "We desire," they said, "no

alteration of the Civil Government. As little do we desire to interrupt, or in the least to intermeddle with, the settling of the Presbyterian Government. Nor did we seek to open a way for licentious liberty, under the pretence of obtaining ease for tender consciences. We profess as ever, in these things, When once the State has made a Settlement, we have nothing to say but to submit or suffer. Only we could wish that every good citizen, and every man who walks peaceably in a blameless conversation, and is beneficial to the Commonwealth, might have liberty and encouragement; this being according to the true policy of all States, and even to justice itself."

Six weeks of chaotic confusion and disorder in Parliament, and the army, its patience being exhausted, resumed its march upon London, and advanced as far as Brentford. The head-quarters were fixed at Hampton Court, whither Charles was removed. The great city, in fear and trembling, dismissed its Presbyterian sympathies, and urged the Houses to enter into negotiation. Meanwhile, the army-leaders, Cromwell, his son-in-law Ireton, and Fairfax, had resolved upon treating with the king, and they laid before him the conditions on which the army would replace him in power. Their sober character bears striking testimony to the practical good sense and enlightened views of the men who framed them, partly also, to the influence of Ireton, who, able as he was, had not judged Charles aright, and fondly believed that that miserable intriguer could be "so managed" as to condescend to the public good of his people when he could no longer uphold his violent will. They exacted the banishment of seven leading "Delinquents," while promising a general Act of Oblivion for the rest; required that all coercive authority should be withdrawn from the clergy; that Parliament should nominate to the great offices of State, and retain the control of the army and navy for ten years. They proclaimed complete religious liberty, men were to believe what they chose, and worship as they chose. Acts which rendered compulsory the use of the Liturgy, or

attendance at Church, or the acceptance of the Covenant, were to be repealed. Even to Roman Catholics certain concessions were to be made. The Constitution was also to be revised in a liberal sense. Parliaments were to be triennial, the House of Commons, by a better distribution of seats, and of electoral rights, was to become more thoroughly representative, taxation was to be readjusted, and legal procedure simplified; and the knife was to be ruthlessly applied to a host of abuses, political, commercial, and judicial.

To the king's advisers, these conditions, which did not affect his dignity nor materially limit his just authority, seemed unexpectedly favourable. Berkeley obtained permission to communicate them secretly to the king, before they were officially presented. Judge of his surprise when Charles at once condemned them as too severe, and angrily exclaimed, "If they really wish to treat with me, they must propose something which I can accept!" Berkeley ventured to point out the danger of refusing them. "No," said the king, "without me these people cannot extricate themselves, you will see them soon only too happy to accept voluntarily more equal terms."\* His counsellor was vainly seeking the reason of so much confidence when the report arrived of a violent commotion in the metropolis, a rabble of shopkeepers and apprentices incessantly besieged Westminster, at any hour the House might be compelled to vote the return of the king, the re-entry of the Eleven Members, and resolutions directly opposed to the interests of the army and the party of religious tolerance and civil freedom. The majority of the independent members, alarmed at the rage of the populace, fled to the head-quarters of the army,† and the Presbyterian leaders, preparing for a renewal of the struggle, invited Charles to return to London‡. The Eleven

\* Berkeley, "Memoirs," i. 182, 183.

† According to Rushworth and Whitelock, there were fourteen peers and about a hundred commoners.

‡ The officers had already discovered the king's insincerity. When Ireton submitted the proposals he was haughtily received. "You cannot do without me, you are lost if I do not support you." "You have an intention," said Ireton, calmly, "to be the arbitrator between the Parliament and us, but we mean to be so between the Parliament and your majesty."

resumed their seats, and Holles distinguished himself by the violence and audacity of his speeches. But they had no military force at their command; and as soon as the army began to march, their projects crumbled in the dust like a child's house of cards. "In ten days," said Cromwell, "the City will be in our hands." The fugitive members of Parliament held a grand review of the army on Hounslow Heath, in the midst of the most enthusiastic acclamations, and accompanied it on its triumphal march. On the 6th of August they entered the City like conquerors; three regiments formed the van of the memorable procession, a fourth brought up the rear: in the interval rode Fairfax and his officers on horseback, and the fugitive members in their carriages, surrounded and followed by a crowd of their adherents. a double line of soldiers bordered the highway, each with a branch of laurel in his hat, and each assisting to swell the shout of "Long live the Parliament! the free Parliament!" At Hyde Park waited the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, who expressed their delight at the re-establishment of harmonious relations between the army and the City, but drew from Fairfax only a curt reply. At Charing Cross the Common Council in a body presented their congratulations, but met with an equally cold reception. The procession, half civil, half military, arrived at Westminster, whence the Presbyterian leaders had taken their departure. Fairfax conducted to their places the patrons of the army; listened modestly to their thanks, and to a unanimous vote of a month's pay to his soldiers; and then proceeded to take possession of the Tower, to the governorship of which he was immediately nominated. Two days later, Skippon leading the centre, and Cromwell the rear-guard, the whole army traversed the capital, grave, silent, and in the most rigorous order. No excess was committed: no citizen received the slightest affront. The officers wished to reassure the City, while they overcrawed it; and they succeeded in their design. The Londoners were constrained to own that these men were no common soldiers; that they were not

unfit to be charged with the execution of a solemn trust. And thus, without bloodshed, was accomplished a revolution of no ordinary importance \*

The negotiations between the king and the leaders of the army were resumed, but they made little progress. Charles temporised, argued, intrigued, still cherishing the conviction that he was indispensable. Cromwell and Ireton, keenly foreseeing all the dangers and difficulties that would follow the abolition of monarchy, strove their utmost to bring him to a settlement, impeding, in the endeavour, their just influence over their own soldiers. In Parliament there was still a Presbyterian majority, and it thwarted the pacific efforts of the two generals by rejecting Ireton's proposals. The authority of the king daily increased, and he might almost be pardoned for so obstinately believing in his eventual triumph. At Hampton Court he was surrounded with the old pomp and splendour of royalty, his favourites and advisers were never more servile to him, never more arrogant to others. His former counsellors, Richmond, Hertford, Capel, Southampton, hastened to rejoin him, as if he were on the point of resuming and exercising the sovereign power. His cherished and confidential servants, Berkeley, Ashburnham, Ford, Apsley, passed incessantly between the court and the head-quarters of the army; Cromwell's door was always open to them, though rigorously closed against a crowd of persons of rank and distinction. In their turn, Cromwell and Ireton, either personally or by messages, maintained with Charles the most assiduous relations; they walked with him alone in the Park, they were closeted with him in his cabinet. The wives of the leaders,

\* "A rebellion, however justifiable, is the parent of other rebellions not perhaps justifiable at all. So it was now. The sword which had smitten down Charles smote down the House of Commons. The violation of a legislative assembly is no light thing. It is the substitution of the rule of force for that of discussion. Yet if ever it was justifiable it was now. Parliament, which lived by discussion within its own walls, was longing to suppress discussion everywhere else. The army was permeated with discussion from one end to the other. The blow which it struck was on behalf of that freedom of thought and speech without which the supremacy of a Parliament is as despotic as the supremacy of a king"—R. GARDINER.



Mrs Cromwell, Mrs Ireton, Mrs Whalley, were presented at Hampton Court and received with great honour. So much familiarity became a scandal, it was openly bruited among the soldiery that their officers were meditating treason to the cause. Cries arose for the abolition of the House of Peers, for the election of a new House of Commons, even for the abolition of the monarchy. With his usual courage Cromwell faced the storm. He prohibited the discussion of these exciting subjects, and ordered the Adjutors to rejoin their regiments. He was still anxious to come to terms with the king. He was too conservative to wish to break wholly with the past, too practical to be led away by the dreams of enthusiasts, too great an administrator to bear patiently with agitation and disorder. His object was to effect "a settlement" of the nation on the basis of religious tolerance and civil freedom, and this settlement, he thought, could most readily be brought about in alliance with the king, whose name was still a power, who was the only representative and symbol of the historic traditions of the country. But he soon discovered that he was leaning on a broken reed. While Cromwell was risking so much for him, Charles was intriguing with the Presbyterians, intriguing with the discontented in London, intriguing with the Scotch Covenanters, and believing that if he could obtain his liberty he could carry these intrigues to the desired end, he listened to one of his intimate advisers who spoke of the Isle of Wight as a secure and convenient asylum. It was within easy reach of the mainland. Its population was distinguished by its loyal sympathies. Its governor, Colonel Hammond, was a nephew of Dr Hammond, the king's old and faithful chaplain. As was his wont, Charles hesitated, but at length, on the evening of the 11th of November, accompanied by Ashburnham, Berkeley, and William Legge, he rode away from Hampton Court, traversed the New Forest, gained the coast of Hampshire, and, after some delay, was escorted by Colonel Hammond to Carisbrook Castle. Thence he wrote "to

express his readiness to negotiate afresh on the basis of  
 . Presbyterianism for three years and a moderate toleration "

The indignation of the army at Charles's flight was so profound that it was with difficulty Cromwell prevented it from breaking into open mutiny. He himself was scarcely less indignant. "The king," he said, "is a man of great parts and great understanding, but so great a dissembler and so false a man that he is not to be trusted" \*. A day or two later, the Commons voted that they would make no more addresses to the king, that none might apply to him without leave of the two Houses, upon pain of being guilty of high treason, and that the administrative control of England and Ireland should be vested in the "Committee of the Two Kingdoms," henceforth known, from their place of meeting, as the Derby House Committee. Meanwhile, Charles continued to weave his web of intrigue, signing a secret treaty at Newport with the Scotch Commissioners, by which he assented to the re-establishment of Presbytery in England and the suppression of "the sectaries," on condition that the Scotch furnished an army to restore him to his throne. In spite of the opposition of Argyle and other friends of liberty, a force for the invasion of England was rapidly collected, and crossed the Border in April, 1648, under the Duke of Hamilton. Then it seemed as if only this torch were needed to kindle the elements of commotion into a destroying flame. The Royalists, at the news of the coming of the Scotch, rose throughout England. Kent, Essex, Hereford, were all on fire. Wales declared for the king, and a Royalist force surprised Pembroke. In Devonshire and Cornwall might be heard the tramp of mustering Cavaliers. The fleet in the Downs landed their captains, hoisted the royal standard, and sailed for the Thames.

\* The mutinous soldiers met in Corbush Field, between Hertford and Ware, but were silenced by Cromwell's firmness, with the exception of one regiment. Cromwell immediately rode into their ranks, pointed out and ordered the arrest of eleven of the ringleaders. They were tried on the spot by court-martial, and three condemned to be shot. Cromwell ordered them to throw dice for their life: the lot fell on one Richard Arnold, who was at once executed in front of the regiment. (November 15th.)

"The small governing party in England," says Carlyle, "during those early months of 1648, are in a position which might fill the bravest mind with misgivings. Elements of destruction everywhere under and around them, their lot either to conquer, or ignominiously to die. A king not to be bargained with. Kept in Carisbrook, the centre of all factious hopes, of world-wide intrigues; that is one element. A great Royalist party, subdued with difficulty, and ready at all moments to rise again, that is another. A great Presbyterian party, at the head of which is London city, 'the Purse-bearer of the Cause,' highly dissatisfied at the course things had taken, and looking desperately round for new combinations and a new struggle; reckon that for a third element. Add, lastly, a headlong Mutineer, Republican, or Levelling Party, and consider that there is a working House of Commons which counts about seventy, divided in pretty equal halves, too—the rest waiting what will come of it."

At Windsor, on one of these exciting days, the army leaders met in serious council. They felt that they were concerned in enterprises of a very high nature, leading to new and untrodden paths, and they sought to encourage one another, and to gain counsel from on high, by engaging in prayer. The whole day was spent in devotion; and Cromwell, it is recorded, pressed very earnestly on all present a thorough consideration of their actions as an army, and of their ways particularly as private Christians. On the third day the discussion was brought to a unanimous conclusion, "That it was the duty of the day, with the forces they had, to go out and fight against their potent enemies, which that year in all places appeared against them. With an humble confidence, in the name of the Lord only, that they should destroy them." They also agreed, "on many grounds at large there debated" amongst them, "That it was our duty, if ever the Lord brought us back again in peace, to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for that blood he had shed, and mischief he had done to his utmost, against the Lord's Cause and People in these poor Nations."

Such was the spirit in which Cromwell and his army addressed themselves to the work before them

Fairfax soon crushed out the Kentish insurrection, and marched against the Royalists of the eastern counties, who had shut themselves up in Colchester. Cromwell proceeded to Wales. He recaptured Chepstow in May, and pushing forward with his accustomed energy, advanced, by way of Swansea and Carmarthen, to Pembroke, where Colonel Pryor, "full of bravery and Presbyterian texts of Scripture," was in command. Want of artillery detained him for some time, but he forced it to surrender on the 11th of July, and was then free to hasten northwards to arrest the progress of the Scots, who, twenty thousand strong, with a vanguard of three thousand Yorkshiremen, under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, had broken into Westmorland. By Gloucester and Warwick, Cromwell hurried to Nottingham, in the castle of which he left his prisoners; then, among the hills of Yorkshire, he gathered up a force under General Lambert, which had been hanging on the skirts of the Scots, and, with about ten thousand men, swept on to Preston,\* where he fell in with the enemy. On the night of the 17th of August he hurled a heavy blow at their straggling line of march, and engaged their van, scattering it like dust. Next day he fell upon Hamilton's main army, and, after a very sharp dispute, continuing for three or four hours, drove them back in great disorder, and with severe loss, across the Ribble. About a thousand were slain, and four thousand taken prisoners. Under cover of the night, in foul weather, and through deep miry lanes, Duke Hamilton struggled back through Wigan, with about seven thousand five hundred foot, and four thousand five hundred horse, Cromwell following him up hotly, with three thousand foot and two thousand five hundred horse, "killing and taking divers all the way." At Redbank, near Warrington, the Scots made a stand with a body of pikes, and lined the hedges with muskets, but the

\* Langdale apprised Hamilton of Cromwell's impetuous approach "Impossible!" cried the duke, "he has not had time to be here."

coming up of Colonel Pride's regiment put them to the run. "We held them in some dispute," writes Cromwell, "until our army was come up, they maintaining the pass with great resolution for many hours, ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges, which forced us to give ground, but our men, by the blessing of God, quickly recovered it, and, charging very home upon them, beat them from their standing, where we killed about a thousand of them, and took, as we believe, about two thousand prisoners, and prosecuted them home to Warrington Town." Baillie, with all the Scotch infantry, then surrendered as prisoners of war. The duke was captured at Uttoxeter by Major-General Lambert (August 25th), Langdale, near Nottingham. Thus the army, which a few weeks before had crossed the Border with such high hopes of restoring a king to his throne, and imposing the yoke of the Covenant on unwilling necks, was completely annihilated. About the same time Colchester surrendered, and the Earl of Warwick recovered a portion of the fleet for the Parliament. The Second Civil War abruptly collapsed.

Cromwell pushed forward into Scotland. The Whig, or Argyle party, received him at Edinburgh (October 4th) with a splendid welcome, and escorted him to the Earl of Moray's house in the Canongate. Having re-established order, and negotiated an alliance with the Marquis of Argyle and the "Committee of Estates," he was entertained at a very sumptuous banquet in the ancient castle, after which he marched to Carlisle, and thence, hastening into Yorkshire, laid siege to Pontefract, which still held out for the king. But the progress of events recalling him to London, he left the conduct of the siege to Lambert.

During his absence the revolution had rolled rapidly on towards its appointed goal. The Parliament, rejoicing in the Royalist rising and the Scotch invasion, had recalled the obnoxious Eleven, reopened the Newport negotiations with the king, and passed an "Ordinance for the Suppression of Blasphemies and Heresies," to which Cromwell and Sir

Harry Vane had long most strenuously objected. This atrocious enactment condemned to death the holders of certain theological opinions which were designated heresies, and sentenced to imprisonment any man who believed in purgatory or the legality of images, who denied infant baptism, and the obligation of Sabbath observance, and affirmed that church government by presbytery was anti-Christian or unlawful. The mood of the army daily grew sterner, while Charles's hopes of triumph daily waxed stronger. It was necessary to strike at once, and strike heavily. And first, it sent up petition after petition demanding justice on the king. Next, in November, its Council of Officers presented a "Remonstrance," which called for electoral reform and the election of a new Parliament, for the recognition of the supreme authority of the two Houses, for the conversion of the monarchy into an elective magistracy, and for the punishment of the chief Delinquent, "the capital and grand author of all our troubles, by whose commissions, commands, and procurements, and in whose behalf and for whose interest only, of will and power, all our wars and troubles have been, with all the miseries attending them." On the 30th the House, by a majority of ninety, refused to take this Remonstrance into consideration. The next day was spent by the army in prayer, and on the 2nd of December it marched into London, and was established in Whitehall, St. James's, "and other great vacant Houses in the skirts of the City and villages about, no offence being given anywhere" \*.

On Monday, the 4th, the House for the last time debated the question, whether the king's concessions in the Treaty of Newport afforded a ground of settlement. And at five o'clock on Tuesday morning decided in the affirmative by a majority of forty-six. Thereafter followed grave and earnest deliberation between the minority and the army leaders, and next day a regiment of horse was stationed in

\* "In the drama of Modern History one learns not any graver, more noteworthy scene, earnest as very death and judgment. They live denied to have justice, those men, to see God's justice and His judgments executed on the earth."—CARLYLE.

Palace Yard, while Colonel Pride's foot occupied Westminster Hall, and mounted guard at every entrance. At the door of the Commons House stood Pride himself, with Lord Grey of Groby by his side, who, as member after member arrived, whispered, if he belonged to the majority, "He is one of them, he must not enter;" and Pride immediately gave the word, "To the Queen's Court!" In this way forty and one obnoxious Presbyterians were excluded from the House,\* and at evening marched to a neighbouring tavern unpleasantly named "Hell," where they were safely accommodated for the night. To Hugh Peters, who visited them, they put the question, "By what law had they been arrested?" There was small comfort in the preacher's reply "By the law of necessity; truly, by the power of the sword." The Commons sought to reclaim their missing brethren from Pride, but were met with an evasive answer; and on the following day (the day on which the Lieutenant-General arrived in London) "Pride's Purge" was completed, another batch of members being excluded, until the total amounted to ninety-six. The minority, by this act of high-handed violence, was converted into a majority—a majority prepared to vote whatever the army pleased. The Parliament and the Monarchy thus fell together, involved in a common ruin. The "rump" or residue of the old House was as little representative of the national will as that had been; and it was evident to all men that "the power of the sword" had triumphed over the old constitutional order of the kingdom. Yet the blame does not rest with the army and its leaders, the Parliament had destroyed itself. Unless the best fruits of the Civil War were to be hopelessly cast away, it was indispensable that the arbitrary action of the Presbyterian majority should be arrested.

\* Cromwell, on arriving in London, said, "he had not been acquainted with the design, yet, since it was done, he was glad of it, and would endeavour to maintain it."—LUDLOW.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

THE end was close at hand. A few days before "Pride's Purge" took place, the king had been removed from Carisbrook to Hurst Castle, a lonely stronghold situated at the extremity of a narrow spit of sand and gravel which projects from the Hampshire coast into the Solent (December 1st). He was now brought up to Windsor under a strong escort of cavalry, the House having resolved that he should be brought to justice. A committee was appointed to prepare the articles of accusation. Small as was the number of members present, several voices protested against the measure, some demanding that they should confine themselves to deposing him, others, it may be, wishing that he might be secretly put to death, so that they might profit by the act without being responsible for it. But the men who were in earnest, the men who believed that they were discharging a public duty, insisted on a solemn public engagement, which should prove their strength and proclaim their right. Cromwell alone spoke with some degree of hesitancy. Had anyone, he said, brought forward the motion of any premeditated design, he should have regarded him as the greatest traitor in the world, but since Providence and necessity had forced the Chamber into that deliberation, he prayed God to bless their counsels, though he was not prepared at once to offer his advice. With an anxious desire to pursue the forms of law, the House voted, on the 2nd of January (1649), that the king had been



guilty of treason in waging war against the Parliament, and having thus defined his crime, nominated a High Court of Justice to try him for it. It was to consist of one hundred and fifty members, including six peers, three judges, eleven baronets, ten knights, six aldermen of London, and all the leading Independents in the army, the Commons, and the City, except Sir Harry Vane and St John, who declared formally that they disapproved of the act, and would take no part in it. The Upper House rejected the Ordinance. "There could be no Parliament," said Lord Manchester, "without the king, and therefore the king could not be guilty of treason towards the Parliament." "The Commons have been pleased," cried Lord Denbigh, "to insert my name in their Ordinance, but I would rather be torn to pieces than associated with such an act of infamy." "I do not love," said the aged Earl of Pembroke, "to meddle with affairs of life and death. I will not speak against this Ordinance, but I will not consent to it." And the peers present, twelve in number, unanimously dismissed it. But the Commons had gone too far to recede. They passed a fresh resolution, to the effect, "That the people are, under God, the original of all just power, that the Commons of England in Parliament assembled, being chosen by and representing the people, have the supreme power in this nation, and that whatsoever is enacted and declared for law by the Commons in Parliament assembled hath the force of a law, and all the people of this nation are concluded thereby, although the consent and concurrence of the king or the House of Peers be not had hereunto." By another Ordinance (January 6th), the High Court of Justice, restricted to one hundred and thirty-five members, was ordered to meet without delay, and make preparations for the king's trial.

Between the 8th and 19th of January, it held several sessions, under the presidency of John Bradshaw, a cousin of Milton's, a lawyer of eminence, grave and benignant in his manner, but of a narrow and rigid spirit, an enthusiast

and yet ambitious, not without a trait of avarice, but ready to sacrifice his life for what he believed to be the truth. The public anxiety was so profound, and the sentiment of loyalty was still so strong, that irreconcilable differences arose among the members themselves. At not one of the preparatory meetings were more than fifty-eight present. Fairfax attended the first, but was not seen again. And of those present several were vehement in their opposition, as, for example, Algernon Sidney, then in his earlier manhood, but not without considerable influence in the Republican party. Reduced at length only to those who frankly accepted their commission, the Court was at liberty to regulate the forms of the approaching trial. John Coke, an eminent advocate, was named public prosecutor; and Henry Scobell, usher. It was determined what regiments, and how many, should be at the disposal of the court, and where the sentinels should be posted, what barriers should be erected to separate the crowd, not only from the tribunal, but also from the soldiers. The trial was fixed to begin on the 20th in Westminster Hall. On the 17th, as if sentence had already been pronounced, the Commons appointed a committee to inspect all the palaces and royal residences, and prepare an accurate inventory of their contents, thenceforth the property of the Parliament.

When Colonel Whichcott, governor of Windsor, apprised the king that, in a few days, he would be moved to London, "God is everywhere," he replied, "and everywhere the same in power and goodness." The information, however, greatly disquieted him, for he had been rapt in a dream of confident security, and convinced that he would recover his throne on his own terms. He observed, too, that he was no longer treated with the etiquette of the court, that his guards and attendants laid aside the ceremonial which had hitherto indicated their respect for royalty. On the 19th a body of cavalry, under Major-General Harrison, appeared at Windsor. A carriage with six horses was drawn up in the castle quadrangle. Charles took his seat in it, and was driven

rapidly to London, where apartments had been fitted up for him in St. James's Palace. Everywhere he was surrounded by guards; two sentries were posted at the door of his bed-chamber, of all his faithful attendants Herbert alone remained, and he slept every night by the side of his royal master's bed.

At noon on the 20th, the High Court of Justice marched in solemn procession to Westminster Hall, with the Lord-President Bradshaw at its head. The sword and the mace were borne before him, and in advance stalked sixteen officers, armed with partisans. The president took his place on a fauteuil of crimson velvet. At his feet was seated the usher, near a table covered with a rich Turkey carpet, on which were deposited the mace and the sword of justice, to his right and left, on seats of scarlet cloth, were placed the members of the court, and at either end, but slightly in advance of the tribunal, a body of armed men. The shot torn banners, won at Marston Moor, at Naseby, and at Preston, were suspended from the walls—sad memorials of civil strife which was ending now in so strange and fatal a scene! The court being installed, the doors were thrown wide, an excited multitude poured in from every avenue. As soon as silence was re-established, the names of the members of the court were called over, sixty-nine responded. "Sergeant," said Bradshaw, "bring forth the prisoner."

The king appeared, under the charge of Colonel Hacker and thirty-two officers, a fauteuil of crimson velvet was prepared for him at the bar. He advanced, surveyed the tribunal with a long and searching glance, partly contemptuous, seated himself in the fauteuil without removing his hat, rose again suddenly, looked behind him at the guards on the left, and the crowd of spectators on the right of the hall, bestowed another glance on the judges, and re-seated himself, in the midst of profound silence.

Bradshaw rose immediately, and addressed the royal prisoner. The Commons of England, assembled in Parliament, he said, considering him to be the author of all the evils which had fallen upon the nation, had resolved that he should answer for them before the High Court of Justice then assembled. He would hear the charges brought against him. Coke, the prosecutor, started to his feet. "Silence!" said the king, touching him on the shoulder with his staff. Coke turned round, surprised and irritated, and the golden head of the king's staff fell off, an incident which, it was plain from a rapid change of his countenance, considerably affected him. He sat down again, and listened without remark, to the act of accusation read by Coke, laughing contemptuously when he was designated as "Charles Stuart, tyrant, traitor, and murderer."

"Sir," said Bradshaw, "you have heard your act of accusation; the court awaits your answer."

Charles immediately disputed the competence of the court. By what authority did it sit there? By what *lawful* authority, for he was aware that there were many illegitimate authorities in the world, such as that of brigands and highway robbers. When he knew that lawful authority he would reply.

Bradshaw informed him that the court called upon him to plead in the name of the people of England, of whom he had been elected king.

"I deny that!" exclaimed Charles.

Bradshaw: "If you do not recognise the authority of the court, it will proceed against you."

The king affirmed that England had never been an elective, but for a thousand years had been an hereditary monarchy. Again he asked to be informed by what authority he had been summoned there. He would support, he said, as loyally as any one present, the just

\* "Though his tongue usually hesitated, yet it was very free at this time, for he was never discomposed in mind."—SIR PHILIP WARREN.

privileges of the House of Commons. But where were the lords? There could be no Parliament without the lords and the king

After some additional wrangling the court rose, and the king retired, amid shouts of "Justice! justice!" mingled with loyal exclamations of "God save the king! God save your majesty!"

Next day sixty-two members were present. The discussion respecting the competency of the court was resumed, both sides showing an equal obstinacy. On the third day it was evident that the popular sympathies were flowing towards the sovereign. The officers and soldiers still cried, 'Justice! execution!' but were overpowered by a surging clamour of "God save the king!" Even the army seemed touched with an emotion of loyalty, and as Charles quitted the hall, one of the soldiers exclaimed, "God bless you, sir!" An officer striking him with his cane, the king observed, "Sir, the punishment exceeds the offence." The public indignation was fed by various external circumstances, such as letters from the queen and the Prince of Wales, and a formal protest by the Scotch Commissioners against the proceedings of the court. It was known that the States-General of Holland had despatched a special envoy to intervene on the king's behalf. The governing body saw that further delay would prove not only embarrassing, but probably dangerous, and therefore determined that no more discussion should be allowed, and that the king should not be brought up again except to receive his sentence. Preserving, however, its reverence for legal forms, the court occupied the sittings of the 24th and 25th in receiving the evidence of two-and-thirty witnesses, and when this was terminated, it voted, almost without debate, the condemnation of the king as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and enemy of his country. Next day, the 26th, sixty-two members being present, the sentence was finally approved and adopted.

At noon on the 27th, after a conference of two hours in the Painted Chamber, the sitting was formally opened, as usual, by calling the roll of members. At the name of Fairfax, "He has too much sense to be here!" replied a woman's voice from the gallery. After a momentary pause of surprise and hesitation, the roll-call was continued, seven-and-sixty members responded. A fierce shout of "Execution! justice! execution!" surged up as the king entered the hall. "Sir," he said to Bradshaw, before taking his seat, "I ask leave to say a word. I hope that I shall give you no cause to interrupt me."

*Bradshaw.* "You shall speak in your turn, first hear the court."

*The King.* "Sir, by your leave, I desire to be heard. It is but a word. An immediate judgment. . . ."

*Bradshaw.* "You shall be heard, sir, when the time comes, you must first hear the court. . . ."

*The King.* "Sir, I desire . . . What I have to say refers to that which the court, I believe, is about to pronounce, and it is not easy, sir, to retire from a precipitate judgment."

*Bradshaw.* "We will hear you, sir, before delivering sentence. Until then, you must abstain from speaking . . ."

The king at length took his seat, and Bradshaw addressed the court.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is well known of all that the prisoner now at the bar has been several times brought before the court to answer an accusation of treason and other great crimes presented against him in the name of the people of England. . . ."

"Not half the people!" interrupted the same voice which had answered to Fairfax's name. "Where are the people? where is their consent? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor!" This bold speaking dismayed the audience, and every eye was turned towards the gallery. "Soldiers, fire

upon her!" cried Colonel Axtell. But they recognised Lady Fairfax

The commotion became general, and the soldiers experienced some difficulty in repressing it. When order was restored, Bradshaw reminded his hearers of the king's obstinate refusal to plead to the accusation, of the notoriety of the crimes imputed to him, and declared that the court, though it had agreed upon its sentence, consented, before pronouncing it, to hear the prisoner's defence, provided he no longer disputed its jurisdiction.

"I demand," exclaimed Charles, "to be heard in the Painted Chamber, by the Lords and Commons, on a proposition which concerns more the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of my subjects than my own safety."

The agitation in the court and the crowd was now excessive. Everybody strove to conjecture the king's reason for demanding a conference with the two Houses, and what he would propose to them, the general opinion being that he wished to offer to abdicate in favour of his son. Meanwhile the court was greatly perplexed, it was not in a position to lose time or incur fresh hazards. To escape the difficulty, Bradshaw contended that the king's demand was a device to escape the jurisdiction of the court, and a long and subtle argument was discussed between them. Charles more and more eagerly insisted on being heard, but each time the soldiers around him became noisier and more insolent. Some lighted their pipes, and blew the smoke towards him, others commented in rude language on the dilatoriness of the proceedings, Axtell laughed and jested aloud. Frequently the king turned towards them, and, either by voice or gesture, attempted to secure a few moments' attention, or at least a pause of silence. They answered him with harsh cries of "Justice! Execution!" Temporarily losing his self-command, he exclaimed, in passionate tones: "Hear me! hear me!" The shouts were immediately renewed, until, at the demand of Colonel Downes, one of its members, the court retired to

consider the royal prisoner's request. Half-an-hour passed, and the judges returned to their places. The king's proposal was rejected. "If you have nothing more to say," continued Bradshaw, "we will proceed to the sentence." But first he addressed him in a long harangue, forming a solemn apology for all the acts of the Parliament and a recital of all the evils of the Civil War of which the king was said to be the author. The language was harsh, but grave, pious, dignified, and instinct with the speaker's evident sincerity. The king listened with equal gravity, and made no attempt to interrupt. When Bradshaw ceased, he was on the point of speaking, but the usher was ordered to read the sentence which condemned Charles Stuart to die by the headsman's axe. The reading at an end, "This," said he, "is the act, the opinion, the unanimous judgment of the court," and all the members rose in sign of assent.

*The King.* "Sir, will you hear one word?"

*Bradshaw.* "Sir, you cannot be heard after the sentence."

*The King.* "No, sir?"

*Bradshaw.* "No, sir, with your permission, sir. Guards, remove the prisoner."

*The King.* "I may speak after the sentence. . . . With your permission, sir. I have always the right to speak after the sentence. . . . With your permission. . . . Wait. . . . The sentence, sir. . . . I say, sir, that. . . . They will not suffer me to speak. think then what justice others may expect!"

At this moment the soldiers, pressing round him, forced him from the bar, and hurried him along to the place where his chair was in waiting. As he descended the staircase, he underwent the grossest insults. Some of the soldiers threw at him their lighted pipes, others puffed in his face their tobacco-smoke, all shouted in his ears: "Justice! Execution!" Above these furious cries occasionally rose the voices of the people: "God save your majesty! God deliver your majesty from the hands of your enemies!"



And, until he was seated in his chair, the bearers, in spite of the angry threats of Colonel Axtell, stood, with heads uncovered. The cortege set out for Whitehall, the streets were lined with soldiers, behind whom, and at the doors and windows, an immense crowd had collected, for the most part silent, but some weeping, and others praying aloud for their king. At intervals, to celebrate their triumph, the soldiers renewed their acclamations: "Justice! Justice! Execution! Execution!" But by this time Charles had recovered his composure. "Poor wretches!" he exclaimed, "for a shilling they would cry as much against their officers!"

On the 29th the king took leave, not without emotion, of his two youngest children, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, who were still in England, and he afterwards spent some time in conference with Bishop Juxon and the devoted Herbert.\* The 30th was the day fixed for the execution of his sentence. After four hours of profound sleep, the king rose, and dressed himself with great care. He asked for an additional shirt, for the weather was bitterly cold,† and if he trembled, some persons might think it was with fear.‡ Afterwards he read and prayed with Bishop Juxon; and it was observed that the passage of Scripture selected chanced to be identical with the gospel for the day, namely, the description of our Lord's Passion in the 27th chapter of St. Matthew. At ten o'clock Colonel Hacker appeared, and in a low tremulous voice announced that the moment of departure had arrived. Crossing the bare and frozen park, through a double line of infantry, with a detachment of halberdiers in front, he walked with a stately and assured step, on his right, Bishop Juxon in his robes, on his left, bareheaded, Colonel Tomlinson, commandant of the guard. With the latter he conversed freely and calmly, speaking to him of his interment, and of the persons whom he wished

\* See Sir Thomas Herbert's "Memoirs of the last Two Years of Charles I." (ed. 1702), p. 125, *et seq.*

† Evelyn records that the Thames was frozen over.

‡ Compare Byron's "Marino Falieri," a v. s.





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to be charged with the duty of attending to it. Amid the roll of drums he reached Whitehall, and, mounting the staircase lightly, traversed the great gallery, and gained his bedchamber, where he received the Holy Communion from Bishop Juxon's hands. Dinner had been made ready for him, and at the Bishop's suggestion he ate a morsel of bread and drank a glass of wine. At one o'clock Hacker knocked at the door. It was thrown open. "March," said Charles; "I follow you." Still between a double hedge of pikes, he passed along the Banqueting Hall, and through an opening which had been made in the wall, stepped out upon the black scaffold, where stood two headsmen, masked. A body of cavalry, with flashing arms, thronged the open space in front, preventing the approach of the crowd. After addressing a speech, which he had intended for the people (if they had been within hearing), to Juxon and Tomlinson, he covered his head with a silk cap, under which he gathered his long hair, while the Bishop exchanged with him some farewell words of hope and consolation. "I go from a corruptible crown to an incorruptible, where I shall not have to fear any kind of trouble." Removing his mantle and his St. George, he handed the latter to the bishop, saying, "Remember!" After he had placed his head upon the block,\* he prayed to himself for a moment, and then stretched forth his hands. The heavy axe flashed in the air, one stroke, and all was over. "Behold the head of a traitor!" said the executioner, holding it up to the people. The sole response was a long hoarse groan, which has echoed through the pages of our history even to the present day.

Nothing in the life of Charles became him like the leaving of it. He nothing common did, or mean, upon that memorable scene, but behaved with a dignity and a serene courage, which threw a lustre about his scaffold, and have

\* He bowed his comely head  
Down as upon a bed.—ANDREW MARVEL.

blinded men's eyes to the serious defects of his character and the disastrous events of his reign. As for his adversaries, they, too, showed no littleness of spirit ; not rejoicing over an enemy laid low, but discharging what they conceived to be a solemn duty with a grave devout composure. "I am fully persuaded," says Ludlow, one of the regicides, "that an accommodation with the king was unsafe to the people of England, and unjust and wicked in the nature of it. The former, besides that it was obvious to all men, the king himself had proved by the duplicity of his dealing with the Parliament, which manifestly appeared in his own papers, taken at the battle of Naseby and elsewhere. Of the latter I was convinced by the express words of God's law, 'that blood defileth the land, and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein but by the blood of him that shed it'" "And as for Mr. Ifutchinson," writes his noble wife, "he addressed himself to God by prayer, desiring the Lord that, if through any human frailty, he were led into any error or false opinion in those great transactions, he would open his eyes, and not suffer him to proceed, but that He would confirm his spirit in the truth, and lead him by a right enlightened conscience, and finding no check, but a confirmation in his conscience, that it was his duty to act as he did, he, upon serious debate, both privately and in his addresses to God, and in conferences with conscientious, upright, and unbiassed persons, proceeded to sign the sentence against the king." But though it was in such a spirit as this that the governing body of the Parliament sent Charles to the block, it cannot be doubted but that their act was illegal—inasmuch as in no sense did they represent the nation—and that, apart from all other considerations, it was a political mistake. It rekindled a strong and living loyalty in the hearts of the people, who came to look upon an arbitrary king as a suffering and gentle martyr. And it brought them face to face with that king's successor, who was chargeable with none of his father's errors, and

whose youth and misfortunes could not but exercise a powerful influence on the popular sympathies.\*

\* "It was not from the law that Charles had suffered. Legal tribunals are not infallible, but they are composed in such a way as to secure as much impartiality as possible, and are accustomed to act according to certain rules which offenders are aware of in advance. Never was any army more desirous of escaping from the necessity of using brute force than this one. The cause which it sustained was the right cause, and it sustained it worthily with the pen as well as with the sword. But they could not endure that all their sacrifices should go for nothing, that foolish unwise prejudices should have the upper hand, that armies should gather round Charles in the absurd expectation that he would rule otherwise than he had ruled before. If only Charles's head were off, justice would be done, and men's minds would no longer be set on so ridiculous a quest as that of a Presbyterian Charles I. Not so! That which seemed to end all ended nothing.

It was bad enough to contend with the elements of confusion which had gathered round Charles, it would be worse to contend with them when the narrow-minded and self-willed prince had been elevated to the position of a saint and martyr, and when the defence of a civil law, and the maintenance of popular rights against the iron will of a triumphant soldiery, came to be the watchword of the followers of Charles I."

S. R. GARNIER. "Whether we may think this (the Civil War) to have originated in the King's or the Parliament's aggression, it is still evident that the former had a fair case with the nation, a cause which it was no plain violation of justice to defend. He was supported by the greater part of the Peers, by full one-third of the Commons, by the principal body of the gentry, and a large proportion of other classes. If his adherents did not form as I think they did not, the majority of the people, they were at least more numerous, beyond comparison, than those who demanded or approved his death. The steady deliberate perseverance of so considerable a body in any cause takes away the right of punishment from the conquerors, beyond what their own safety or reasonable indemnification may require. The vanquished are to be judged by the rules of national, not of municipal law. . . . The line is not easily drawn, in abstract reasoning, between the treason which is justly punished, and the social schism which is beyond the proper boundaries of law, but the Civil War of England seems plainly to fall within the latter description. These objections strike me as unanswerable even if the trial of Charles had been sanctioned by the voice of the nation through its legitimate representatives, or at least such a fair and full convention as might, in great necessity, supply the place of lawful authority. But it was, as we all know, the act of a bold but very small minority, who having forcibly expelled their colleagues from Parliament, had usurped, under the protection of a military force, that power which all England reckoned illegal.—HALLAM. In justice to the minority it must, however, be remembered that they had been coerced into their high-handed course by the tyranny of the majority. For the rest, the execution of Charles may be described as one of those acts which it is easy to condemn, which it is difficult to excuse, which all must regret, yet which the terrible force of circumstances rendered apparently unavoidable.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE IRISH CAMPAIGN.

A REVOLUTION had been accomplished, but those who accomplished it were at first unable to answer the all-important question "What shall we do with it?" They could not elect a new king, for the mass of the people would undoubtedly refuse to acknowledge any other sovereign than Charles's son, between whom and the leaders of the revolution an agreement was impossible. Yet many of them were unprepared to accept a republican form of government. It was not until the 17th of March that they could bring themselves to decree the formal abolition of the monarchy, and it was the 19th of May before they carried the memorable Ordinance, which declared "That the people of England and of all the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, are and shall be and are hereby constituted, made, established, and confirmed to be a Commonwealth and Free State, and shall henceforth be governed as a Commonwealth and Free State by the supreme authority of this nation—the Representatives of the People in Parliament—and by such as they shall appoint and constitute officers and ministers under them for the good of the people: and that without any king or House of Lords." The House of Lords had already ceased to exist, and the executive government was vested in the hands of a Council of State consisting of forty-one members, among whom the foremost were Cromwell, Fairfax, Bradshaw, Whitelocke, Ludlow, Ireton, and Sir Harry Vane. As the members of the Council were also members of the so-called

Parliament, they were able, without opposition, to convert their decrees into Acts, and to invest their ordinances with the old legal forms

The new Commonwealth was soon face to face with a host of enemies. In England itself it was not accepted without much discontent. The publication of Dr Gauden's "*Eikon Basiliké*"\* (or Royal Image), erroneously supposed to have been the work of Charles himself in his days of captivity, roused the people to an enthusiastic affection for the memory of the gentle and saintly martyr depicted in its pages, and a Royalist insurrection was only checked by the execution of the Duke of Hamilton and Lords Holland and Capell, who had hitherto been suffered to lie unregarded in the Tower. An engagement to be faithful to the Republic, offered to the acceptance of all beneficed clergymen and public officials, met with thousands of refusals, and it was impossible for the governing body to delude itself into a belief that its work was welcome to the great body of the nation. It had its troubles abroad. France withdrew its ambassador, the Russian Czar drove the English envoy from his court, and the States-General solemnly recognised Charles II, addressing him with the title of "Majesty." Eleven ships of the English fleet, which had found shelter at the Hague since their revolt from the Parliament in the previous year, hoisted the royal standard, and under Prince Rupert's command, set sail to scour the narrow seas, and clear them of English commerce. There was danger, too, from Scotland, where Charles II had been proclaimed king by the Marquis of Argyle and the Presbyterian leaders, and from Ireland, where Ormond had united Irish and Anglo-Irish Catholics, and Royalist Episcopians and Presbyterians, in a confederacy against the Commonwealth.

Through these stormy waters the Council of State steered with equal vigour and sagacity. They entered into negotia-

\* Milton replied to Dr (afterwards Bishop) Gauden, of Exeter, in his "*Iconoclastes*" (or Image Breaker).



tions with Holland, which for a time averted hostilities ; and they played Spain against France so as to neutralise any unfavourable tendencies on the part of the latter. It was known that Scotland would not draw the sword on behalf of Charles II until he had accepted the Covenant; and the Council felt assured that he would not swallow so unpalatable a draught until no alternative presented itself. The immediate peril lay in the Irish insurrection, and to crush it without delay they organised an army of twelve thousand men, the command of which was offered to the greatest of living captains, Oliver Cromwell. Since the King's death Cromwell had been busily at work. Wild ideas had created an excitement amongst the soldiery, culminating in May in a formidable mutiny. Cromwell hastened at once to Burford, and quelled it by his iron courage and resolution. He had taken his share not only in the deliberations of the Council of State, but in those of the Council of Officers, and strenuously supported a wise and liberal scheme of Parliamentary reform. He saw that "the Rump" was a legislative sham, and of shams of every kind he cherished a fierce abhorrence. A new Parliament, which should honestly represent the people, he judged to be indispensable to "the settlement" of the nation. But he saw that before his ideal could be realised, there must be a restoration of security and peace, and therefore he went to Ireland (July 10th), with the title of Lord-Lieutenant, and supreme military and civil command for a period of three years.

On the 13th of August he sailed from Milford Haven ; on the 15th he was received in Dublin "with all possible demonstrations of joy," with the thunder-welcome of "great guns," and "the acclamations of the people resounding in every street." He was in no mood for rejoicing. The work he had to do must be done quickly, before Scotland and Holland could throw themselves on the struggling Commonwealth, and there was the innocent blood to be avenged, which had been shed by murderous "Papists" in the unfor-

gotten Irish massacre. "We are come," he said, "against the barbarous and bloodthirsty Irish and their confederates and adherents, and for the propagating of Christ's Gospel and establishing of Truth and Peace, and restoring of this bleeding nation of Ireland to its former happiness and tranquillity." This speech, we are told, was entertained with great applause by the people, who all cried out, "We will live and die with you!"

A fortnight was occupied in reorganising the Dublin army, in clearing it of "dissolute and debauched men," and remodelling it under new and more capable officers. Then, in September, he moved upon Tredah (now Drogheda), where the Marquis of Ormond had placed three thousand of his best troops, under Sir Arthur Aston. They repulsed the first attack, whereupon Cromwell placed himself at the head of his men, and led them again to the assault, beating back Sir Arthur and his force, and driving them into the Mill-Mount, "a place very strong and of difficult access." "Our men getting up to them," writes Cromwell, "were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the Town, and I think that night they put to the sword about two thousand men." About a hundred of the Irish fled into St Peter's Church, another body occupied the West Gate, and a third the strong round tower next St Sunday's Gate. These, being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon Cromwell ordered the steeple of St Peter's Church to be fired, and one poor wretch, writhing in the flames, was heard to say, "God damn me, God confound me, I burn, I burn." The next day (September 11th), the two other towers were summoned, but in like manner refused to surrender. Hunger, however, soon overcame their resolution, when all the officers were killed, and every tenth man of the soldiers, and the rest shipped for transportation to the Barbadoes. "I am persuaded," wrote Cromwell, as if he felt that this terrible act of vengeance needed some explanation,

"that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret."

The terror of so signal and tremendous a retribution spread to Dundalk and Trim, the garrisons of which withdrew even before Cromwell's approach Despatching Colonel Venables to reduce Carlingford and pacify Ulster, he advanced into Wicklow on the 23rd of September. Crossing the Dore, he seized upon Arklow Castle, the Marquis of Ormond's seat, and laid siege to Wexford (October 11th) His cannon soon knocked a breach in the walls, and the terms on which the governor proposed his willingness to surrender being peremptorily refused, the Parliament's troops stormed the town, putting all to the sword that came in their way "I believe in all," writes Cromwell, "there was lost of the enemy not many less than two thousand, and I believe not twenty of ours killed from first to last of the siege." A garrison was placed there, and Cromwell hastened to Ross, which wisely surrendered, on such conditions as the general was pleased to grant (October 19th) "A very considerable place" it proved to be, "and a very good quarter for the refreshment of our soldiers" The "brain of the Irish War" was broken, and its collapse very swiftly ensued Youghal surrendered, and Cork, and the principal towns in Munster, and the Royalist army, under Lord Inchiquin, was reduced, by constant desertions, to a phantom force In November, Cromwell's guns were planted before Waterford, but stormy weather coming on, and his men suffering from sickness, fatigue, and want of provisions, he withdrew into winter quarters at Cork Thence he was recalled by the Commons in January, from fear of a Scotch invasion, but not believing in its imminency, and being anxious to complete his work in Ireland, he excused himself from obeying.

Early in February, 1650, a second campaign opened. Cromwell despatched Ireton and Reynolds into Kilkenny, while he himself pushed forward into Limerick and Tipperary. The capture of several "castles" or strongholds gave him command of all the land from Mallow to the Suir-side, crossing the Suir, he advanced into the heart of Tipperary, and captured Fethard. At Callan he was joined by Reynolds, and on the 24th of February he appeared before Cahir, which was by no means inclined to come to blows with so formidable an adversary, and surrendered at the first summons. A month later the sound of his trumpets fluttered Kilkenny. He planted his batteries, effected a breach, and captured the town, after which the governor of the castle thought it best to yield. "This taking of the city of Kilkenny," wrote Cromwell to his brother-in-law, "hath been one of our last works, which indeed I believe hath been a great discomposing the enemy—it's so much in their bowels. We have taken many considerable places lately, without much loss. What can we say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? Who can fight against the Lord and prosper? Who can resist His will? The Lord keep us in His love."

On the 9th of May he stormed Clonmel, where "two thousand foot, all Ulster men," had posted themselves for a last stern struggle. This was "the death-agony of the war," a wild storm, and "fire-wind of last agony," for, as Whitelocke tells us, our English Puritans here met the stoutest enemy they had encountered in Ireland. An eye-witness thus describes the death-wrestle, which lasted four hours: "We stormed Clonmel, in which work both officers and soldiers did as much and more than could be expected. We had, with our guns, made a breach in their walls,—when, after a hot fight, we gave back a while, but presently charged up to the same ground again. But the enemy had made themselves exceeding strong, by double works and traverse, which were worse to enter than the breach, when we came

up to it, they had cross-works, and were strongly flanked from the houses within their works. The enemy defended themselves against us that day, until towards the evening, our men all the while keeping close up to the breach, and many on both sides were slain. At night the enemy, "having no stomach for further fighting," drew out on the other side, and marched away undiscovered to us; and the inhabitants of Clonmel set out for a parley. Upon which, articles were agreed on before we knew the enemy was gone. After signing of the conditions, we discovered the enemy to be gone, and, very early this morning, pursued them, and fell upon their rear of stragglers, and killed above two hundred, besides those we slew in the storm. We entered Clonmel this morning, and have kept our conditions with them. The place is considerable, and very advantageous to the reducing of these parts wholly to the Parliament of England."

But the Scotch peril was now growing imminent, and the Parliament urgently pressed him to return. Appointing Ireton his deputy, and completing a rapid survey of Munster, he embarked on board the President frigate, towards the end of May, and sailed for England, having done a nine months' labour in Ireland, which the Irish peasantry still remember as "the curse of Cromwell." At Bristol the Lord-Lieutenant was received with the honours due to his victorious sword, at London, on the 31st of May, "all the world" came forth to bid him welcome. "Fairfax, and chief officers, and Members of Parliament, with solemn salutation, on Hounslow Heath; from Hounslow Heath to Hyde Park, where are Trainbands and Lord Mayors; on to Whitehall and the Cockpit, where are better than these—it is one wide tumult of salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting

\* It was on this occasion that Cromwell is reported to have said—when some would-be courtier observed, "What a crowd has come out to see your lordship's triumph!"—"Ay, but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be!"

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE WAR IN SCOTLAND.

WHEN Charles II, in his retreat in the Isle of Jersey, received information of Cromwell's Irish victories, he resumed his negotiations with Argyll and the Presbyterian rulers of Scotland, and the defeat and death of Montrose, who had endeavoured to raise the Highlands in the royal cause, decided him to accept their most obnoxious condition. He intimated his willingness to sign the Covenant, and to reign as a Presbyterian and Covenanted king rather than not reign at all. An army was immediately raised for the invasion of England, and early in 1650 Charles prepared to visit his northern dominions. He landed on the 24th of June, and was received in Edinburgh with every manifestation of loyalty.

In less than a month Cromwell was also in Scotland. He had persuaded the Council of State to nominate Fairfax to the command, but Fairfax, influenced by his wife, whose sympathies were Presbyterian, or shrinking from an arduous enterprise which promised little satisfaction, declined the post. The victor of Naseby and the conqueror of Ireland was compelled, therefore, to take the burden upon himself, and on the 26th of June an Act was passed which constituted him "Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces raised or to be raised by authority of Parliament within the Commonwealth of England." In three days more he left London; and the news of him marching northward "much startled the Scots." His army was fifteen thousand strong, and he had under him Major-General Lambert, Commissary General Whalley, Colonels Overton,

Pride, Monk, and other veterans. Rushworth—"Historical John"—accompanied him as secretary.

On the 22nd of July he crossed the Border. The terror of his name went before him, and as he advanced the country was deserted by its inhabitants. He was compelled to direct his march along the coast, in order to obtain supplies from the fleet that accompanied his expedition. On the 26th he reached Dunbar, whence he advanced to Haddington, and across the hills to Musselburgh, a fishing town on the Forth, six miles from the Scottish capital. There he found the Scotch army entrenched on a line extending from Leith to Edinburgh, and endeavoured to bring it to battle. But Leslie, its general, a wary and experienced soldier refused the challenge, trusting that lack of provisions would compel his formidable adversary to retire. After watching him for a day and a night—"so sore a day and night of rain," says Cromwell, "as I have seldom seen"—Cromwell fell back to Musselburgh to revictual his troops. "The enemy," he writes, "when we drew off, fell upon our rear, and put them into some little disorder, but our bodies of horse being in some readiness, came to a grapple with them, when indeed there was a gallant and hard dispute, the Major-General and Colonel Whalley being in the rear, and the enemy drawing out great bodies to second their first affront. Our men charged them up to the very breaches, and beat them in."

For some days the two armies continued to occupy their relative positions, Leslie obstinately clinging to his well-fortified lines, and Cromwell beginning to suffer severely from scarcity. On the 13th of August the Lord-General suddenly turned the flank of the Scots, and posted himself on the slopes of the Pentland Hills in the rear, in the hope of forcing them to fight by cutting off their supplies. "The gudewives fled with their bairns and gear," and when the soldiers set fire to the furze-bushes, reported that they were burning the houses. But Leslie made no other movement than to bring over his guns to the western side of Edinburgh,

still remaining inflexibly within his fastnesses. Cromwell could not tempt him into the field "We march," as Carlyle puts it, "with defiant circumstance of war, round all accessible sides of Edinburgh, encamp on the Pentlands, return to Musselburgh for provisions, go to the Pentlands again, enjoy one of the beautifullest prospects, over deep-blue seas, over yellow corn-fields, dusky Highland mountains, from Ben Lomond round to the Bass again, but can get no battle" The weather was broken, and the autumn equinox approaching. Sickness attacked the English army, and on the 31st of August Cromwell suddenly retreated upon Dunbar, where he would be within reach of the English fleet, and might take up winter quarters. Leslie immediately let loose his men, and with such alacrity that his vanguard reached Prestonpans before the English rear had completely evacuated it. On Saturday, the 31st, and through Sunday, September the 1st, the Scotch pressed the English Puritans closely, and on Sunday night moved southward to the heights that overlook Dunbar and its little harbour, so as to hem them in between their lines of steel and the sea.

The old "fisher's town" of Dunbar stands "high and windy," on a rocky promontory which juts out abruptly into the northern waters. To the east lies St Abb's Head, a rugged swarthy-looking mass of cliff, to the west, but close at hand, the bay and village of Belhaven, seaward, the isolated rock of the Bass, stormy home of the sea-birds, is a conspicuous mark, and further, the shadows of the Fifeshire hills loom upon the horizon. From the bottom of Belhaven Bay to that of the next sea-bight, St Abb's-ward, the town and its environs form a peninsula; and along the base of that peninsula, on a line not exceeding a mile and a half in extent, Cromwell's army, on Monday, the 2nd of September, lay encamped, with its tents and the town behind it. About a mile distant, on the summit of a semi-circle of dusky heights which enclose the neck of the said peninsula, a long narrow ridge, locally known as the Dun



or Doon, are posted Leslie and his Covenanters, upwards of twenty thousand strong; and along with them, to share in the expected victory, "the Committees of Kirk and Estates," the chief dignitaries, civil and ecclesiastical, of the country. The chief pass, that of Cockburnspath, leading across the shoulder of the Lammermuirs into the Lowlands, Leslie had occupied in force, so that Cromwell wrote to Hasclrig, the Parliament's general at Newcastle: "We are upon engagement very difficult. The enemy hath blocked up our way at the pass, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty, and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination." A very perilous strait, indeed! "I perceive," he continues, "your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together, and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to come to to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for Good. Our spirits [minds] are comfortable, praised be the Lord, though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord, of whose mercy we have had large experience."

Never was the strength of Cromwell's character, his real greatness, more eminent than in the day of difficulty. His heart and mind rose to the height of the danger. Said one who knew him well: "He was a strong man in the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others."

Oliver's right touched Belhaven Bay; his left was protected by Broxmouth, or Brocksmouth House (the Earl of Roxburgh's), where a small burn, the Brock, which rises in the Lammermuir, and winds round Doon Hill, finds its way into the sea. Thus burn flows through a deep grassy

glen, about forty feet wide; and on the left bank of it, Cromwell, on the 2nd of September, drew up his forces in battle-array. In the course of the afternoon, Leslie's army gradually came down from the edge of the Doon, and took up a position on the other side of the Brock. Thus the two hosts faced one another; but whoever would begin the attack must undergo the serious disadvantage of first crossing the brook and its deep trough-like glen.

There were two small "passes" out of Cromwell's peninsula, which traversed the barrier of the Brocksburn. One of these was near the seaward opening, and close by it stood a small shepherd's hut, which it became highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert, early in the morning, placed therein a picket of six troopers and fifteen foot, but they were driven out by Leslie's horse, who killed some, and took three prisoners. Among the latter was a musketeer, "a very stout man, though he had but a wooden arm," who was immediately brought into the presence of General David Leslie himself, and made to answer that commander's questions. "Did the enemy intend to fight?" Reply. "What do you think we come here for? We come for nothing else!" "Soldier, how will you fight, when you have shipped half of your men, and all your great guns?" Reply: "Sir, if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both men and great guns too!" An officer here inquired. "How dare you answer the general so saucily?" "I only answer the question put to me!" Pleased with the man's surly honesty, Leslie let him go free; and making his way to Cromwell he reported what had passed, adding, discontentedly, that he had lost twenty shillings by the business, plundered from him by the enemy. But the Lord-General giving him two pieces, or forty shillings, he returned to his post rejoicing.

The second pass across the Brocksburn lay about a mile east from the former pass, in the line now broken by the London road; at a point where the "steep grassy glen" flattens itself out into a tolerable slope; tolerable, though

still somewhat rugged on the southern (or Leslie's) side. There, at this pass, as we shall presently see, took place "the brunt or essential agony" of the Battle of Dunbar. For Leslie, abandoning his watching and waiting attitude, either under pressure from the Committee of Kirk and Estates, or in his confidence of an easy victory, descended with his whole army to the edge of the Brock and glen—then golden with the waving harvest—with the view of seizing upon Brocks-mouth House and the pass. Cromwell, who was walking with Lambert in the garden of Brocks-mouth House, no sooner detected Leslie's movement, than (it is said) he exclaimed: "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands, they are coming down to us!" Calling Monk and other officers to his counsels, he immediately showed them that Leslie's main body was cooped up in the narrow sloping ground between the Doon and the rivulet, while the right wing, as it rolled down toward the glen, lay exposed to a sudden attack. Consequently, defeat that right wing, and, driven back upon the main body, it would plunge the whole army into irretrievable confusion. This was the plan of battle decided upon for the morrow.

The night was wild and stormy,\* with dense nipping showers of sleet and hail, but still through the darkness the English Puritans stood to their arms, or lay within instant reach of them, listening in silence to the roar of the autumn wind, and the hoarse moan of the angry sea. About three in the morning the Scotch musketeers were ordered to extinguish their matches, all but two in a company, and to seek shelter and sleep, as best they could, under the piled-up "corn-shocks." But still Cromwell's veterans kept their prayerful vigil. At four it ended. The word was given, and six regiments were ordered to mount and march swiftly but silently gliding through the murky shadows to the "pass" over the Brock. At this moment the moon broke through the clouds, throwing a pale light

\* The 2nd of September, O S., is the 12th of September of our present calendar.

upon the sea, and across St. Abb's Head might be seen the promise of the coming day

Oliver in person accompanied this force, and was now looking eagerly for the arrival of Lambert, who was charged with the attack, but had not completed the ordering of his array on the right. At length he came, and not too soon, for the Scotch had begun to work, hopeful, no doubt, that they should surprise the Lord-General! The trumpets rang out a fierce peal, the English cannon suddenly shot forth their tongues of fire along the line, and, with a ringing shout of "The Lord of Hosts! the Lord of Hosts!" Cromwell's men swept across the bank, and fell upon the Scotch main battle, who, with suffened limbs, and matches all extinguished, were panic-stricken, while Lambert dashed against the right wing and fell to with desperate valour. The Scotch horse, "with laneers in the front rank," resisted intrepidly, and for half an hour the contest wavered, but the foot coming up, Lambert renewed the charge, and crushed through his enemy, like a tornado through a tropical forest. As Cromwell had foreseen, the broken squadrons fell back on the main body, throwing it into terrible disorder, and trampling the infantry beneath their horses' hoofs. Some three thousand Scots were slain upon the place. "I never saw such a charge of foot and horse," says one who was present. "They run, I profess, they run!" exclaimed Cromwell, and just as the sunrise broke across the eastern sea, he raised the exultant cry "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered!" The shout was taken up by his victorious fighting-men, who threw themselves in a frenzy of martial ardour upon the retreating Scots, and drove them "in tumultuous wreck" to Belhaven and Dunbar, whence Hacker led the pursuit as far as Haddington. While the cavalry were gathering up for the chase, Cromwell made a halt, and high above the last sounds of the dying battle rose the 117th Psalm:

O give ye praise unto the Lord,  
All nations that be,  
Likewise ye people all, accord  
His name to magnify!

For great to us-ward ever are  
His loving-kindnesses,  
His truth endures for evermore,  
The Lord O do ye bless!

Ten thousand prisoners were taken,\* with all the artillery, stores, and baggage, some fifteen thousand arms, and near two hundred colours. General David Leslie rode from the lost field with such activity that he reached Edinburgh by nine, the elder Leslie, Earl of Leven, who had served as a volunteer, did not get there until two. Several of their principal officers were among the dead.

Such was Dunbar rout, of which we now proceed to give Cromwell's narrative :

"The Enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having these advantages ; we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord Himself to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few amongst us stand. That because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord would be seen, and that He would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us,—and indeed we had our consolations and our hopes

"Upon Monday evening,—the Enemy's whole numbers were very great, about six thousand horse, as we heard, and sixteen thousand foot at least ; ours drawn down, as to sound men, to about seven thousand five hundred foot and three thousand five hundred horse,—upon Monday evening, the Enemy drew down to the right wing about two-thirds of their left wing of horse. To the right wing ; shogging also their foot and train much to the right, causing their right wing of horse to edge down towards the sea. We could not well imagine but that the enemy intended to attempt upon us, or to place themselves in a more exact condition of interposition. The Major-General and myself coming to the Earl Roxburghe's house, and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the Enemy. To which he immediately replied, That he had thought to have said the same thing to me. So that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon both of our hearts, at the same instant.

\* Between 4000 and 5000 of these, "starved, sick, and wounded," were released, the remainder were sent southwards.

We called for Colonel Monk, and showed him the thing and coming to our quarters at night, and demonstrating our apprehensions to most of the Colonels, they also cheerfully concurred

"We resolv'd therefore to put our business into this posture That six regiments of horse, and three regiments and a half of foot should march in the van, and that the Major-General, the Lieutenant-General of the horse, and Commissary-Generals [Lambert, Fleetwood, Whalley], and Colonel Monk to command the brigade of foot, should lead on the business, and that Colonel Pride's brigade, Colonel Overton's brigade, and the remaining two regiments of horse should bring up the cannon and rear. The time of falling-in to be by break of day.—but through some delays it proved not to be so, not till six o'clock in the morning

"The Enemy's word was *The Covenant*, which it had been for divers days. Ours, *The Lord of Hosts*. The Major-General, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and Commissary-General Whalley, and Colonel Twistleton, gave the onset, the Enemy being in a very good posture to receive them, having the advantage of their cannon and foot against our horse. Before our foot could come up, the Enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at sword's point between our horse and theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty (being overpowered with the Enemy), received some repulse, which they soon recovered. For my own regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe and my Major, White, did come seasonably in, and, at the push of pike, did repel the stoutest regiment the Enemy had there, mainly with the courage the Lord was pleased to give. Which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot; this being the first action between the foot. The horse in the meantime did, with a great deal of courage and spirit, beat back all oppositions, charging through the bodies of the Enemy's horse and of their foot, who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords. . . .

"The best of the Enemy's horse being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole army being put into confusion, it became a total rout, our

men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles We believe that upon the place and near about it were about Three thousand slain. . . . I do not believe we have lost twenty men "

On the 5th of September Cromwell and his victorious army marched out of their lines at Dunbar,\* and proceeded to Edinburgh. Here he was awhile engaged in a singular polemical controversy with some obstinate Presbyterian ministers, in reorganising his army, and providing for the due administration of public affairs. Appressed that the Covenanters in the West had raised an army of some five thousand men, under Colonels Ker and Strachan, he hastened to Glasgow, and put it in a position of defence, under Lambert and Whalley, who soon dispersed the enemy, and captured the principal officers. "This miscarriage of affairs in the West," says Baillie, "by a few unhappy men, put us all under the foot of the enemy. They presently ran over all the country, destroying cattle and crops, putting Glasgow and all other places under grievous contributions." On the 27th of December, Edinburgh Castle surrendered, and Cromwell proved himself undisputed master of all the Scottish Lowlands. At Stirling, however, the Covenanting partisans of Charles II were labouring assiduously to get together a new army, the command of which was given to the veteran Leslie, and on the 1st of January they crowned their "covenanted" king at Scone with a good deal of ceremony. During the winter Cromwell remained in his quarters at Edinburgh, suffering severely from illness. On the 4th of February, 1651, he marched towards Stirling, but a storm of wind, hail, snow, and rain compelled him to return. His

\* The Battle of Dunbar, says Mr Hill Burton, concludes an epoch in Scottish history. "The ecclesiastical parties retain their picturesque peculiarities and their bitterness. Frigid incidents occur, born of treachery and cruelty on the one side, and rugged fanaticism on the other, but that momentous exercise of power which has endowed these peculiarities with a certain awe and dignity was gone, and hereafter these parties have a merely local history"—*History of Scotland*, vii. 27. This was the last battle fought between the two nations, closing the dreary record of centuries of unprofitable warfare.

illness, very serious in character, hung about him until June, greatly alarming the Commonwealth leaders in London "I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness," he wrote in reply to the earnest inquiries of the Council of State, "but the Lord seemeth to dispose otherwise." As soon as his health was partly re-established, he paid a second visit to Glasgow, and with his customary energy he addressed himself to the task of consolidating his conquests. In May he underwent another relapse. His disease developed into ague, which came and went, until, at the end of the month, the Parliament gave him leave to return to England for awhile "for milder air," and the Council of State despatched two London doctors to attend upon him. But at the first sign of summer he put aside his bodily ailments and the infirmities of age, and took the field once more. On the 25th of June, his army was reassembled from all quarters in its old camp on the Pentland Hills. Hence it marched westward, by way of Lanlithgow, with a view to force the Scotch army from its strong position near Stirling. "The enemy," he wrote to the Council of State, "is at his old lock, and both in and near Stirling, where we cannot come to fight him, except he please, or we go upon too—too manifest hazards, he having very strongly laid himself, and having a very great advantage there." Crossing into Life he captured Burntisland and Inchgarvie, and cut off Leslie's supplies, after which he marched upon Perth, which surrendered after a two days' siege (August 2nd). This bold flank movement had the effect which doubtlessly Cromwell desired. It drew Leslie from his fortified camp by throwing open the road to England; and Charles, acting on the counsel of his general, immediately struck southward, to level a mortal blow at "the heart of the Commonwealth."

By way of Biggar the Scotch advanced to Carlisle, which they entered on the 6th of August. Thence they traversed Yorkshire, in the market towns proclaiming Charles King of England. Contrary to expectation, however, the Royalists



did not rise ; and where not avowedly hostile, the country was cold and indifferent. The gates of Shrewsbury were shut against the invaders. Still, however, they pressed forward, with the view of crossing the Malvern Hills, and getting into the West, where the Royal cause had always found its most vigorous adherents. Meanwhile, there was a panic in London. Even Bradshaw, the Lord President, stout-hearted as he was, could not conceal his anxiety, while some of the Commonwealth leaders "raged and uttered discontents against Cromwell, and suspicions of his fidelity. Both the city and the country," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "were all amazed, and doubtful of their own and the Commonwealth's safety." Cromwell had anticipated this outburst of alarm and apprehension. "The Enemy's being some few days' march before us," he wrote to Lenthall, "will trouble some men's thoughts, and may occasion some inconveniences, which I hope we are as deeply sensible of, and have been, and I trust shall be, as diligent to prevent as any. And indeed this is our comfort, That in simplicity of heart as towards God, we have done to the best of our judgment, knowing that if some issue were not put to this Business, it would occasion another Winter's war, to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the Winter difficulties of this country, and to the needless expense of the treasure of England in prosecuting this War. It may be supposed we might have kept the Enemy from this, by interposing between him and England, which truly I believe we might, but how to remove him out of this place, without doing what we have done, unless we had had a commanding Army on both sides of the River of Forth, is not clear to us ; or how to answer the inconveniences afore-mentioned, we understand not. We pray, therefore, that (seeing there is a possibility for the Enemy to put you to some trouble) you would, with the same courage, grounded upon a confidence in God, wherein you have been supported to the great

things God hath used you in hitherto,—improve, the best you can, such forces as you have in readiness, or may on the sudden be gathered together, to give the Enemy some check, until we shall be able to reach up to him, which we trust in the Lord we shall do our utmost endeavour in.”

As soon as the southward march of the Scots was known, Cromwell despatched Lambert with his cavalry to join Harrison and the force stationed at Newcastle, and move rapidly westward, so as to impede the Scots in their advance through Lancashire; watching their motions, straitening their quarters, and checking their progress in every possible way, but not risking a battle. Appointing Monk to the command in Scotland, and leaving with him six thousand men, Cromwell himself, with the rest of the army, rapidly pushed across the Border. Like a mountain torrent, which gathers in volume and power as it rolls onward, he proceeded by York, Nottingham, Coventry, Stratford, and Evesham, raising all the county militias, and drawing in such numerous levies, that when he pitched his tents on the south-eastern face of Worcester, August the 28th, he was at the head of thirty thousand men.

At Worcester, which had a Royalist mayor, Charles and Leslie had posted themselves, and there, with the Severn in their front, and a walled city to protect them, they determined to await the “shock of arms,” when they found that Cromwell’s impetuous torrent-like pursuit had left them no chance of escaping across the Malverns. It was on the 32nd that the young “King of Scots” set up his standard. On the same day, nine years before, his father had raised his standard at Nottingham, we know with what evil result. “Men,” as Carlyle says, “may make their reflections.”

Under cover of the night (on the 28th), Cromwell ordered Lambert, with his vanguard, to cross the Severn at Upton, a few miles below Worcester. Upton Bridge had been partly demolished by the Royalists, but Lambert’s men “straddled across the parapet,” and repaired it, after which they seized

upon Upton Church, and fortified it, holding it stoutly against all attacks of the enemy. On the evening of Sunday, September the 2nd, Fleetwood, with the main body of the infantry, crossed by the bridge, and prepared to attack, on the morrow, the Scotch posts on the south-west—that is, in the suburb of St John, about a mile from the city, and separated from it by the river—while Cromwell delivered an assault on the south-east. The city, be it remembered, was on Cromwell's side of the river, "surrounded by fruitful fields, and hedges unfit for cavalry-fighting."

Between Fleetwood at Upton and the enemy at St. John's ran the river Teme, a western tributary of the Severn, which it joined about a mile below the city. This stream Fleetwood received his instructions to cross, either by the bridge at Powick, then in possession of the enemy, or by a budge of boats, which he was to throw over the Teme, near its mouth, and within pistol-shot of which Cromwell ordered a bridge of boats to be laid across the Severn itself, so that communication might be easily maintained between the various divisions of the army.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, on the 3rd of September, before these bridges were ready, and Fleetwood's troops on the other side of the Teme. Charles, from a tower of the cathedral, had anxiously watched his operations. He saw him, at last, vigorously charging the Scots "at push of pike," driving them back from hedge to hedge towards the suburb of St. John's. He saw new regiments of horse and foot rapidly filing across the Severn bridge of boats to sustain and enforce the assault, though he did not know that Cromwell was leading them in person, and had been the first to set foot on the enemy's ground. The resistance was obstinate, in every hedge the Scots found a line of defence. Charles and his council of war came to the conclusion that there, on the west bank of the river, and among the range of hedgerows, nearly all Cromwell's army must be engaged, and resolved, therefore, to sally forth, on their own east side, and fall upon him where he was weakest. The trumpets sounded, and the

Royalists joined battle, but Cromwell quickly carried some of his regiments across the bridge of boats again, and horse and foot, on both sides of the river, were involved in the terrible "hurly-burly." "As stiff a contest," says Cromwell, "for four or five hours, as ever I have seen."

But the victory was with the soldiers of the Commonwealth. Through Sudbury Gate on the east, through St. John's suburb and over Severn Bridge on the west, the Scots were crushed back into the streets of Worcester, and along the streets of Worcester to the north end of the city, where all the fighting ceased, and the only hope remaining to the disorganised, panic-stricken, reeling mass was in the speediest possible flight. The young king made a vain effort to rally some of his squadrons, and when they would not face the Ironsides again, "Shoot me dead," he cried, "rather than let me live to see the sad consequences of this day."

"Sad consequences," for from his eager hands a crown, not yet to be his, slipped heavily that day, while on the victor a crown was then descending. For some time after the battle was won, Cromwell stood (it is said) overpowered by strong emotion. Calling Fleetwood and Lambert to his side, he exclaimed, with a burst of loud laughter, which relieved the overstrained nerves, that he would knight them, as heroes of old were knighted, on the field where they had achieved their glory. He soon recovered himself, and thereupon, as a shrewd observer noted, behaved "with much affability, in all his discourses about Worcester, would seldom mention anything of himself, mentioned others only, and gave, as was due, the glory of the action unto God." The Puritan chaplain, Hugh Peters, however, with a keen glance into the Lord General's inward exaltation, astutely concluded, "This man will be king of England yet!"\*

\* We may here introduce the vivid word-portrait of the Lord-General and future Lord-Protector, drawn by Mr. Carlyle: "Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or

Retiring to his tent, Cromwell, at two o'clock at night, though weary and scarce able to write, sat down and penned a long account of his victory, for the behoof of Lenthall, the Speaker. This was followed, the next day, by a fuller narrative :

"The Battle was fought with various success for some hours, but still hopeful on your part, and in the end became an absolute victory,—and so full an one as proved a total defeat and ruin of the Enemy's army, and a possession of the Town, our men entering at the Enemy's heels, and fighting with them in the streets with very great courage. We took all their baggage and artillery. What the slain are I can give you no account, because we have not taken an exact view, but they are very many, and must needs be so, because the dispute was long and very near at hand; and often at push of pike, and from one defence to another. There are about Six or Seven thousand prisoners taken here, and many Officers and Noblemen of very great quality. Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Rothes, and divers other Noblemen,—I hear, the Earl of Lauderdale; many Officers of great quality, and some that will be fit subjects for your justice.

"We have sent very considerable parties after the flying Enemy, I hear they have taken considerable numbers of prisoners, and are very close in the pursuit. Indeed, I hear the Country riseth upon them everywhere, and I believe

more, a man of strong solid stature, and dignified, even partly military carriage—the expression of him valour and devout intelligence,—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Richly-fair complexion, bronzed by toil and fire, light-brown hair and moustache are getting streaked with grey. A figure of sufficient impressiveness,—not lovely to the minimalist tastes, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature, big massive build, of somewhat canine aspect, 'evient workshop and storckhouse of a vast treasury of natural parts.' Went above the right eyebrow, nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions, thick fat copious lips, full of irremissible sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all humours and rigours, deep lowering eyes, call them grave, call them stern, looking from under those craggy brows, as if in lifelong sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labour and endeavour. On the whole a right noble countenance and hero-face."—*Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, pt. vii.

the forces that lay, through Providence, at Bewdley, and in Shropshire and Staffordshire, and those with Colonel Lilburn, were in a condition, as if this had been foreseen, to intercept what should return

“A more particular account than this will be prepared for you as we are able. I hear they had not many more than a thousand horse in their body that fled, and I believe you have near Four thousand forces following and interposing between them and home. What fish they will catch, Time will declare. Their Army was about Sixteen thousand strong, and fought ours on the Worcester side of Severn almost with their whole, whilst we had engaged about half our army on the other side but with parties of theirs. Indeed it was a stiff business, yet I do not think we have lost Two hundred men. Some new-raised forces did perform singular good service, for which they deserve a very high estimation and acknowledgement, as also for their willingness thereunto,—forasmuch as the same has added so much to the reputation of your affairs. They are all despatched home again, which I hope will be much for the care and satisfaction of the Country, which is a great fruit of these successes.

“The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts. It is, for aught I know, a crowning [*i.e.* a completing, a perfecting] mercy. Surely, if it be not, such a one we shall have, if this provoke those that are concerned in it to thankfulness, and the Parliament to do the will of Him who has done His will for it, and for the Nation, whose good pleasure it is, to establish the Nation and the Change of the Government, by making the People so willing to the defence thereof, and so signally blessing the endeavours of your servants, in this late great work. I am bold hereto to beg, That all thoughts may tend to the promotion of His honour who hath wrought so great salvation, and that the safeness of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen nation, but that the fear of the Lord, even for His mercies, may

keep our Authority and a People so prospered, and blessed, and witnessed unto, humble and faithful, and that justice and righteousness, mercy and truth may flow from you, as a thankful return to our gracious God. This shall be the prayer of, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

“OLIVER CROMWELL”

These letters were read, on the following Sunday, from all the London pulpits, and their news spreading abroad diffused a very general satisfaction. Meanwhile, at Worcester, the cathedral was thronged with thousands of prisoners “we are plucking lords, knights, and gentlemen from their lurking holes.” The Duke of Hamilton, who was captured, died of his wounds on the fourth day after the battle. The Earl of Derby, also wounded, was tried by court-martial, at Bolton, on a charge of high treason, and beheaded. The Earls of Lauderdale and Cleveland were sent to the Tower. A contemporary records that as they passed along Cornhill in their coaches, with a guard of horse, Lauderdale’s coach “made a stand near the conduit,” where a carman gave his lordship a visit, saying “Oh my lord, you are welcome to London! I protest, off goes your head, as round as a hoop!” His lordship dismissed the prediction with a loud laugh, and so passed along to the Tower. As the reader knows, it was not fulfilled. Lauderdale lived to renounce Presbyterianism at the Restoration, to become a very humble servant of the king’s and a member of the notorious “Cabal,” and to play a leading part in the mismanagement of his native country.

“Now that the king is dead and his son defeated,” said Cromwell to the Parliament, “I think it necessary to come to a settlement.” Henceforth, that was the great object of his life: a settlement of the nation, a restoration of order and tranquillity, a firm and equitable government based upon the principle of the Divine law. How far he succeeded in accomplishing his object it is not for us to relate or examine.

We have undertaken only to tell the tale of the Civil War, and the Civil War ended at Worcester. In a sense not intended by Cromwell himself, the victory at Worcester became for him "a crowning mercy," it made him the most powerful man in the three kingdoms. Yet was it far from his thoughts and his desires to establish a military despotism. The history of his Protectorate is pathetically coloured by his anxiety to carry the nation with him, and to secure for his rule a constitutional sanction. He saw that the dissolution of the knot of members who professed to be and to represent the memorable Long Parliament was absolutely necessary to the welfare of the Commonwealth, but he was willing that the act of dissolution should be the Parliament's own, and he did not throw his sword into the balance until he was weary of their delay and their devices to constitute themselves a permanent authority. "As for the members of this Parliament," he said, "the army begins to take them in disgust. There is little to hope for from such men for a settlement of the nation." And "a settlement" this strong practical man was resolute to have. On the 19th of April, 1653, accompanied by some of his officers and a detachment of soldiers, he went down to Westminster. What followed we learn from contemporary evidence.\*

The Parliament sitting as usual, the Lord-General came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and sat down, as he was accustomed to do, "in an ordinary place." For a quarter of an hour he listened to the debate, which turned on a bill promoted by the majority for the purpose of summoning another restricted Parliament. The question being put, That this Bill do now pass, he said to Harrison, "This is the time—I must do it," and suddenly standing up, put off his hat and spake. He loaded the Parliament with reproaches (by no

\* Algernon Sidney, in Blencowe's "*Sidney Papers*," pp 139-141, and Ludlow, in his "*Memoirs*," ii 456



means undeserved), charging them with having no thought of the public good, and with having espoused the corrupt interests of Presbytery, and of the lawyers, who were the supporters of tyranny and oppression, and accusing them of an intention to perpetuate themselves in power, had they not been forced to the passing of this Act, which he affirmed they designed never to observe. He therefore told them that the Lord had done with them, and had chosen other instruments for the carrying on His work that were more worthy. This he spake with so much passion and discomposure of mind, as if he had been distracted. Sir Peter Wentworth stood up to answer him, and said "It is a strange language this; unusual within the walls of Parliament this! And from a trusted servant too, one whom they had so highly trusted and obliged." "Come, come!" exclaimed the Lord General, "we have had enough of this, I will put an end to your prating," then, "clapping on his hat," and occasionally "stamping the floor with his feet," he cried out "You are no Parliament, I say you are no Parliament, I will put an end to your sitting, call them in, call them in." Whereupon the sergeant attending the Parliament opened the doors, and Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley with two files of musketeers entered the House, which Sir Henry Vane observing from his place, said aloud. "This is not honest, yea, it is against morality and common honesty." Cromwell turned upon him "O Sir Henry Vane, Sir Henry Vane," he cried, "the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane." And his eye lighting upon Mr. Chaloner, who was addicted to the bottle. "There sits a drunkard," he exclaimed; and, "giving much reviling language to others," he commanded the mace to be taken away, saying: "What shall we do with this bauble?" And next. "Fetch him down!" referring to the Speaker. Lenthall protested that he would not leave his chair unless he were forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand," and thereupon the Speaker submitted. All was over; the

## DISSOLUTION OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT. 247

Long Parliament was dissolved "It's you that have forced me to this," exclaimed Cromwell, "I have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work." "At their going out, some of the Lord-General said to young Sir Henry Vane, calling him by his name, that he might have prevented this; but that he was a juggler, and had not common honesty." After which he went to the clerk, and taking from him the Act of Dissolution, put it under his cloak, commanded the doors to be locked up, and returned to Whitehall.\*

\* Such was the inglorious termination of the memorable Parliament which had begun, carried on, and successfully concluded that struggle against absolute authority and on behalf of constitutional liberty, known in our English History as the GREAT CIVIL WAR.

\* The French ambassador, M. de Bordesaux, writing on the 3rd of May, says "The people here all rejoice, and the higher ranks equally so, at the generous action of General Cromwell, and the fall of the Parliament, which every mouth reviles. There is written up outside the House of Parliament, 'This House is now to be Let, Unfinished,'"

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## NOTES.

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Page 9 — "Of the young King little was known. Shy, reserved, and accustomed to stand much upon his dignity, except to the very few friends who possessed his confidence, as Prince of Wales, Charles had never come prominently before the nation. The grasp of his mind was limited, he had many prejudices and few ideas, the flow of his thoughts was slow and laboured, and he was by nature reticent and reserved. Conscious that his gifts did not tend to shed a lustre upon his father's Court, he had held himself aloof from its mere boisterous festivities, and from the homage of the vulgar. The select and limited few, however, who had been afforded the opportunities of judging the character of Charles were strongly impressed in his favour. He was not a ready talker, but when he talked he showed that he was able to bring to bear upon the subject under discussion, if not much original thought, at least much reading. He had a keen appreciation of the fine arts, and in his travels on the Continent had struck those who surrounded him by the depth and judgment of the criticisms he passed upon the different paintings that met his view. In an age of much licence he had worn the white flower of a blameless life, and had been sneered at by the wits of Versailles as being as virgin as his sword. So far as externals went, Nature had been most kind to him. His face was expressive, and the features marked by that purity and refinement which are termed aristocratic, his figure was graceful, his manners, though somewhat haughty, were eminently courtly and winning." — *Westminster Review*, No. CXL. pp. 103, 104.

Page 28.—There can be no doubt that Buckingham displayed great personal courage. Sir Allen Apsley writes "The Lord General is the most industrious, and in all business one of the first, in person, in danger. Last night the enemy's ordinance played upon his lodging, and one shot lighted upon his head, but did him no harm." Henry de Vie says "Our General behaves himself to admiration, making those parts appear which lay hid before. His care is infinite, his courage undiminished, his patience and continued labours beyond what could have been expected. Himself views the ground, goes to the trenches, visits the batteries, observes where the shot doth light and what effect it works. He is partly constrained to exertion by the carelessness of some officers."—"Calendar of State Papers" (edit. by Bruce and Hamilton), vol. II 1627-8.

Page 30.—When Wentworth informed Pym of the overtures of the Court, "You are going to be undone," said the leader of the Commons "but remember that though you leave us now, I will never leave you while your head is on your shoulders."

Page 50.—Wentworth was raised to the Peerage as Viscount Wentworth, and made President of the North in December, 1629.

Page 53.—"For speculative thought Laud erred nothing. Not truth, but peace, was the object which he pursued. In England his hand was likely to be heavily felt. The pursuit of peace in preference to the pursuit of truth was certain to be accompanied by an exaggerated estimate of the importance of external influences over the mind. His love of outward observances, of the quantity of holiness, as he fondly calls it, was partly founded on a keen sense of the incongruity of dirt and disorder partly upon the recognition of the educative influence of regularity and arrangement. There was in his mind no dim sense of the spiritual depths of life, no reaching forward to ineffable mysteries veiled from the eye of flesh. To form the habits of Englishmen in order that there might be peace amongst them, was the task which Laud set before him. If all men worshipped in the same way, used the same forms and ceremonies, pronounced the same words, and accompanied them with the same gestures, a feeling of brotherhood would gradually spring up. The outward and visible was to be the road to the inward and spiritual. Since I came into this place, he wrote long afterwards in defence of his conduct, 'I observed nothing more than that the external public worship of God—too much slighted in most parts of this kingdom—might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be, being still of opinion that nifty cannot long continue in the Church where uniformity is shut out at the church door. And I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places, dedicated to that service, had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God which, while we live to the body, needs external helps, and all well enough to keep it in any vigour.'"—S. R. GARDINER, "Personal History of Charles I." pp. 156, 157.

Page 69.—"The character of Laud will always be open to a diversity of opinions, and estimated variously according to the sympathies of the critic. To the political layman he represents the worst type of the meddling ecclesiastic, always interfering in matters foreign to his province, and careless of all consequences, provided the pride of his order be upheld. To the Protestant he is the type of that sacerdotal arrogance which is the curse of the Church. To the Catholic he is the type of the true son of the Church, anxious to maintain a proper discipline within her fold, firm in his resolve to repress the mischief of dissent and the vagaries of latitudinarianism, and conscious of his right to wield that power which belongs, and alone belongs, to the consecrated priest of the Most High. Viewed apart from sectarian prejudices and partialities, Laud was a man of great industry of much business-like capacity, of little knowledge of human nature and, consequently, deficient in tact, jealous, hasty, unsympathetic, and severe. His worst enemy would not, however, deny that his life was pure and his honour stainless."—"Westminster Review," No. CXXI p. 123.

Page 71.—"Charles's Government in 1637.—"Eight years had elapsed since Parliament had been called together, and there seemed no reason to suppose that any person of life then present generation would ever hear 'that noise,' to use the language of Archbishop Laud, again. The king was in the prime of life, in excellent health, devoted to his duty, and as attached to the now 'thorough' principles of government as ever Laud or Wentworth, or the most devoted of their adherents. Time and circumstance, of course, happen to all men, but, so far as the king was concerned, there seemed no

probability of any change for many years to come. The new mode of government was of that kind which is the simplest in the world. It was the English constitution, with that which is supposed to give it its life and vigour—the Parliament—struck out. The Council took its place, and, with something like a show of following former precedents, the Council really regulated all things according to its own notions of right and wrong. In cases of importance, or cases in which the question at issue affected the interests of the State, the King was always ready to give their sittings and determinations the sanction of his presence and authority. He led and controlled their decisions with a lofty regal presumptuousness which rebuked all doubt or negatived the possibility of opposition. There is in this respect a very great difference between the Charles of the first few years of his reign and the Charles of 1637.

Under Buckingham, the Government was everything he governed alone; the King scarcely intermeddled with business, was seldom heard of in such matters, and still more seldom seen. Since Buckingham's death, King Charles had become well versed in business, was informed of whatever was going on, attended meetings even of committees, directed their decisions, and when not present, was consulted in all important matters. The government was thus really and truly his, not by a complicated and official fiction, but by actual interference with its management and direction.—*Brit. Lib.*, "Calendar of Domestic State Papers, 1636-37."

Page 72.—*Stratford's Irish Government*.—"He had nothing to do with the Catholic or Protestant grievances, all that interested him was to make the Province absolute to obtain ample supplies, and to render Ireland prosperous according to the form of prosperity he desired. His next step was to reorganise the army. He supplied it with clothes, arms, and ammunition, he paid up all arrears, he restored discipline within its ranks, he strengthened its numbers, and at the end of a short time he had it his disposal a powerful and well drilled force. To establish a permanent revenue now occupied all his attention. He freed commerce from the pirates that had infested the Irish coasts, he levied taxes, he established monopolies, he planted new districts, he introduced the general cultivation of flax by his iron will and his determination to make Ireland follow industries, and which she liked best, but which paid her best, he raised the fortunes of the merchant to a high pitch of prosperity."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. cxi p. 131.

Page 73.—*Declaration of Sports*.—The Declaration was anything, but acceptable to many of the clergy. A London clergyman, after reading it, protested to the Duke of Albemarle. "Dearly beloved," he then said, "you have heard the commandments of God and man, obey which you please."

Page 75.—The "History of the Masses" was a quarto of 2006 pages, in which the arguments against Puritanism (the very pomps of the devil which we renounce in Episcopalianism) are derived from "the censuring authorities of sundry texts of Scripture, of the whole Primitive Church, of fifty five Synods and Councils, of seventy one Fathers and Christian writers, of above one hundred and fifty foreign and domestic Protestant and Popish authors, of forty Heathen philosophers," etc. It was a reference in the Index to "Women Actors is impudent to act, to speak publicly on a stage (such vice in man is approved, and cut thro' here proven sinful and abominable) in the presence of sundry men and women which Land required as a libel on the queen. But the book had occupied nine years in preparation, and was published the day after Henrietta Maria took part in a "Pastoral Drama" at Somerset House. Laud's hostility was really due to Prynne's attacks upon Arminianism.

Page 78.—Hastwick's book, "Elenchus Prynianus," was a wild attempt at identifying piousness with popery.

Page 79.—*Burton, Bastwick, and Prynne in the Pillory*.—The excitement among the populace was very great. Currier, in the "Stratford Papers," records that there was "a strange flocking of the people after Burton, when he removed from the Fleet towards Lancaster Castle. Mr. Ingram, son-in-law of the Fleet, told the King that there was not less than one hundred thousand people gathered together to see him pass by, between Smithfield and Brown's Well, which is two miles beyond Highgate. His wife went along in a coach, having much money thrown to her as she passed along."

A Currier, in "The Stratford Letters," 1666

Mr. Gardiner, however, remarks that the queen's intention to act was known in October, when Prynne was correcting his proofs. The attacks upon doctors, moreover, may have been aimed at the queen, who was exceedingly partial to that pastime.



by the lieutenant and a strong guard. On landing, he was escorted by the trainbands. At a desk below the bar, and near the platform or "scaffold" occupied by his thirteen prosecutors, he took his station, with four secretaries and his counsel in attendance upon him. He was attired each day in a suit of black. "At the entry he gave a low courtesy, prostrating a little his grave second, when he came to his desk; a third then at the bar, the face pale of his desk, he knelt kneeling rising quickly, he saluted both sides of the House, and then sat down. Some few of the Lords lifted their hats to him." The session was prolonged until three or four in the afternoon. About ten the Commons refreshed themselves "bottles of beer and wine going thick from mouth to mouth without cups," notwithstanding the royal presence.

Page 97 — "Many past muslim-monoirs, committed both in England and Ireland, were truly proved up since time, but that it was which the Earl, being a eloquent in mind, was able to see through the head of his treason, whatso ever muslim-monoir should be laid upon him, of which some he denied, others he excused and extenuated with great subtilty, cunningly, to make anything good, that muslim-monoir, though never so many and so great, could not, by being put together, make one in root, unless some one of them had been treason in its own nature" — "Nay, 'History of the Long Parliament'

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**"Non fortuosus erat, sed erat sicimulus Ulysses,  
Et tamen aequoreus torsit amore Deus."**

Baillie adds "One passage made it most spoken of is his breaking off in weeping and silence, when he spoke of his first wife." This passage is given by Whitlock

"It is now full two hundred and forty years since my unwearied touch for three  
allotted came, to this height, before myself. Let us not awaken those sleeping hours  
[even in] mysterious volume of constructive and arbitrary treason to which he had  
referred) to our destructions by raking up a few musty records that have lain by the  
walls so many ages, for, often or neglected. May your lordships please not to add  
this to my other misfortunes. Let not a precedent be derived from one so disas-  
vantageous as this will be in the consequence to the whole kingdom. Do not,  
through me, wound the interest of the commonwealth, and, however these gentle-  
men say they speak for the commonwealth, yet, in this particular, I indeed speak for  
it, and show the inconsequence and mischiefs that will fall upon it. For, as it is  
said in the statute, 3 Hen. IV. no man will know what to do or say for fear of such pen-  
alties. Do not put, my lords, such difficulties upon Ministers of State, that men  
of wisdom, of honour, and of fortune, may not with cheerfulness and safety be  
employed for the public. If you weigh and measure them by grains and scruples,  
the public affairs of the kingdom will lie waste, no man will meddle with them who  
brave anything to lose. My lords, I have troubled you longer than I should have  
done, were it not for the interest that dear pledges [pointing to his children] I sought  
in heaven left me. I leave, therefore, this matter to your consideration. What I submit  
for myself is nothing, but that your lordships will extend to my posterity  
your mercy to me to the very soul. I have said something I should  
have added, but am not able, therefore let it pass. And now, my lords, for myself,  
I have been, by the blessing of Almighty God, taught that the afflictions of this  
present life are not to be compared to the eternal weight of glory which shall be  
revealed hereafter. And so, my lords, even so, with all tranquillity of mind, I freely  
submit myself to your judgment, and, whether that judgment be of life or death,  
*To Divine judgments.*"

Thy replyd in a man of majestic eloquence, affirming that treason against the people was a treason against the throne, and turning on the king's bounty, the measure, betwixt the king's prerogative and the people's liberty. He concluded thus: "The forfeitures inflicted for treason, by our laws are of life, honour, and even all that can be forfeited, and this prisoner, having committed so many treasons, although he should pay all these forfeitures, will be still a debtor to the common wealth. Nothing can be more equal than that he should perish by the justice of that law which he would have subverted. Neither will this be a new way of blood.

There are marks enough to trace this law to the very origin of this kingdom, and if it hath not been put in execution, as he allegeth, these two hundred and forty years, it was not for want of law, but that all that time hath not bred a man bold enough to commit such crimes as these. Here Pym turned round, his eyes met those of Stafford, his former friend and colleague, and for a moment he faltered a little. Recovering himself, he concluded with a few formal words.

Page 98.—According to a MS. authority (Add. MS., Brit. Mus. 75,560) quoted by Sanford, Stafford might at one time have effected his escape. This reason in had gained so far an interest in the king's affections, and so great an esteem of his abilities, that all endeavours were used to free him from his present imprisonment, and the multiplicity of business which the Parliament had, gave time both to his parties in the Houses and to devise the ways for his escape and release, and if his confidence had not deluded him his escape might have been easy and safe. For the king himself offered to have come unto the Tower, and to have opened the gates, and to have given him that opportunity to have gone beyond the seas, which at that time could not have been prevented. But he would not be persuaded that the malice of his adversaries could have reached his life. But upon the passing of the bill for the Treasonable Persons, the queen's fear began to be visible, of which a noble lady near unto her (Lady Chichester) gave him a true advertisement, and advised him not to rely upon the king's resolutions but to provide for his escape as the only means of safety. This did much abate his confidence, and put him upon contrivances for an escape.

Page 124.—The Cavaliers' political creed is summed up in Herrick's couplet

"The gods to kings the judgment give to sway,  
The subjects only glory to obey."

George Wither, the Puritan poet, says

"With fury came our armed foes,  
To blood and slaughter fiercely bent;  
And perils round us did imbrow,  
By whatsoever way we went,  
That had staid not in our Captain's been,  
To lead us on and off again  
We on the place had dead been seen,  
Or mangled in blood and wounds had lain."

While Wither and Milton were the poets of Puritanism, the royal cause was sung by Cleveland, Shirley, Herrick, Deringham, Walsingham, Butler, and others.

Page 130.—"Not far from the foot of Egehill was a broad plain called The Vile, 'the Red Horse,' a name suited to the colour which that day was to bestow upon it, for there happened the greater part of the encounters"—Murray, 'History of the Long Parliament,' vol. iii. c. 1.

Page 216.—The King's Death Warrant, issued on the 29th, ran as follows:

"At the High Court of Justice for the trying and Judging of Charles Stuart, King of England, January xxviii, Anno Dom. 1643

"Whereas Charles Stuart, King of England, is and is lately convicted, attainted, and condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes, and sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced upon him by this Court to be put to death by the severing of his head from his body of which sentence execution yet remaineth to be done. These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open street before Whitehall upon the morrow, being the thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of Ten in the morning and Five in the afternoon of the said day, with full effect. And for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant. And these are to require all Officers and Soldiers and other the good people of this Nation to be assisting unto you in this service. Given under our hands and seals (Signed) Jo. Bradshawe, Tho. Grey, O. Cromwell, Edw. Wallis, M. Innes, John Okey, J. Dancy, Jo. Bourne, W. Ireton, Thos. Mautewer, Ran. Waller, John Barkston, J. Hutchinson, With staffs, Tho. Pride, Pe. Temple, T. Harrison, J. Hewson, Hen. Smyth, Rich. Fulham, R. Dunc., Robert Iichborne, H. Edwards, Daniel Blagrove, Owen Rowe, William Perfoy,

Stays Mullie, with true Scotch realism "To humble the man, God let his memory fail him a little before the end. His papers he looked on, but they could not lift him to a point or two, so he behaved to pass them." He describes Pym's reply as "one of the most eloquent, wise, true speeches, that ever we heard, or, I think, shall ever hear."

Ad Scrope, James Temple, A. Garland, Edw. Ludlowe, Henry Martin, and Potter, Wm Constable, Rich. Ingoldesby, Will Cusley, J. Harkeshead, Isaac Fwer, John Dixwell, Valentine Winton, Simon Mayne, Thos. Norton, J. Jones, John Moore, Gals. Millington, G. Sherwood, J. Alured, Rob. Tilburne, Will. Bray, Anth. Stapley, Gze Norton, Tho. Challoner, Thomas Wogan, John Vann, Gregory Clements, Jo. Downes, Tho. Wayte, Tho. Scot, Jo. Carew, Miles Corbel.

To Colonel Francis Haeker, Colonel Hunek, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Phyrre, and to every one of them.

● Page 221 — *The Hikou Bushiki*. The title page of this famous volume (a small octavo of 269 pages) runs as follows: *Ἡκὼν Βυσικήη The First Portenture of this Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings* — *Ἡκὼν εὖν* — *More than conquerors, etc.* — *bona agere et mala pati Agimus est* — MDCCLVIII — An allegorical frontispiece, by William Marshall, represents the king in his robes, kneeling at a table, on which lies the Bible, his crown has fallen upon the floor, in his right hand he holds a crown of thorns, and his eyes are gazing on a crown of glory shining overhead. In the background is a landscape with trees, and a tempest-wind, which angels are blowing up into waterspouts, and legends, such as "Water & teaching," "In verbo tuo spes mea," are sprinkled over the whole.

Page 231 — *Broxburn or Broxburn Glen*. The words used in the contemporary narratives of the English officers, "a great clough," "a great dale," do not by any means convey an adequate idea of the nature of the ground. For the space of about a mile, the distance between Doon Hill and the point where it crosses the London road and enters the park of Broxburn House, Broxburn runs in one of those grassy glens, or troughs, in which streams of granite or limestone, and are frequently seen in Scotland, winding about in them from one bank to the other, and leaving a large space of level ground, green sward or sand and gravel. Here it is green sward, now on one side the small valley now on the other. This small valley or glen is now pretty thickly planted with trees, but in 1750 it appears to have been only grass, and it would not be of any considerable depth, some forty or fifty feet and considerably more in width, but the banks are steep, except in one spot, about half a mile above the point where the burn enters the grounds of Broxburn House. At this spot the banks slope or slope in such a manner as to form a sort of passage for carts. In this pass there stood a shepherd's hut which was occupied by twenty-four foot and six horse of Cromwell's army, but it was taken by the Scots the evening before the battle. It may give an idea of the size of the stream that it is somewhat rapidly down this glen, for there is a considerable fall between the foot of the hill and the point, to mention that it is of the smallest size of those Scottish streams which contain fine trout of moderate size. At the point where the brook crosses the road to Berwick and enters the grounds of Broxburn House, the valley or glen disappears, the high banks that formed it slope or shelve down so that the road crosses the broad without any descent on one side or ascent on the other. It is at this point, and somewhat to the south of it, that the principal struggle of the Battle of Dunbar took place — A. H. 1547, "Omitted Chapters of the History of England" 135, 355.

Page 41 — *The Battle of Worcester* — The *Memoria Politica*, a weekly journal edited by Marchmont Nedham continues in No. 10 for September 4th 1651, a remarkable article on Cromwell's crowning victory. "It is in fact," "It is a great declaration from Heaven in favour of the new government, which it pleases God to decide the controversy, and also in the year 1647, when God raised the cause of a most powerful faction both in Parliament and City. But in the year 1648 He spoke louder in the midst of these wars and insurrections, when by a small handful He overthrew Hamilton's numerous proud army in Lancashire, reconstituted the whole nation, and brought the king to the bar and block of justice. Remember how eminently He hath appeared since, both in Ireland and Scotland, by many miraculous successes, but especially at Dunbar, where by a wearied and sick handful of men, coupled in a mole of God within the arms of the sea, and accompanied with extreme disadvantages, He was pleased so visibly to make bare His own arm and give a total rout to that numerous Scottish army in their own country, where being well reaccomplished, and provided both with numbers and necessities, they reckoned themselves sure of spoil and victory. In all these particulars, and many others since, God did sufficiently signify His own will and pleasure. But His loudest declaration of all was mightily set forth in the late sudden revolutions and actions before and Worcester, whereby He unquestionably appears to have given a full and final decision of the controversy, and seems as it were with His own hand to point out to all the world His resolutions for England."



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<sup>1</sup> *Ireland's hope of Confederacy*, 72, 23.

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